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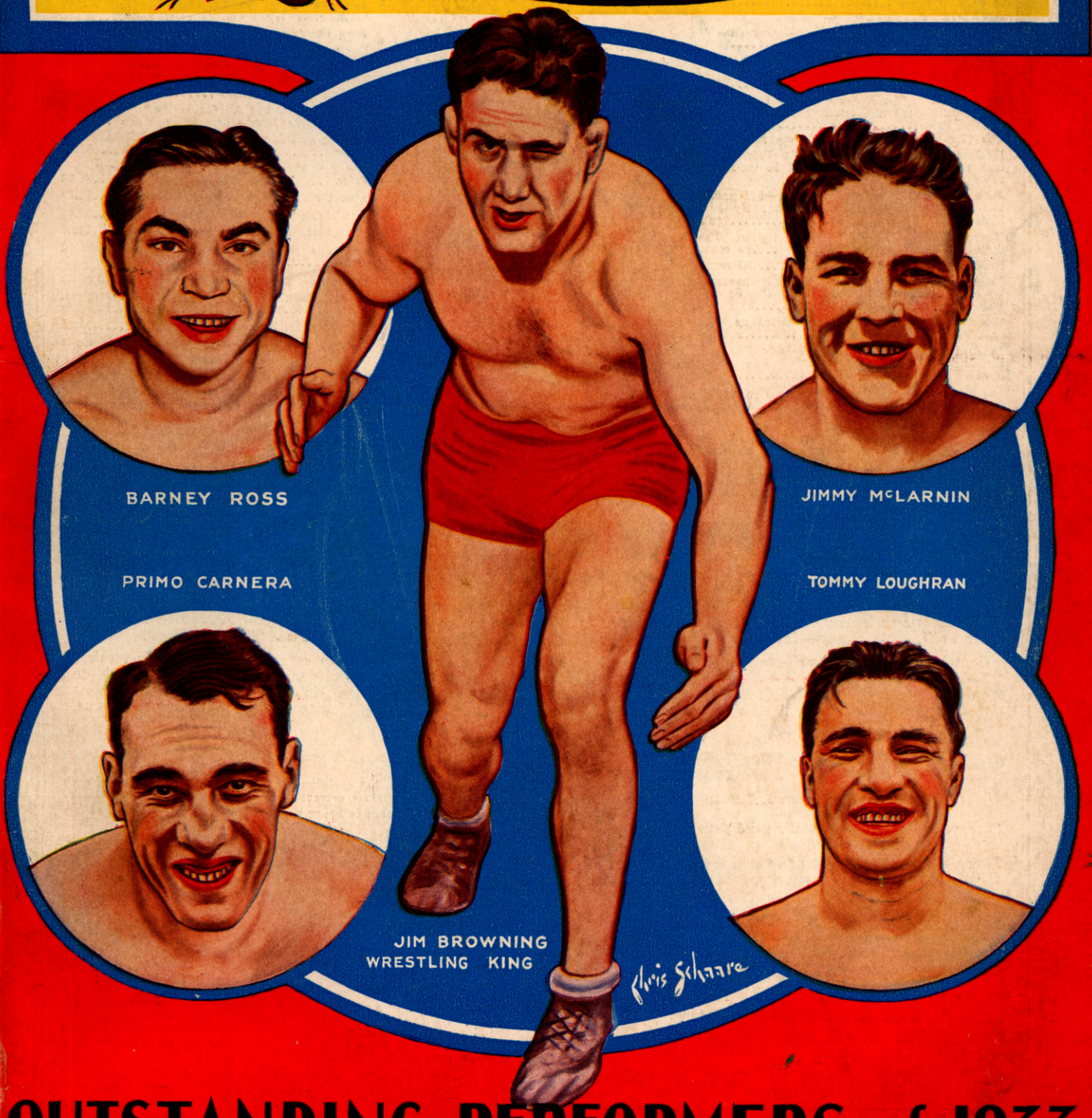

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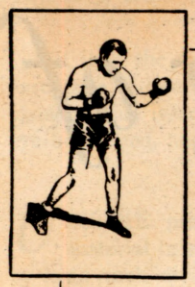

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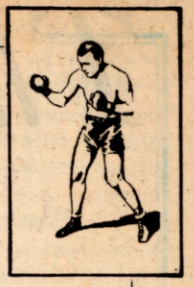

World's Foremost Boxing Magazine

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In Our Next Issue

What boxer was foremost in the contribution to the skill and science of boxing during 1933?

Who was foremost in combining with his fine position in the ring itself, a high place as a sportsman?

Who was foremost in maintaining splendid public relations and beating down the constant effort to discredit boxers as citizens?

What fighter was foremost in maintaining a reputation for clean and moral living—salient as an example to the growing American boy—last year?

You'll find the answer to these in the March "Ring," when this magazine will make its annual award to the man who has contributed most for the uplift of the sport. You'll be surprised what a close race there was for the trophy.

Thespians among the pugilists. Daniel M. Daniel has an interesting article on the stars of the roped square who were either flops or made good before the spotlight.

One of the hardest hitters of modern times is Jimmy McLarnin, the fighting Irishman who holds the welterweight title. There were many others of his race who gained fame in fisticuffs because of the terrific sock they carried in either hand. We will let Wilbur Wood tell you about them.

These features in addition to ten pages of wrestling news and gossip and heaps of wrestling and fight pictures, the kind you cannot find in any other magazine.

The Ring is a magazine which a man may take home with him. He may leave it on his library table safe in the knowledge that it does not contain one line of matter, either in the text or the advertisements, which would be offensive. The publisher of The Ring guards this reputation of his magazine jealously. It is entertaining, and it is clean.

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The Ring's Rating of BOXERS *for* 1933

Carnera Has Close Call in Gaining Top Ranking Over Baer—McLarnin and Brown in Class by Themselves

By NAT FLEISCHER

THAT boxing is definitely on the up-grade is shouted by the 1933 review and the 1933 ratings. We all know that, when the game took a nose dive, two outstanding reasons were behind that woeful condition. First, the depression; folks did not have the money to spend on clothing and housing, let alone on luxuries like boxing contests. Second, the let-down in class among fighters, and the accompanying lapse in promotion and management.

At the dawning of 1934, we find both the depression and the let-down fading out of the picture, with boxing facing a grand comeback and a gorgeous revival.

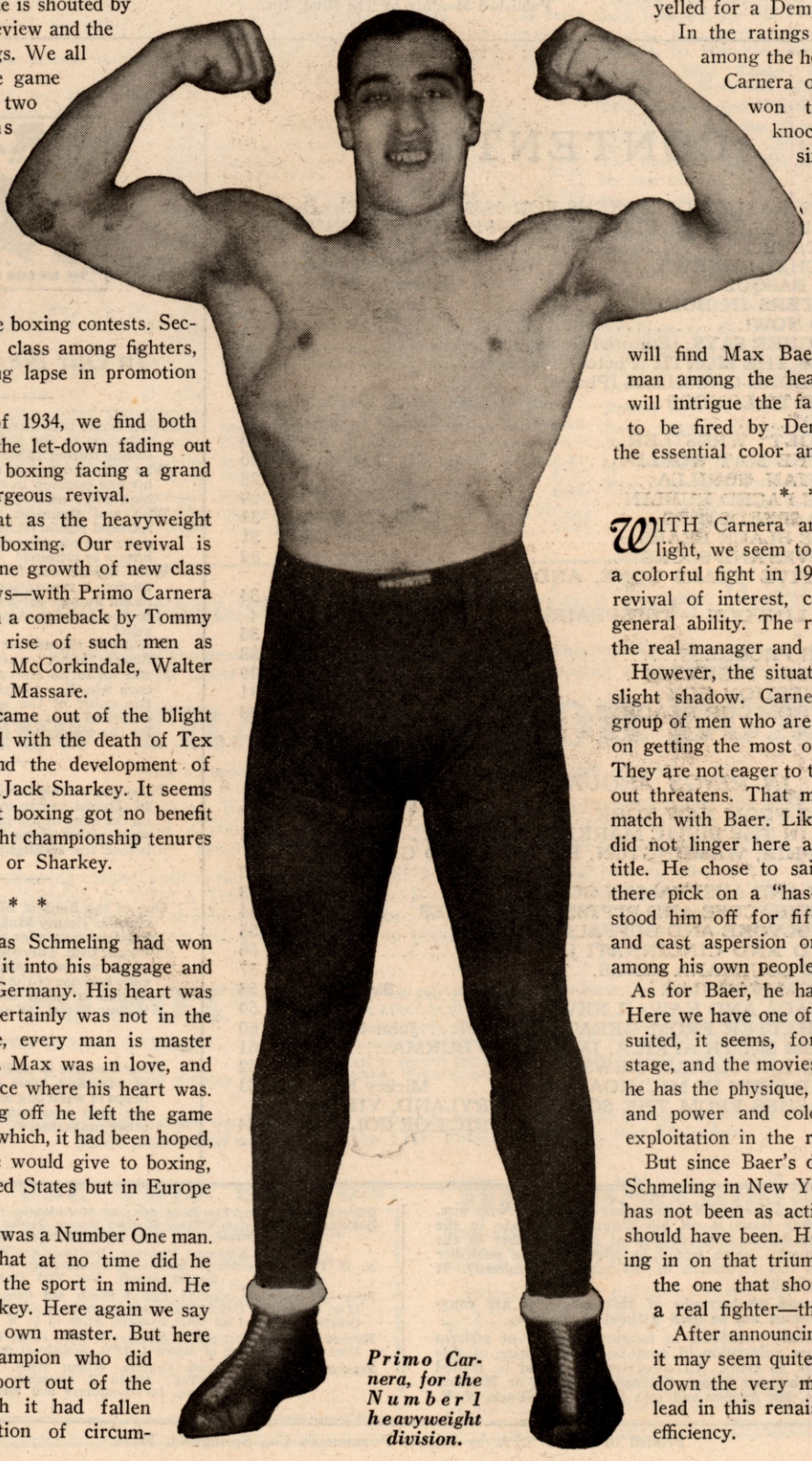
We all know that as the heavyweight class goes, so goes boxing. Our revival is intertwined with a fine growth of new class among the big fellows—with Primo Carnera and Max Baer—with a comeback by Tommy Loughran and the rise of such men as King Levinsky, Don McCorkindale, Walter Neusel and Charley Massare.

In 1933, boxing came out of the blight which it had suffered with the death of Tex Rickard in 1929, and the development of Max Schmeling and Jack Sharkey. It seems harsh to say so, but boxing got no benefit out of the heavyweight championship tenures of either Schmeling or Sharkey.

* * *

JUST as soon as Schmeling had won the title he put it into his baggage and dashed off for Germany. His heart was not in the ring; it certainly was not in the United States. True, every man is master of his own destinies. Max was in love, and he ran off to the place where his heart was. However, in running off he left the game without the impetus which, it had been hoped, his winning the title would give to boxing, not only in the United States but in Europe as well.

As for Sharkey, he was a Number One man. By that we mean that at no time did he have the welfare of the sport in mind. He was strictly for Sharkey. Here again we say that the man is his own master. But here again we had a champion who did little to lift the sport out of the doldrums into which it had fallen through a combination of circumstances which shouted for a Rickard and yelled for a Dempsey.



Primo Carnera, for the Number 1 heavyweight division.

In the ratings for 1933, our leaders among the heavyweights are Primo Carnera of Italy, the man who won the world's title by knocking out Sharkey in six rounds, and next to him is Max Baer, who stopped Max Schmeling in ten rounds.

But it may well be that, before 1934 grows very old, we will find Max Baer, our Number Two man among the heavies, the fighter who will intrigue the fans, just as they used to be fired by Dempsey—the man with the essential color and ability.

* * *

WITH Carnera and Baer in the limelight, we seem to be certain to develop a colorful fight in 1934 and bring about a revival of interest, competition, class, and general ability. The real fighter brings out the real manager and the real promoter.

However, the situation rests under some slight shadow. Carnera is managed by a group of men who are shrewd and are intent on getting the most out of him—financially. They are not eager to tread where the knock-out threatens. That means slow going in a match with Baer. Like Schmeling, Carnera did not linger here after he had won the title. He chose to sail away to Italy, and there pick on a "has-been"—Paulino—who stood him off for fifteen rounds in Rome and cast aspersion on Primo's class even among his own people.

As for Baer, he has "gone Hollywood." Here we have one of those playboys, better suited, it seems, for the night club, the stage, and the movies, despite the fact that he has the physique, the ability, the punch and power and color which scream for exploitation in the ring.

But since Baer's dramatic knock-out of Schmeling in New York last summer, Baer has not been as active in the ring as he should have been. He has been busy cashing in on that triumph in every way but the one that should have appealed to a real fighter—the ring.

After announcing 1934 as a big year, it may seem quite paradoxical to knock down the very men whom we pick to lead in this renaissance of interest and efficiency.

But it is the writer's belief that, with better times, with the assurance of better returns in the squared circle, its leaders will abandon side issues and come back to the game for which they are best fitted, and which shouts for their ministrations.

* * *

UNLIKE previous years, when there was so much good material in every class that the selection of a group of men to head each division was far from being easy, the dearth of outstanding material during 1933, and the lethargy which had gripped the sport during the major portion of the year, make this year's task a simple one. In fact, in most of the classes, there weren't ten really high-class fighters during the year to whom one could point with pride as leaders in their profession. Those who did stand out, with few exceptions, were below par when compared to the best in other years.

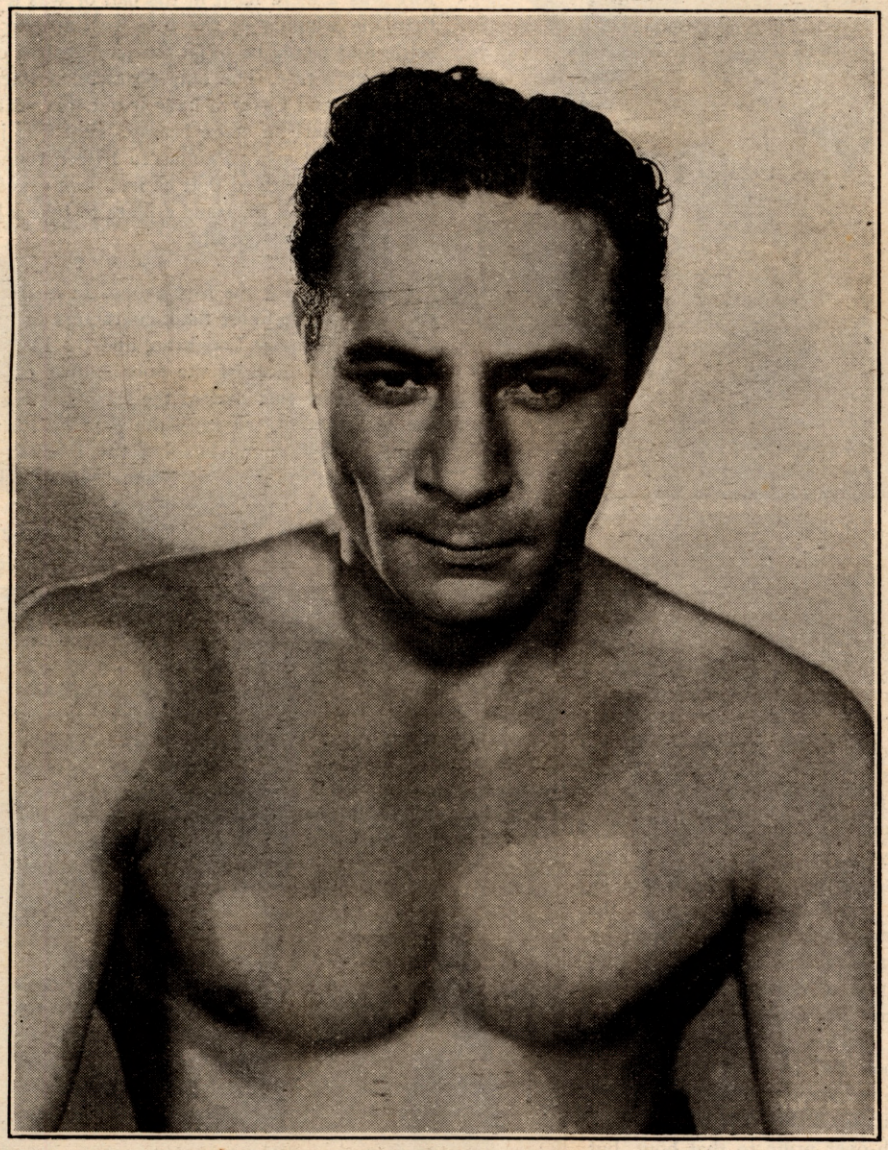
One can count on the fingers of one's hands the entire stars of pugilism for the year just passed. Of course, we cannot expect Dempseys, Leonards, Tunneys, Loughrans, McLarnins, and others of their skill, to find their way into the field of fisticuffs annually, but we do expect to have more talented fighters than the majority of those from whom our annual ratings for 1933 must be made.

Going down the line from the heavyweight class, we meet with less than ten stellar performers. There are Carnera, Baer, and Tommy Loughran in the heavyweight ranks; John Henry Lewis and Tony Shucco in the light-heavy; Lou Brouillard, Vince Dundee, Teddy Yarosz, and Marcel Thil among the middleweights; Jimmy McLarnin and Billy Petrolle, the welters; Barney Ross and Tony Canzoneri, the lightweights; Freddie Miller, Kid Chocolate, and Al Brown, the feathers and bantams, and that about ends the stars.

Was there ever a year when so few boys shone in pugilism? I dare venture that 1933 is the worst on record.

* * *

NOT all the boxing interest in 1933, and all the augury for 1934, are dependent on the heavies. Our ratings show that Barney Ross of Chicago, who took the lightweight championship from Tony Canzoneri in ten rounds in the Windy City, and then won from Tony in fifteen heats in New York, did a lot to bring the folks back to boxing.



Max Baer, in Group No. 1 with Carnera, second ranking heavyweight.

This cannot be said of Jimmy McLarnin, one of the most popular fighters of modern pugilism, who, although he had it within his power to help the sport that had helped him to fame and fortune, preferred to remain on the side lines after winning the welterweight crown and has announced he will continue to do so until some kind angel comes forth with fifty thousand dollars, before he will defend the welterweight title.

Jimmy knocked out Young Corbett, III, in one round after Corbett had taken the crown from Jackie Fields, and thus McLarnin at last scaled the heights for which he had been pointing for some years. But with the acquisition of the title, his work for the year ended.

The middleweight division, the crazy quilt of fisticuffs, the division which boasts of three champions, did its share to drag boxing out of the red in 1933. This despite the confusion that reigns in that section of Fistiana. To Teddy Yarosz, Vince Dundee, Lou Brouillard, Marcel Thil, and Young Terry goes most of the credit for keeping the division in the spotlight. Gorilla Jones, the N.B.A. king, was also very active.

The year was marked by the decline of Kid Chocolate, who, while he managed to keep the featherweight title, suffered two knockouts in over-weight matches—one by Canzoneri in two rounds and again by Frankie Klick in the seventh on Christmas Day.

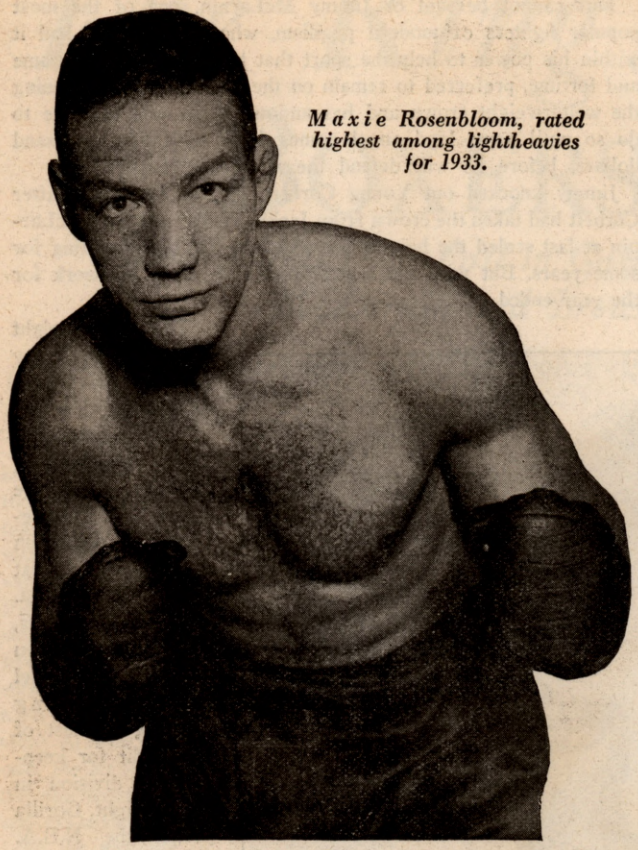
* * *

READERS of THE RING know the history of the annual ratings presented in this issue. THE RING was first to establish the ratings, and others have followed since. They were originated by Tex Rickard ten years ago in this publication. He felt that, since football, baseball, tennis, and other sports made use of the All-America and all-star idea, it would be beneficial to boxing to make similar use of rankings.

He had been collecting the necessary data for his own guidance and readily got the publisher of THE RING to swing into the idea.

When Rickard died, Jack Dempsey ran the ratings for two years. Then Tom McArdle tried his hand, to be followed by Jimmy Johnston.

Last year THE RING took over this work from professional hands, and the fine response to this move actuated the publisher in making this shift a permanent one. Therefore, until another Rickard comes along, THE RING will continue to compile its own ratings.



Maxie Rosenbloom, rated highest among lightheavies for 1933.

SO much for our introductory remarks. Now for our ratings. Interest in the heavyweight ranks always adds interest to the other classes in boxing, and 1933 was a year in which the major portion of the spotlight was focused on the big fellows. The rise of Primo Carnera to the king of the section, and that of Max Baer to leading contender and Tommy Loughran to the king of the "comeback fighters," fired the interest to a glowing pitch in the latter half of the year, and gave to the fistic fans high hopes for a rise in Fisticuffs Preferred for 1934.

Naturally the stand-out development was the acquisition of the heavyweight crown by Carnera, through a K.O. of Jack Sharkey in the sixth session, yet that feat was not equal in importance to the knock-out of Max Schmeling in the tenth round by Max Baer. It was Baer who instilled new life into the game because his was a victory that fired the imagination of the fans, as against an unpopular contest which ended in Sharkey losing his title.

The Carnera who took the measure of Sharkey showed a remarkable improvement over the circus freak, the Barnum and Bailey Behemoth who knocked out push-over after push-over prior to that bout, but the Carnera who defended his crown against Paulino, lost the prestige he had previously gained, and it will require a victory over Baer to re-establish him as the king-pin of his class.

* * *

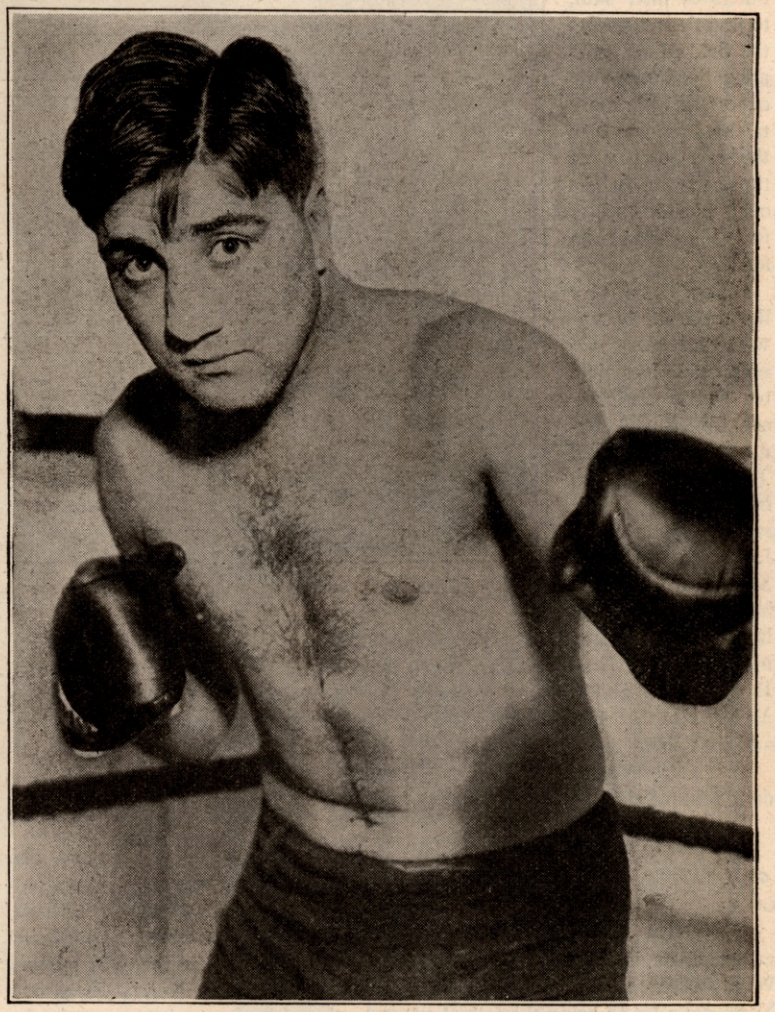
IN ranking our heavyweights, we have placed Carnera, the champion, a nose ahead of Baer, the challenger, despite the contention of many of those who helped in our ratings, that the Livermore Larruper deserved first place because of his greater fighting qualities and ability. The fact that Carnera knocked out the champion to gain his laurels, and previously had taken the measure of Ernie Schaaf, a leading contender, via the K.O. route, and wound up with a fifteen-round verdict over Paulino, is what earned the topnotch post for the Italian.

However, in general all-around ability Baer had it over Carnera. In stopping Schmeling, acknowledged as one of the world's greatest fighters, Baer did something perhaps even more noteworthy than Primo's victory over Sharkey, especially so, considering the downfall of Sharkey in subsequent contests. Carnera's triumph over Jack was depreciated by the Bostonian's collapse in subsequent fights with King Levinsky and Tommy Loughran; and Carnera's fifteen-round bout with Paulino, in which Primo was discredited even by his own people, further cut into the giant's prestige. That is why those who aided in THE RING'S ratings came close to handing the leading post to Baer and placing the champion behind him.

It is possible that time may tell whether Baer's rush to the fore was a mere flash in the pan or was a more important event than the winning of the title by Carnera, and the only way to settle that would be to pit the pair against each other in a tilt for the world's title. The only obstacle to Baer's rise to the crown, should he and Carnera have it out this year, will not be Carnera but the American stage beauty. That was indicated by Carnera's failure to put away Paulino in fifteen rounds in Rome. The fact that Paulino charged that he had been asked to aid Primo's cause by accepting ten thousand dollars to take a knock-out did not bolster Primo's prestige any.

* * *

SO much for the first group. In our second section, we rate one of the finest fistic characters of modern times, the veteran Tommy Loughran, and the Kingfish of Chicago, King Levinsky. Because of the poor caliber of the heavyweights this year, and the fact that of the lot Tommy and the Kingfish were the most active, we rank the pair by themselves in the second group, with Tommy heading the bracket. Here again we may be criticized for ignoring Schmeling, an acknowledged fighter of the first rank, and Sharkey, the man who held the title part of the year, but we answer that criticism by the declaration that,

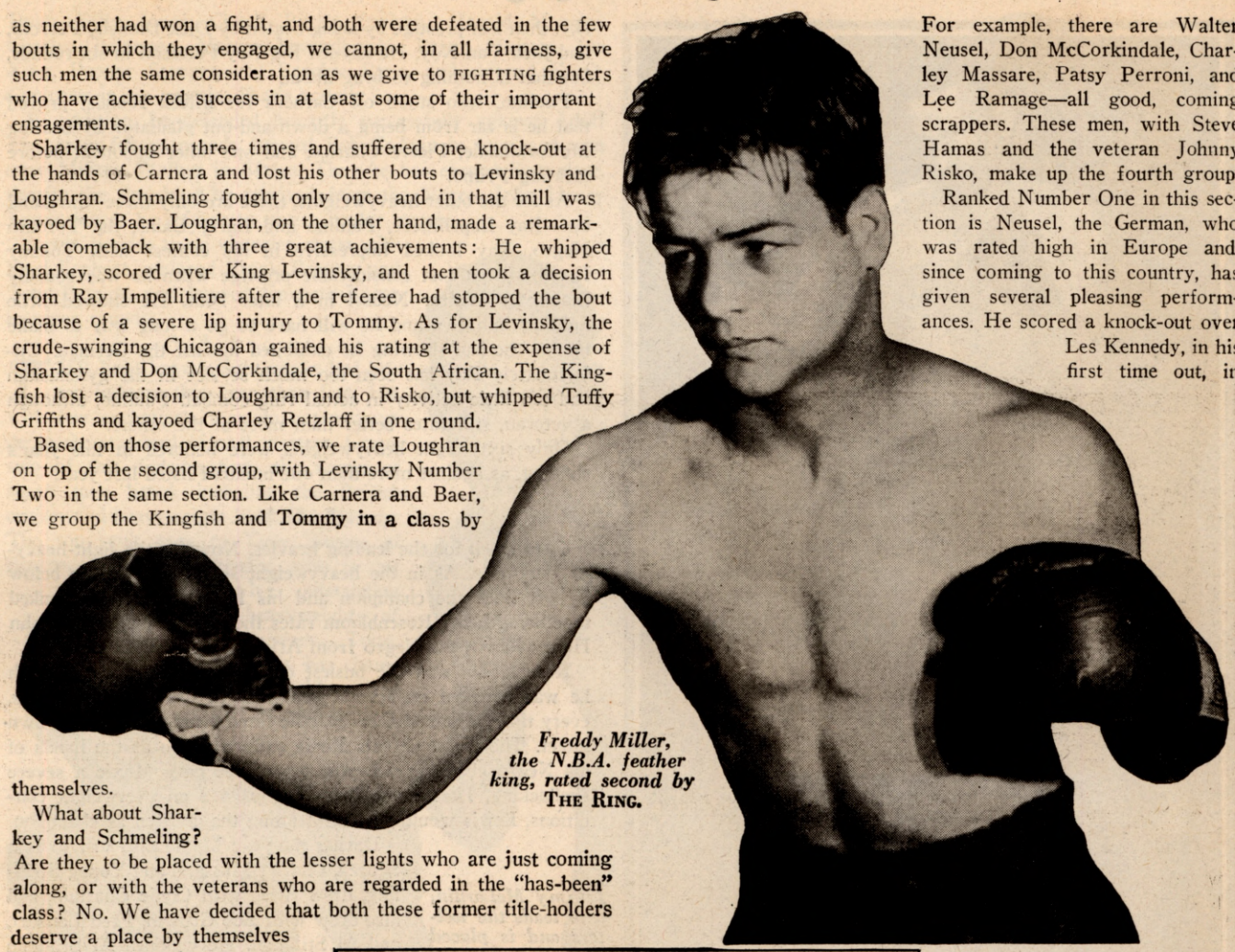


Vince Dundee, the American title-holder who follows Marcel Thil.

as neither had won a fight, and both were defeated in the few bouts in which they engaged, we cannot, in all fairness, give such men the same consideration as we give to FIGHTING fighters who have achieved success in at least some of their important engagements.

Sharkey fought three times and suffered one knock-out at the hands of Carnera and lost his other bouts to Levinsky and Loughran. Schmeling fought only once and in that mill was kayoed by Baer. Loughran, on the other hand, made a remarkable comeback with three great achievements: He whipped Sharkey, scored over King Levinsky, and then took a decision from Ray Impellitiere after the referee had stopped the bout because of a severe lip injury to Tommy. As for Levinsky, the crude-swinging Chicagoan gained his rating at the expense of Sharkey and Don McCorkindale, the South African. The Kingfish lost a decision to Loughran and to Risko, but whipped Tuffy Griffiths and kayoed Charley Retzlaff in one round.

Based on those performances, we rate Loughran on top of the second group, with Levinsky Number Two in the same section. Like Carnera and Baer, we group the Kingfish and Tommy in a class by themselves.



Freddy Miller, the N.B.A. feather king, rated second by THE RING.

What about Sharkey and Schmeling? Are they to be placed with the lesser lights who are just coming along, or with the veterans who are regarded in the "has-been" class? No. We have decided that both these former title-holders deserve a place by themselves in a separate section.

Schmeling, who gave an excellent performance, even in defeat at the hands of Baer, is still good enough to mingle with the leading lights, and in all probability take the measure of several of those among the first four, but because of his failure to engage in more than one bout, he is rated Number One of the third group, with Sharkey, another ex-champion, who occupies the post behind him. Rather low spots for two fighters who, for so long a time, occupied prominent positions in our annual ranking of boxers, but the place they have now tells the story of the poor caliber of the fighting men of today.

Judging by the rapid rise of some of the youngsters who are rated below the former title-holders, in group four of the heavyweight ranks, several of those lads may prove their worth before the year is over and shove the former champs still lower in the standing. In this fourth section of our ranking are some boys whose future is exceedingly bright. For example, there are Walter Neusel, Don McCorkindale, Charley Massare, Patsy Perroni, and Lee Ramage—all good, coming scrappers. These men, with Steve Hamas and the veteran Johnny Risko, make up the fourth group.

Ranked Number One in this section is Neusel, the German, who was rated high in Europe and, since coming to this country, has given several pleasing performances. He scored a knock-out over Les Kennedy, in his first time out, in six rounds, then stopped Stanley Poreda in a hectic mill lasting ten rounds, and followed that with a victory over Impellitiere.

Next comes McCorkindale, the South African, who made good in Europe before coming here. He showed considerable skill in his United States début, when he beat the much-touted Patsy Perroni but lost to Levinsky. He was floored seven times but cut the King up considerably. Abroad Don lost decisions to Paulino and Pierre Charles, then won on a foul from Neusel and drew with him, and wound up with a six-round K.O. of Reggie Meen.

Steve Hamas, the former Penn State star, who twice whipped Lee Ramage and drew once with him and once with Charley Massare, is rated third in the fourth grouping.

Massare, who did great work during the year, which included a victory over Maxey Rosenbloom, ranks below Steve, and then come Ramage, Perroni, and Risko. Risko whipped Loughran and Levin-

The Outstanding Feats of 1933

1—The knock-out of Max Schmeling by Max Baer in the tenth round.

2—The knock-out of Jack Sharkey by Primo Carnera in the sixth.

3—The great comeback of Tommy Loughran, who defeated Jack Sharkey and Ray Impellitiere and gained for himself a championship bout with Carnera.

4—The double victory of Barney Ross over Tony Canzoneri, once for the title and again in defense of his newly won crown.

5—The knock-out of Young Corbett by Jimmy McLarnin, who annexed the world's welterweight title.

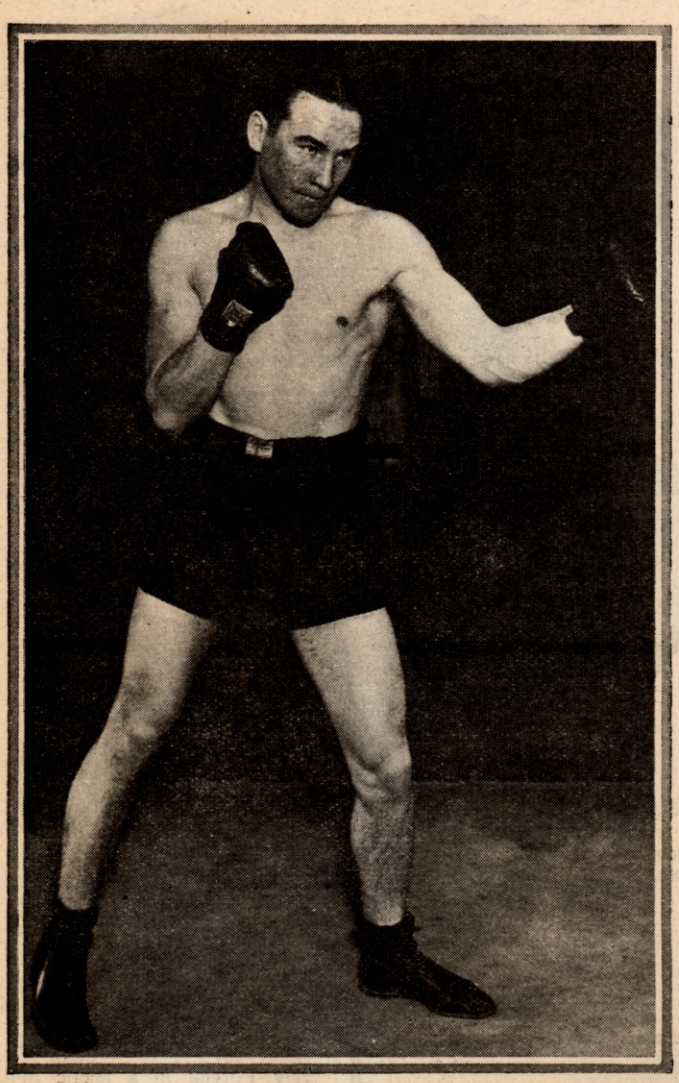
6—The remarkable winning campaign of Al Brown, who has defended his bantam title more often than any other champion.

7—The two-round knock-out victory of Canzoneri over Kid Chocolate.

8—The rise of John Henry Lewis, Negro light-heavyweight, whose performances against the cream of American talent, including the title-holder, have marked him the outstanding light-heavyweight of the world.

9—The remarkable record rolled up by Teddy Yarosz of Pennsylvania who has two victories over the American title-holder in the middleweight class, Vince Dundee.

10—The victories of Marcel Thil over the foremost American and European contenders, to gain international recognition as world's middleweight champion.



Jimmy McLarnin, who leads the welters and is placed in a class by himself.

sky, then lost prestige by being beaten by Dick Daniels, Perroni, and Jack Van Noy. He kayoed Big Boy Peterson in six rounds, but that is nothing to brag about.

Paulino, who stood off Carnera for fifteen rounds, proved that he is far from being a down-and-out gladiator by beating McCorkindale, Pierre Charles, and one other opponent before tackling Primo.

As for the other heavyweights, there are only three who stand out—Ray Impellitiere, Paulino and Larry Gains, the Toronto Negro. Ray looked impressive in his contest with Tommy Loughran but lost considerable prestige when he was soundly beaten by Walter Neusel in a later bout. He showed little fighting initiative and he will have to go a long way to make up for the bad showing he exhibited against the German. Unfortunately Ray has seen too much service in the gymnasium and too little activity in actual ring combat. Paulino, although a veteran, still rates better than most of the others.

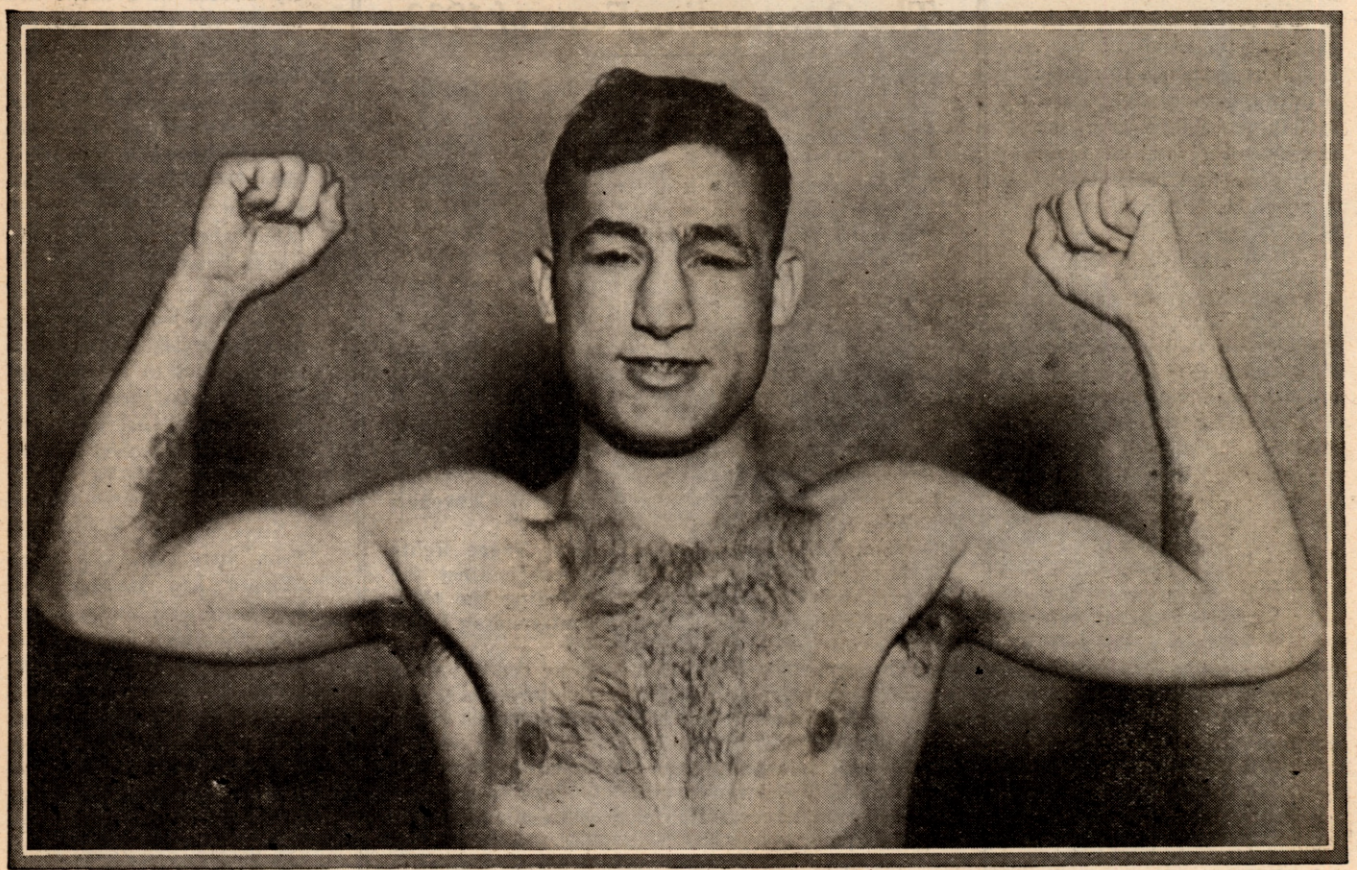
Only sixty-eight heavyweights were honored in this year's ranking, as against more than one hundred listed last year.

* * *

SO much for the leading heavies. Now for the light-heavyweights. As in the heavyweight section, the group below it finds the champion and his leading contender ranked together. Maxey Rosenbloom rates the highest post, with John Henry Lewis, the Negro from Arizona, close at his heels.

Rosenbloom was the busiest of all champions, and, though he was defeated on several occasions in overweight matches, every time he defended his title he came through with his crown intact. The worst defeats Rosie suffered were at the hands of his Negro challenger, Lewis, who twice gave Maxie a severe shellacking. Had Rosenbloom not insisted on overweight conditions, Lewis would now be heading the division as champion.

During the year Maxie also lost to Lou Scozza, Charley Massare, and Young Stribling, drew twice with Clyde Chastain, and also drew with Bob Godwin, Fred Lenhart, and Al Stillman. He whipped Al Stillman twice, scored over Rosy Rosales, Wilson



Billy Petrolle, the Fargo Express, who is second best welterweight.

Dunn, Billy Jones, Chuck Burns (twice), Harold Murphy, Charley Belanger, Martin Levandowski, Leroy Haynes, Joe King, Popper Stopper, and Frankie Ryan, and stopped K. O. Christner in six rounds. That's activity!

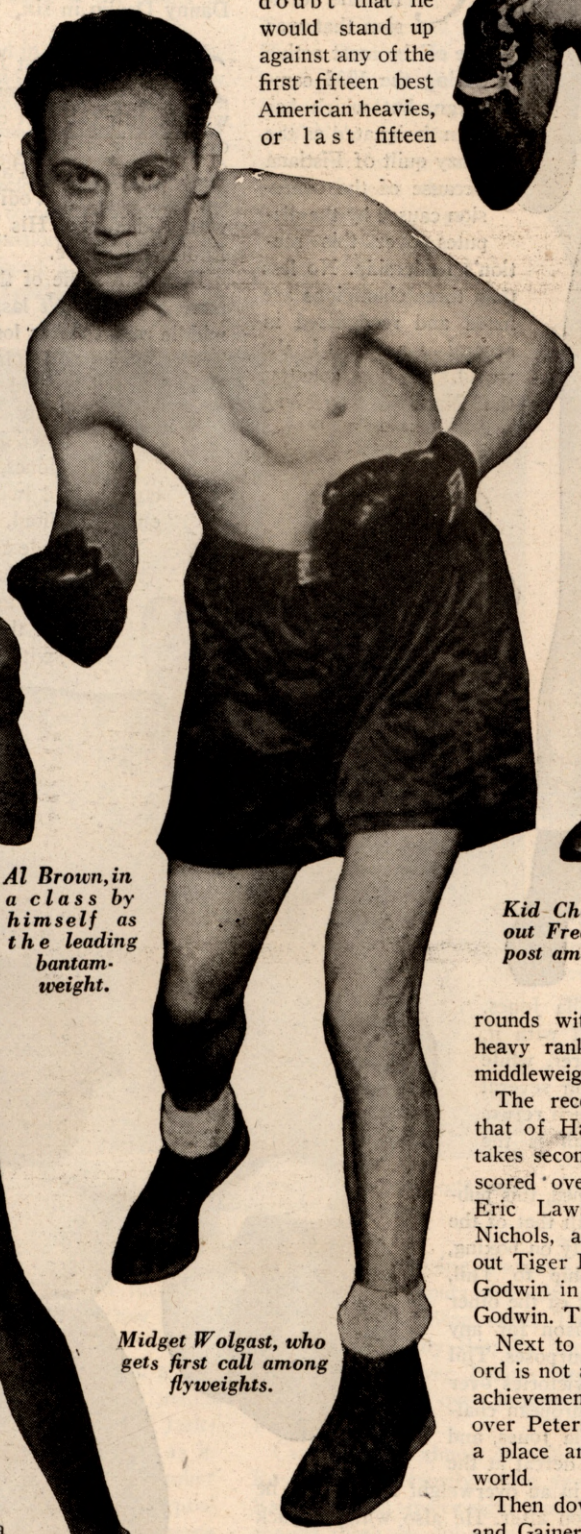
In addition, he defended his title successfully against Adolf Heuser in fifteen rounds, kayoed Bob Godwin in four, and won over Mickey Walker in fifteen. Thus he has earned first place, despite the thrashing he received from the Negro, John Henry Lewis, whom he refuses to give a titular match.

Lewis, besides those victories, drew with Fred Lenhart, whipped Frank Rowsey and Tom Patrick, and kayoed Emmett Rocco in seven rounds.

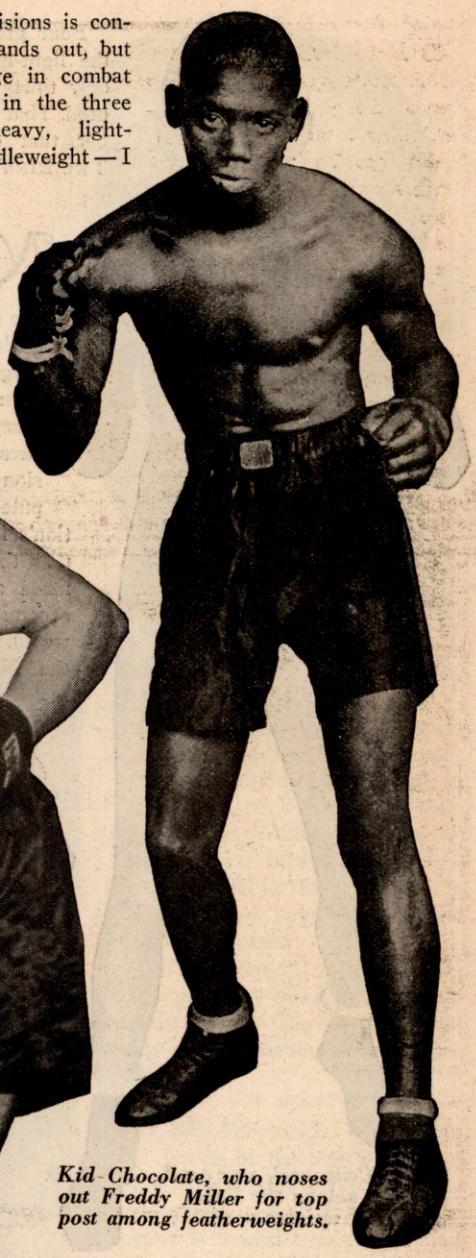
* * *

THE light-heavyweight ranks had better fighters this year than last, but, with few exceptions, they do not measure up to the standard of past masters. Group two of this division finds the names of seven men listed, including the British cruiser and heavyweight king, Len Harvey. The top rank goes to Tony Shucco of Boston, a strong contender, who is one of the outstanding light-heavyweights of recent years. Tony, like Lewis, has championship caliber. He came through with a splendid record, whipping Lee Ramage, Billy Jones, Al Stillman, Bob Olin, Al Borros, Lou Brouillard, and Al Gainer, in addition to landing the K.O. wallop on Soldier Garfield in three cantos and Tuffy Griffiths in four, and beating Gainer on a foul in four. That's a record of which one should feel mighty proud. Although Len Harvey won the British heavyweight crown by defeating Jack Petersen, he doesn't rate as a heavyweight. So far as the present crop of English fistic talent in the heavier divisions is concerned, Harvey stands out, but were he to engage in combat with our leaders in the three top divisions—heavy, light-heavy, and middleweight—I think he would find the going pretty tough and doubt that he would stand up against any of the first fifteen best American heavies, or last fifteen rounds with the top flight of the light-heavy ranks, based on his showing as a middleweight.

Al Brown, in a class by himself as the leading bantamweight.



Midget Wolgast, who gets first call among flyweights.



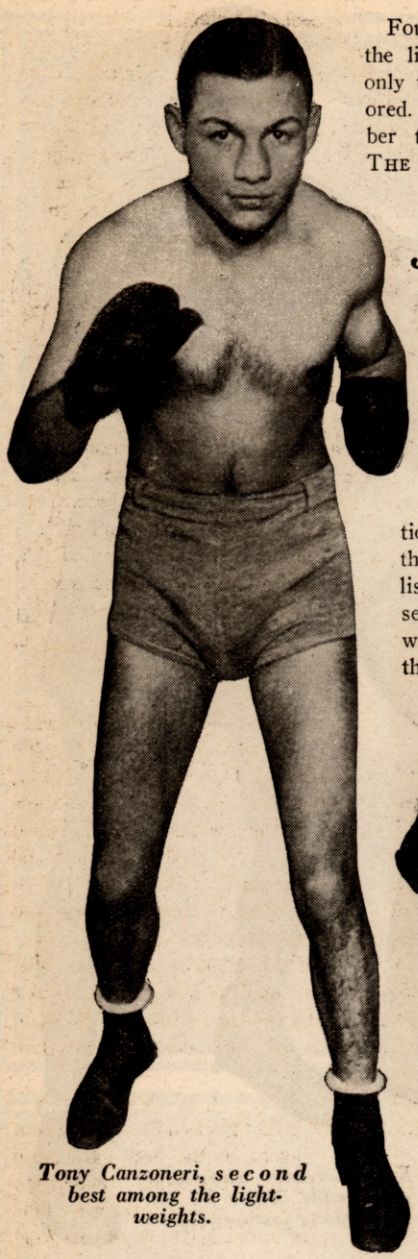
Kid Chocolate, who noses out Freddy Miller for top post among featherweights.

The record of Joe Knight far excels that of Harvey and, for that reason, Joe takes second spot in the second group. Joe scored over Lou Scozza, Battling Bozo, Eric Lawson, Tex Wallace, George Nichols, and Joe Banovic, and knocked out Tiger Le Mon in nine rounds and Bob Godwin in five. He also lost a verdict to Godwin. That's a fine record.

Next to him comes Harvey, whose record is not an outstanding one. His greatest achievement of the year was the victory over Petersen, but that does not earn him a place among the heavyweights of the world.

Then down the line come Godwin, Olin, and Gainer, and we wind up with Walker, who, a year ago, was close to the top. Godwin beat Russ Rowsey, Eric Lawson, Red Barry, Henry Firpo, and Joe King, and kayoed King in seven rounds, Corn Griffin in five, Johnny Miles in six, and Trader Horn in two. He lost a verdict to Les Kennedy.

Group three contains a number of newcomers and veterans, headed by Scozza.



Tony Canzoneri, second best among the lightweights.

Four groups are listed in the light-heavy ranks, with only thirty-five boxers honored. That is the lowest number that ever appeared in THE RING'S annual ranking.

* * *

NOW we come to the division that was one of the most active during the 1933 campaign, but which has been designated as the crazy quilt of Fistiana because of the confusion caused by the disputes over this section's leadership. No less than three champions are listed and recognized in several parts of the world. In this country, the National Boxing Association's title-holder is Gorilla Jones. In New York, and states allied with it, Vince Dundee is the crown wearer, while abroad, in all of Europe, and in several N.B.A. states of this country which refuse to recognize Jones, Marcel Thil is the champion.

So far as THE RING is concerned, this publication, which takes its place with that of the old *Police Gazette* as the authority on boxing, awards the world's championship to Thil, whose claim so far surpasses that of the other claimants, there can be no reason for any dispute other than for political purposes. Thil holds the title by virtue of his victories over the best of the American and European challengers, including Dundee, Gorilla Jones, and Harvey. His only setback was a defeat at the hands of Kid Tunero of Cuba, in an overweight match, and he turned the tables on the Kid soon after. He also whipped Jack Etienne twice, and beat the German champion, Ernest Seelig.

THE RING'S ranking brings Thil on top, heading a group of good fighters. Unlike the other divisions, there are five men listed in the top flight of the middleweight frame, with Dundee rating second; Yarosz, third; Brouillard, who lost his American crown to Dundee, fourth; and Jones, fifth. Of the quintet, the lad who made the finest showing for the year, so far as progress is concerned, was Yarosz, who twice defeated the man who gained the American crown from Brouillard. Only a setback at the hands of Young Terry in a questionable decision kept Teddy from supplanting Dundee for second place.

Dundee's close call in his bout with Andy Callahan, a welterweight, following Vince's victory over Brouillard, shows the poor caliber of the leader. He whipped Franta Nekolny, drew with Ben Jeby, and scored knock-outs over Jimmy Rhodes in four rounds, Neil Kilbane in five, Frank Goosby in eight, and Danny Devlin in six.

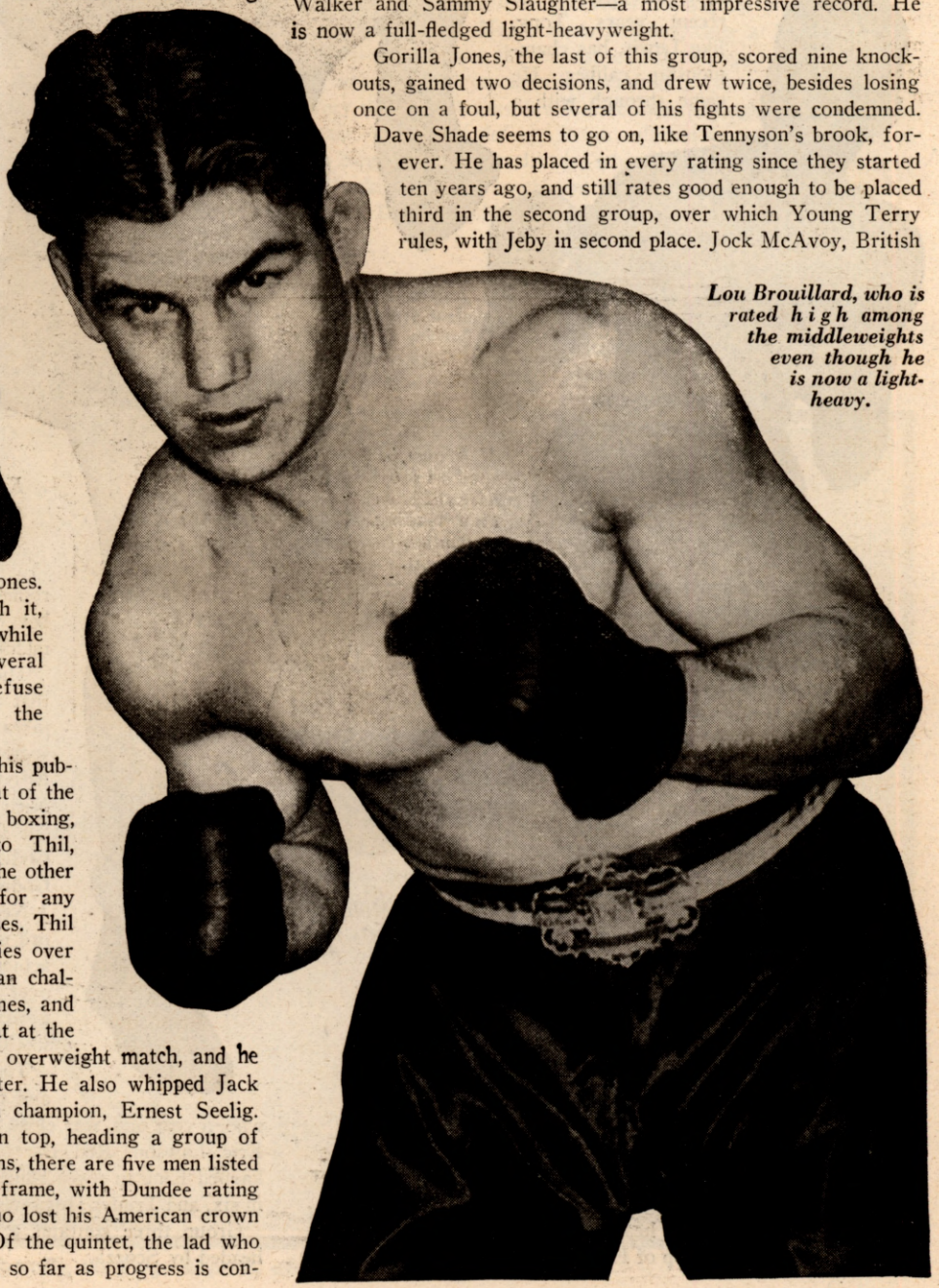
* * *

YAROSZ'S best feat was the double defeat of Dundee. He is the most formidable man in the division and will probably win the title the first chance he gets at the champion. He scored over Paulie Walker, Eddie Ran, Tommy Freeman, Al Rossi, Sammy Slaughter, Paul Pirrone, and Tony D'Allesandro, and kayoed Andy Di Vodi in seven rounds, besides fighting a draw with Kid Wolfe. His only setbacks were defeats by Terry and Eddie Kid Wolfe.

Brouillard, one of the heaviest hitters the division has had in many years, didn't last long as American champion, nor in the middle ranks. After losing the title to Dundee, he was beaten by Tony Shucco and Johnny Indrisano. He kayoed Adolf Heuser in eight sessions and Ben Jeby in seven, and whipped Mickey Walker and Sammy Slaughter—a most impressive record. He is now a full-fledged light-heavyweight.

Gorilla Jones, the last of this group, scored nine knock-outs, gained two decisions, and drew twice, besides losing once on a foul, but several of his fights were condemned.

Dave Shade seems to go on, like Tennyson's brook, forever. He has placed in every rating since they started ten years ago, and still rates good enough to be placed third in the second group, over which Young Terry rules, with Jeby in second place. Jock McAvoy, British



Lou Brouillard, who is rated high among the middleweights even though he is now a light-heavy.

champion, is behind Shade. A total of forty-three middleweights are honored in this year's rankings.

* * *

THE welter division has two outstanding fistic stars in Jimmy McLarnin and Billy Petrolle, each of whom has figured prominently in our annual ratings. Last year McLarnin reached the goal of his ambition, when he flattened Young Corbett, III, in one round, to win the championship and, with that victory, the fighting little Irishman gained the top rung of the ladder in THE RING's ranking of boxers for 1933.

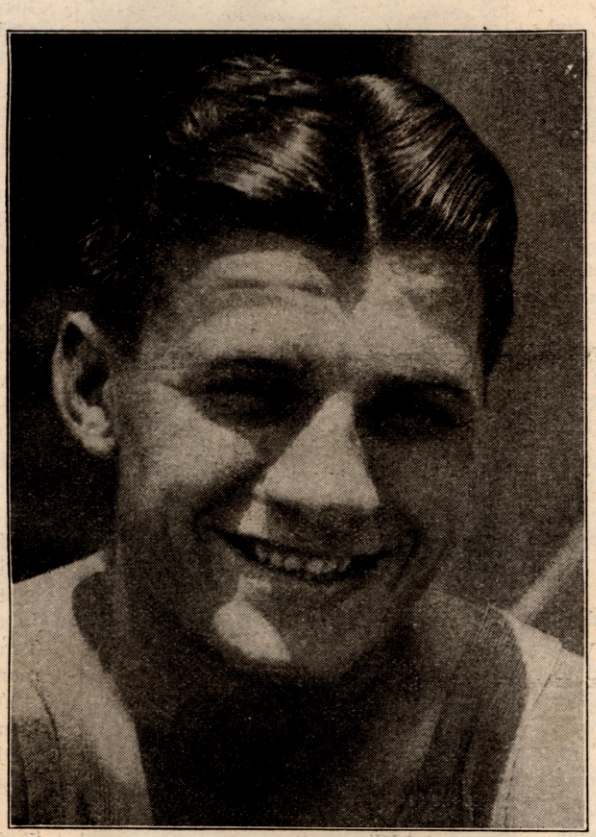
Jimmy earns the distinction of being placed in a class all by himself, the leader of the welterweights by a wide margin. With only two exceptions, those who aid us in our selections selected McLarnin for the leading post, with the additional notation that he be given a group by himself as an added tribute to his prowess.

Despite the fact that McLarnin has decided not to re-enter the ring and keep the title active through competition unless he receives what he deems is proper compensation for risking his laurels, the fact remains that he stands head and heels above every one of his challengers, including the fighting machine from the Middle West, Billy Petrolle. If McLarnin had chosen to be as active as the Fargo Express, who fears no one and is ever ready to tackle those who are anxious to meet him, the class would be the best in all pugilism because of the number of good scrappers to be found in it.

* * *

IN a group by themselves, ranking next to McLarnin, we find Petrolle, Young Corbett, III, Jackie Fields, and Eddie Kid Wolfe, in the order named; this despite the announcement of Corbett that he has entered the retired list. As our ratings are based on performances during the previous twelve months, and as Corbett had defeated the world champion, Fields, and then had lost the crown to McLarnin, he cannot be ignored because of retirement.

At this writing, Fields seems to have joined Corbett in hanging up his gloves, thereby leaving Petrolle as the outstanding contender and challenger for the title, with Wolfe coming up behind him. There may be some criticism for placing the Memphis lad ahead of such good fighters as Baby Joe Gans, Bep Van Klaveren, Andy Callahan, and Jack Hood, the British champion, but, if the records of the past few months will be consulted, our readers will find that Wolfe has been doing more consistent work than any other welter.

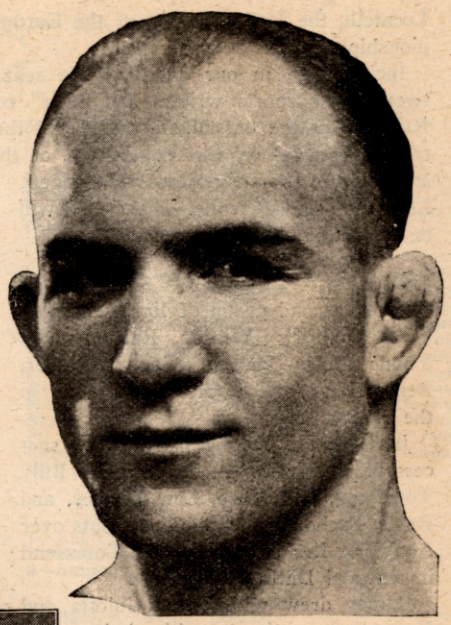


Teddy Yarosz, rated one of the year's best prospects and No. 3 in the middleweight rankings.

Fields, it will be remembered, lost his championship in a ten-round decision mill after being beaten in an overweight match by Eddie Murdock, and then he scored over Young Peter Jackson, a good Coast boy. Petrolle was not as active in 1933 as in past years, but that was to be expected because of the number of clubs that had suspended operations and the inability of promoters to obtain matches for Billy. He kayoed Van Klaveren in four rounds and Stanislaus Loayza in six, and drew with and defeated Sammy Fuller. The Hollander, Van Klaveren, scored victories over Baby Joe Gans, Phil Rafferty, Herman Perlick, Loayza, and Jimmy Phillips.

The two leaders in the division, so far as competition was concerned, were Gans and Wolfe. The Negro knocked out George Salvatore in four rounds, Ralph Landis in three, Buddy Jackson in eight, and Jackie Purvis in six, and won from Philly Griffin, Tony Dominiquez, Andy Callahan, Jack Portney, Jackie Aldare, Tommy King, and Harry Devine. He lost bouts to Eddie Holmes and Garcia.

Wolfe's record shows victories over better fighters than those whom Gans had met. He whipped Teddy Yarosz, one of the best of the



Marcel Thil, world's middleweight king, ranked Number 1 for 1933.

American middleweight prospects, Tracey Cox, Jose Estrada, Frankie Hughes, Eddie Flynn, Ray Kiser, and Tiger Joe Randall, and drew with Paulie Walker. He stopped Dwight Fryer in three rounds and Gus Campbell in three, and lost to Jack Portney, Tony Herrera, and Frankie Hughes.

Our compilation of welters who are honored by being named in one of the groups shows a total of forty-one, as against seventy-two last year.

* * *

THE lightweight division boasts of the best fighters of all, so far as pleasing competition and activity are concerned. This section is headed by a lot of good scrappers—boys who are colorful and possess fighting assets. Two boys stand out among the lighties—Barney Ross, the champion, and Tony Canzoneri, the boy from whom the Chicago lad won the crown and then successfully defended it in a return engagement.

To Barney Ross goes first place, with Canzoneri ranking below him in the same grouping. Barney's record shows his class. He engaged in eight bouts with the stars of his division and came through with a clean slate. Twice he scored over Canzoneri, then he took Billy Petrolle into camp, a meritorious feat, and gained verdicts over Tommy Grogan and Joe Ghnouly. He also scored knock-outs over Johnny Datto in two rounds and Johnny Farr in six.

Canzoneri did almost as well. His two defeats at the hands of Ross, both extremely close verdicts, and his loss to Wesley Ramey in an overweight match, were his only setbacks. As against those, he did most impressive work in gaining decisions over Frankie Klick, who later stopped Kid Chocolate to win the synthetic junior lightweight crown, Battling Shaw, and Pete Nebo, and then came the crowning performances of the year—a one-round knock-out of Billy Townsend, a two-round K.O. of the flashy Kid Chocolate, and a five-round knock-out of Cecil Payne, topped by a most deserving ten-round victory over Cleto

Locatelli, the Italian holder of the European lightweight championship.

Incidentally, in our questionnaire sent to one hundred and twenty-four sports writers and "war" correspondents of THE RING, *in re* the outstanding fighter of the year for the annual trophy awarded by this publication, at this writing, the voting is a toss-up among Ross, Canzoneri, Loughran, and Petrolle. The award will be announced in the next issue.

* * *

OUR second group of lightweights is headed by Wesley Ramey, with Young Peter Jackson, Sammy Fuller, Benny Bass, and Locatelli lining up in the rear.

Jackson and Ramey had a most successful campaign. Peter whipped Billy Townsend, Kid Moro, Lew Massey, and Bobby Pacho, and scored knock-outs over Ah Wing Lee in four rounds, Townsend in ten, and Datto in one heat.

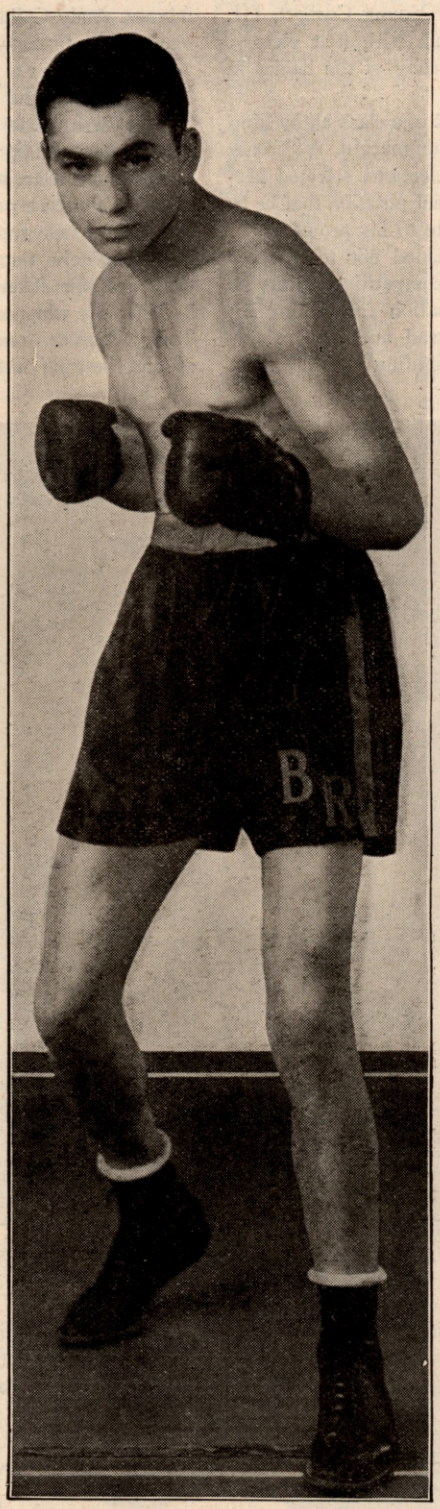
Ramey drew with Peter Gulotta and Jimmy Leto, and among his victims were Jackie Davis, Dick Sisk, Cocoa Kid, Billy Hogan, Jimmy Slavin, Ray Bowen, Tony Sciolino, Johnny Jadick, Eddie Ran, Battling Shaw, Steve Haliako, and Johnny Stropper, a most impressive run of victories. Haliako scored over Ramey in another engagement.

Bass and Locatelli are rated about on a par, while Fuller, the game, aggressive Massachusetts lightweight, noses his way into third position in the second group. Fuller fought one draw and lost one decision to Petrolle, was beaten by Ross, beaten by K. O. Castillo, but on the strength of his showing against Petrolle, he rates a higher post than those who follow him.

A total of thirty boys are rated among the lightweights.

* * *

COMING down to the lighter divisions, we find Kid Chocolate, who ordinarily would have been expected to stand out as the class of the division, sharing the honors in the first group with Freddy Miller, the N.B.A. champion, and Seaman Watson, the British crown wearer. The Keed has tumbled from his high perch since a year ago, fast living being responsible for his fall. Although he only defended his title once—a title that was recognized only in New York and allied states—he retained the diadem by whipping Watson in fifteen rounds. All of his other contests were overweight matches. In his trip abroad, he whipped Francois Machtens and Nick Bensa, also kayoed Bensa in the tenth. He won over Joe Ghnouly and Johnny Farr, and was stopped by Canzoneri and Klick.



Barney Ross, the leading lightweight.

Miller, who is the National Boxing Association champion, did great work during the year. He has been clamoring for a titular bout with the Keed and, if he gets it, will undoubtedly emerge the new champion. He was defeated by Abie Israel, Baby Arizmendi, and Frankie Wallace, but kayoed Israel in a return bout in four rounds, Johnny Gonzales in four, and won over Paul Dazzo, Joe Guerrero, and Tommy Paul, from whom he won the crown, Lew Feldman (twice), Petey Sarron, Eddie Trujillo, Little Dempsey, Speedy Dado, Baby Arizmendi, Andy Bundy, Cecil Payne, and Jackie Sharkey. Miller has been improving with each fight and now ranks almost on a par with the world champion, who, in our opinion, is Chocolate.

As for Watson, he made a good showing in this country. His year's record shows victories over Fidel La Barba, Bobby Lawrence, Benny Sharkey, and Auguste Gyde, and a ten-round kayo over Dave Crowley.

Several excellent boys are listed in the next group, with Arizmendi leading, Wallace, second choice; Lew Feldman, George Hansford, Tommy Paul, and Jackie Wilson following in the order named. This year's ranking takes in forty-one feathers.

* * *

THERE is only one outstanding fighter among the bantams, Al Brown, who again takes his place as Number One, in a group all by himself. Throughout the year, Brown displayed the form that enabled him to win the bantam crown four years ago. Although all of his fights were staged abroad, the elongated Panamaian took on all comers and came through with flying colors.

Four good lads are listed in the second group, headed by Young Casanova, the Mexican. The Hot Tamale lost only one bout, Young Tommy trimming him, but he redeemed himself by kayoing Tommy in another match in five rounds. Other kayoes were registered over Phil Tobias, four rounds; Harry Fierro, six rounds; Newsboy Brown, three rounds; and a victory over Speedy Dado.

Dado, a Filipino, comes next with a pretty good record compiled during the year. Losing to Casanova and Lew Farber, he was also kayoed in one round by Baby Palmore but turned around with a victory over Palmore in a subsequent bout. He whipped Joe Tei Ken (twice), Johnny Yasui, Billy McLeod, and Young Tommy, and kayoed Ernie Hood in five rounds, and drew with Pete Sanstol.

Young Tommy is another Filipino who looms high. He whipped Speedy Dado, Little Pancho, Gene Bianca, Pete Sanstol, Young Casanova, Johnny Yasui, and Joe Tei Ken; drew with Billy McLeod, and kayoed Rudolph Teglia in two rounds. Pete Sanstol finishes up the group that comprises the second division. He was beaten by Tommy and Midget Wolgast but drew with Dado and scored over Pete De Grasse, Clever Sison, George Hansford, Benny Schwartz, and Jimmy Mack. He stopped Augie Ruggiere in six rounds.

The balance of group three in the bantams includes some promising material such as Lew Farber of New York City; Joe Tei Ken, Japan; Little Pancho, brother of the late Pancho Villa; Bobby Leitham, Montreal; Babe Triscaro, Cleveland.

Twenty-eight boys are honored on this class.

Coming down to the midgets of the fight realm, we come to a sad state of affairs. Once there were such formidable flyweights as Pancho Villa, Frankie Genaro, Jimmy Wilde, and Johnny Buff, but today the only representative American who stands out is Midget Wolgast, who is the (*Continued on page* 46)

How Boxers *of the* World *are* Grouped *by* "THE RING"

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Heavyweight Division

(Group 1)

1—Primo Carnera, Italy.
2—Max Baer, Oakland, Calif.

(Group 2)

1—Tommy Loughran, Philadelphia, Pa.
2—King Levinsky, Chicago, Ill.

(Group 3)

1—Max Schmeling, Germany.
2—Jack Sharkey, Boston, Mass.

(Group 4)

1—Walter Neusel, Germany.
2—Don McCorkindale, South Africa.
3—Steve Hamas, Passaic, N. J.
4—Charley Massare, Pittsburgh, Pa.
5—Lee Ramage, San Diego, Calif.
6—Patsy Perroni, Canton, Ohio.
7—Johnny Risko, Cleveland, Ohio.

(Group 5)

Paulino Uzcudun, Spain; Larry Gains, Toronto, Canada; Ray Impellitiere, N. Y.; Tony Galeto, Orange, N. J.; Red Barry, Washington, D. C.; Art Lasky, Minneapolis, Minn.; Charley Retzlaff, Duluth, Minn.; Unknown Winston, Hartford, Conn.; Isadoro Gastanaga, Spain; Abie Feldman, Schenectady, N. Y.; Hans Birkie, Oakland, Calif.

(Group 6)

Jack Peterson, England; Otto Von Porat, Norway; Charley Belanger, Winnipeg, Canada; Dick Daniels, Minneapolis, Minn.; Pierre Charles, Belgium; Jack Van Noy, San Francisco, Calif.; Jim Maloney, Boston, Mass.; Arthur Huttick, New York City; Tiger Jack Fox, Indianapolis, Ind.; Harold Mays, Bayonne, N. J.; Joe Sekyra, Dayton, Ohio; Paul Cavalier, Paterson, N. J.; Eddie Simms, Cleveland, Ohio; Frankie Simms, Cleveland, Ohio; Jack Redmond, South Bend, Ind.; Buck Everett, Gary, Ind.; Bob Moody, Syracuse, N. Y.; Babe Hunt, Ponca City, Okla.; Tiger Henderson, Hartford, Conn.; Jim Braddock, Jersey City, N. J.; Tony Cancela, Tampa, Fla.; Baxter Calmes, Wichita, Kan.; Vincent Parrile, Argentine; Stanley Poreda, Bayonne, N. J.

(Group 7)

Jack Doyle, England; Dynamite Jackson, Los Angeles, Calif.; Corn Griffin, Fort Benning, Ga.; Vincent Hower, Germany; Fred Feary, Stockton, Calif.; Harry Thomas, Los Angeles, Calif.; Ed Mosebar, Los Angeles, Calif.; Ben Foord, South Africa; Yustin Sirutis, New York City; Steve Trojack, Winnipeg, Canada; Maurice Griselle, France; Henry Lenglet, France; Roy Lazer, Paterson, N. J.; Jack Pettifer, England; Ernest Guhring, Germany; Lew Poster, New York City; Eddie Houghton, Philadelphia, Pa.; Izzy Singer, Paterson, N. J.; Tom Patrick, Los Angeles, Calif.; Sunny Jim McVey, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Light-Heavyweight Division

(Group 1)

1—Maxey Rosenbloom, New York City.
2—John Henry Lewis, Phoenix, Ariz.

(Group 2)

1—Tony Shucco, Boston, Mass.
2—Joe Knight, Daytona Beach, Fla.
3—Len Harvey, England.
4—Bob Godwin, Georgia.
5—Bob Olin, New York City.
6—Al Gainer, New Haven, Conn.
7—Mickey Walker, Rumson, N. J.

(Group 3)

Lew Scozza, Buffalo, N. Y.; Adolf Heuser, Germany; Harry English, Toledo, Ohio; Billy Jones, Philadelphia, Pa.; Harry Ebbets, Freeport, N. Y.; Young Firpo, Pocatello, Idaho; Wesley Ketchell, Oakland, Calif.; Clyde Chastain, Fort Worth, Texas; Martin Levandowski, Grand Rapids, Mich.; Fred Lenhart, Seattle, Wash.; George Nichols, Buffalo, N. Y.; George Manley, Denver, Colo.; Joe Banovic, Binghamton, N. Y.; Gordon Fortenberry, Cocoa, Fla.

(Group 4)

Billy Donahue, New York City; Frank Rowsey, Los Angeles, Calif.; Benny Miller, Los Angeles, Calif.; Tony Poloni, Reno, Nev.; Billy Ketchell, Millville, N. J.; Don Petrin, Newark, N. J.; Trader Horn, New York City; Roscoe Manning, Newark, N. J.; Roy Williams, Chicago, Ill.; Sandy Garrison, Los Angeles, Calif.; Tom Walsh, New York City; George Forrester, Elizabeth, N. J.; Johnny Pilc, Newark, N. J.

Middleweight Division

(Group 1)

1—Marcel Thil, France.
2—Vince Dundee, Newark, N. J.
3—Teddy Yarosz, Pittsburgh, Pa.
4—Lou Brouillard, Worcester, Mass.
5—Gorilla Jones, Akron, Ohio.

(Group 2)

1—Young Terry, Trenton, N. J.
2—Ben Jeby, New York City.
3—Dave Shade, New York City.
4—Kid Tunero, Cuba.
5—Frank Battaglia, Winnipeg, Canada.
6—Sammy Slaughter, Terre Haute, Ind.
7—Jock McAvoy, England.

(Group 3)

Jimmy Smith, Philadelphia, Pa; Johnny Indrisano, Boston, Mass.; Erich Seelig, Germany; Gustave Roth, Belgium; Chick Devlin, San Francisco, Calif.; Veral Whitehead, Los Angeles, Calif.; Henry Firpo, Louisville, Ky.; Al Rossi, Newark, N. J.; Tommy Freeman, Hot Springs, Ark.; Ignacio Ara, Spain; Jack Kilbourne, Australia; Joe La Grey, New York City.

(Group 4)

Alabama Kid, Dover, Ohio; Marty Sampson, New York City; Solly Krieger, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Jack King, Little Rock, Ark.; Frankie O'Brien, Hartford, Conn.; Ken Overlin, Virginia; Rudy Marshall, Stamford, Conn.; Kid Leonard, Moline, Ill.; Oddone Piazza, Boston, Mass.; Tony Dominquez, Cuba; Vincent Sereci, New York City; Paul Pirrone, Cleveland, Ohio; Freddy Heinz, Grand Rapids, Mich.; Joe Kaminsky, New York City; Frank Fullam, New York City; Frank Goosby, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Tony Dallesandro, New York City; Ray Tramblie, Chicago, Ill.

Welterweight Division

(Group 1)

1—Jimmy McLarnin, Vancouver, B. C.

(Group 2)

1—Billy Petrolle, Duluth, Minn.
2—Young Corbett, San Francisco, Calif.
3—Jackie Fields, Los Angeles, Calif.
4—Eddie Kid Wolfe, Memphis, Tenn.

(Group 3)

1—Bep Van Klaveren, Holland.
2—Baby Joe Gans, Los Angeles, Calif.
3—Andy Callahan, Lawrence, Mass.
4—Jack Hood, England.

(Group 4)

Kid Azteca, Mexico; Tony Herrera, Fort Worth, Texas; Cerefino Garcia, Philippine Islands; Jimmy Leto, Tampa, Fla.; Freddy Steele, Tacoma, Wash.; Mike Payan, San Diego, Calif.; Paulie Walker, Trenton, N. J.; Sammy O'Dell, Akron, Ohio; Joey Goodman, Richmond, Va.; King Tut, Minneapolis, Minn.; Eddie Ran, Poland; Jimmy Phillips, Bernardsville, N. J.; Tracey Cox, Indianapolis, Ind.; Eddie Holmes, Providence, R. I.; Frankie Hughes, Clinton, Ind.; Tony Falco, Philadelphia, Pa.; Billy Hogan, Pierpont, N. J.; Murray Brandt, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Stanislaus Loayza, Chile; Franta Nekolny, Austria.

(Group 5)

Manuel Quintero, Tampa, Fla.; Eduardo Duarry, Cuba; Jackie Davis, Cleveland, Ohio; Eddie Flynn, New Orleans, La.; Ray Kiser, Oklahoma; Willard Brown, Indianapolis, Ind.; Young Firpo, Pennsgrove, N. J.; Frankie Carlton, Jersey City, N. J.; Patsy Pasculli, New York City; Pete Gulotta, Brooklyn, N. J.; Gus Campbell, Miami, Fla.; Tommy Bland, Toronto, Canada; Joe Glick, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Joey Harrison, Passaic, N. J.; Johnny O'Keefe, Garfield, N. J.; Benny Levine, Newark, N. J.; Moe Moss, England; Dick Sisk, Chicago, Ill.; Phil Rafferty, New York City; Andy Di Vodi, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Red Affinito, New York City; Joe Rossi, New York City; Jack December, Cleveland, Ohio.

Lightweight Division

(Group 1)

1—Barney Ross, Chicago, Ill.
2—Tony Canzoneri, New York City.

(Group 2)

1—Wesley Ramey, Grand Rapids, Mich.
2—Young Peter Jackson, Los Angeles, Calif.
3—Sammy Fuller, Boston, Mass.
4—Benny Bass, Philadelphia, Pa.
5—Cleto Locatelli, Italy.

(Group 3)

Eddie Cool, Philadelphia, Pa.; Johnny Jadick, Philadelphia, Pa.; Frankie Klick, San Francisco, Calif.; Steve Haliako, Auburn, N. Y.; Lew Massey, Philadelphia, Pa.; Harry Dublinsky, Chicago, Ill.; Francois Sybille, Belgium; Billy Wallace, Los Angeles, Calif.; Joe Ghnouly, St. Louis, Mo.

(Group 4)

Lew Ambers, Herkimer, N. Y.; Jackie Kid Berg, England; Bobby Pacho, Los Angeles, Calif.; Jack Portney, Baltimore, Md.; Battling Shaw, New Orleans, La.; Cocoa Kid, New Haven, Conn.; Joey Ferrando, Jersey City, N. J.; Joey Costa, Jersey City, N. J.; Harry Carlton, Jersey City, N. J.; Prince Saunders, Chicago, Ill.; Paul Junior, Portland, Me.; Roger Bernard, Flint, Mich.; Al Foreman, England; Chino Alvarez, Atlanta, Ga.; Cecil Payne, Louisville, Ky.

(Group 5)

Charley Bedami, New York City; Johnny Bonito, New York City; Pete Nebo, Florida; Toots Bashara, Norfolk, Va.; Jimmy Vaughn, Cleveland, Ohio; Johnny Gaito, Yonkers, N. Y.; Manuel Castro, Mexico; Davey Abad, Panama; Lou Terry, St. Louis, Mo.; Lew Lombardi, Jersey City, N. J.; Al Cuillo, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Ray Meyers, New York City; George Riley, Detroit, Mich.; Paris Apice, Providence, R. I.; Charley Baxter, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Eddie Brink, Scranton, Pa.; Patsy Rubinetti, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Jack Rose, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Davey Day, Chicago, Ill.; Danny Rosen, New York City.

Featherweight Division

(Group 1)

1—Kid Chocolate, Cuba.
2—Freddy Miller, Cincinnati, Ohio.
3—Seaman Watson, England.

(Group 2)

1—Baby Arizmendi, Mexico.
2—Frankie Wallace, Cleveland, Ohio.
3—Lew Feldman, Brooklyn, N. Y.
4—George Hansford, Los Angeles, Calif.
5—Tommy Paul, Buffalo, N. Y.
6—Jackie Wilson, Pittsburgh, Pa.

(Group 3)

Eddie Shea, Chicago, Ill.; Johnny Pena, New York City; Mike Belloise, New York City; Varias Milling, Los Angeles, Calif., Petey Hayes, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Al Roth, New York City; Petey Sarron, Birmingham, Ala.; Kid Francis, Italy; Clever Sison, Philippine Islands; Frankie Covelli, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Paul Dazzo, Chicago, Ill.; Jackie Sharkey, Minneapolis, Minn.; Albert Ladou, Montreal, Canada; Pete De Grasse, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Pinto De Sa, Portugal; Abie Israel, Portland, Ore.; Vernon Cormier, Worcester, Mass.; Mose Butch, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Young Rightmeier, Sioux City, Iowa.

(Group 4)

Jerry Mazza, New York City; Phil Zwick, Cleveland, Ohio; Nick Scalba, Chicago, Ill.; Wilbur Chevalier, Bay City, Mich.; Andy Bundy, Portland, Ore.; Dave Crowley, England; Henry Armstrong, Los Angeles, Calif.; Davey Finn, England; Lew Fox, New York City; Patsy La Rocco, New York City; Jimmy Martin, New York City; Julie Katz, New York City; Harry Bauman, New York City; Vincent Renta, New York City; Johnny De Foe, New York City.

Bantamweight Division

(Group 1)

1—Al Brown, Panama.

(Group 2)

1—Young Casanova, Mexico.
2—Speedy Dado, Philippine Islands.
3—Young Tommy, Philippine Islands.
4—Pete Sanstol, Norway.

(Group 3)

Lew Farber, New York City; Little Pancho, Philippine Islands; Joe Tei Ken, Japan; Bobby Leitham, Montreal, Canada; Johnny King, England; Gene Espinoza, Mexico; Babe Triscaro, Cleveland, Ohio; Ross Fields, Weirton, W. Va.; Cris Pineda, Philippine Islands; Domencio Bernasconi, Italy; Jimmy Thomas, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Eugene Huat, France.

(Group 4)

Ernie Maurer, Detroit, Mich.; Frankie Wolfram, Winnipeg, Canada; Star Frisco, Philippine Islands; Dick Corbett, England; Frankie Jarr, Fort Wayne, Ind.; Frankie Martin, Montreal, Canada; Louis Salica, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Tony Passaro, New York City; Antol Kocsis, Austria; Young Perez, France; Skippy Allen, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Flyweight Division

(Group 1)

1—Midget Wolgast, Philadelphia, Pa.
2—Jackie Brown, England.

(Group 2)

1—Mickey McGuire, England.
2—Ginger Foran, England.
3—Valentin Anglemann, France.

(Group 3)

Maurice Huguenin, France; Praxille Gyde, Belgium; Lucien Popesco, Italy; Etienne Mura, France; Giovanni Savo, Italy; Jim Maharg, England; Bert Kirby, England; Percy Dexter, England; Maurice Filhol, France; Sammy Goldman, Grand Rapids, Mich.; Earl Everett, Memphis, Tenn.

COMING

By WILBUR WOOD

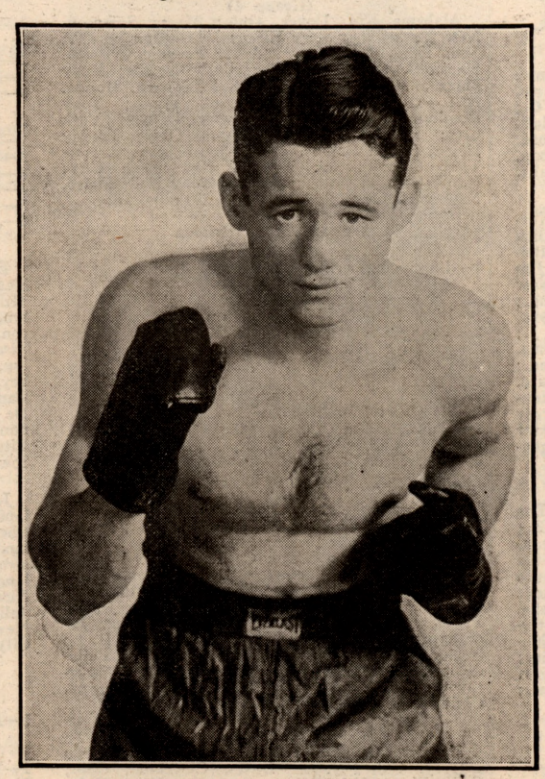
Charley Massare of East Monongahela, Pa., heavyweight.

Mike Belloise, Bronx, N. Y., featherweight.

TO everything there is a beginning. Champions of the ring are not made over night. They have humble beginnings. The last time you peered at a boxing show you may have seen a champion without realizing it. Some lad you scarcely heeded in one of the preliminaries may be on his way to a title. But the chances are that somebody already has tabbed him as a coming star, a boy who gives promise of some day being a champion or a near champion.

There is a lot of satisfaction in spotting some youngster in the gymnasium or in a preliminary bout and entering him in your book as a coming star—provided your choice comes through and verifies your judgment.

I know that every time I see Tony Canzoneri box I go back in memory to an afternoon many years ago when I saw a trim, sparkling-eyed, black-haired kid boxing in Stillman's gymnasium. There was something about him that filled the eye and gave rise to the thought that he was a kid who some day would be cheered by thousands.



Sammy Goldman was watching the youngster box.

"Say, Sam, who is that kid of yours?" the writer asked.

"His name is Tony Canzoneri. He's a kid from New Orleans. Looks good, doesn't he?"

Canzoneri's name was entered in the writer's book as one to watch. In short, he looked like a coming star. Not too long after that day Tony Canzoneri was hailed as featherweight champion of the world.

* * *

OF course, if you make a habit of putting your finger on certain young boxers as coming stars you often guess wrong. Too many of them reach a certain point and advance no farther. But you pick enough winners to keep you interested.

Some of the coming champions keep their light so well hidden that nobody can see it. I wonder if any one in that huge crowd which saw Jack Dempsey flatten Gorgeous Georges Carpentier at Boyle's Thirty Acres in 1921 had enough of an all-seeing eye to look ahead to 1926 when Gene Tunney, who boxed in one of the preliminaries of the Dempsey-Carpentier brawl, would dethrone Dempsey to mount the heavyweight throne. Tunney was certain on that point even then, but it is doubtful if any one else saw him as the next heavyweight king.

Sometimes a classy youngster whose name goes into the book as a coming champion with three stars opposite the entry, meaning he looks like a sure thing, turns out to be a morning-glory. Such a one was Ruby Goldstein. Ruby was a stand-out if ever there was one. But he didn't stand up when the going got rough.

Boxing had a bad year in 1933, with promoters generally bemoaning the lack of talent. However, some good youngsters came along, and, before another twelve months have passed, at least a few of these coming stars are certain to claim the spotlight.

* * *

LET'S take a peek into the entries made in the future book during 1933. Here are some the writer has put down. No doubt you, Mr. Reader, have many, many more who could be added to the list. Anyway, here's a start for you:

BANTAMWEIGHTS

Ernie Maurer, Detroit; Bobby Leitham, Montreal; Frankie Martin, Montreal; Lou Salica, Brooklyn; Tony Passaro, Brooklyn; Star Frisco, Philippines; Young Cassanova, Mexico; Joe Tei Ken, Japan; Babe Triscaro, Cleveland; Gene Espinoza, Mexico; Little Pancho, Philippines.

FEATHERWEIGHTS

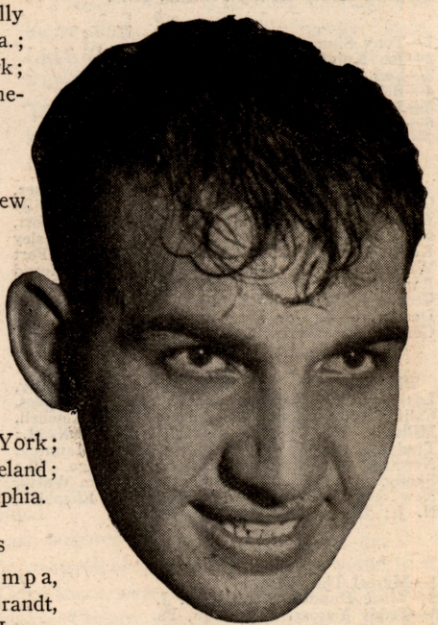
Mike Belloise, New York; Petey Hayes, Brooklyn; Jerry Mazza, Brooklyn; Frankie Covelli, Brooklyn; Nick Scalba, Chicago; Julie Katz, New York; Jimmy Martin, New York; Harry Bauman, New York; Frankie Wallace, Cleveland; George Hansford, California; Abie Israel, Portland, Ore.; Lefty Gwynne, Toronto; Paul Dazzo, Chicago; Mose Butch, Pittsburgh; Billy Burton, Miami, Fla.; Al Roth, New York; Jackie Sharkey, Minneapolis.

LIGHTWEIGHTS

Johnny Bonito, New York; Eddie Dolan, Waterbury, Conn.; Lou Amber, Herkimer, N. Y.; Charlie Badami, New York; Davey Day, Chicago; Johnny Morro, New York; Leonard Del Genio, New York; Jimmy Vaughn, Cleveland; Eddie Cool, Philadelphia.

WELTERWEIGHTS

Jimmy Leto, Tampa, Fla.; Murray Brandt, Brooklyn; Billy Hogan, Piermont, N. Y.; Petey



Ray Impellitiere, Cold Spring, N. Y., heavyweight.

STARS

Gulotta, Brooklyn; Tommy Bland, Toronto; Sammy O'Dell, Akron; Kid Azteca, Mexico; Edouard Duarry, Cuba; Jackie Davis, Cleveland; Johnny Consiglio, Brooklyn; Joe Rossi, New York; Willard Broun, Indianapolis; Frankie Genovese, Toronto.

MIDDLEWEIGHTS

Joe Kaminski, Nanticoke, Pa.; Al Rossi, Newark; Jimmy Smith, Philadelphia; Harry Fisher, Newark; Frank Fullam, New York; Solly Krieger, Brooklyn; Alabama Kid, Dover, Ohio; Al Salbono, Syracuse, N. Y.; Joe Moran, Syracuse, N. Y.; Carmen Barth, Cleveland.

LIGHT-HEAVYWEIGHTS

Wesley Ketchell, California; Billy Ketchell, Millville, N. J.; John Henry Lewis, Phoenix, Ariz.; Harold Anderson, Flint, Mich.

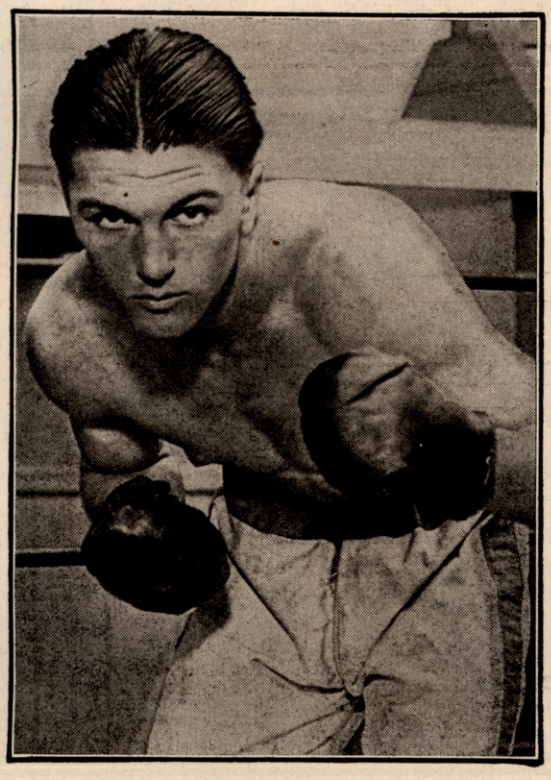
HEAVYWEIGHTS

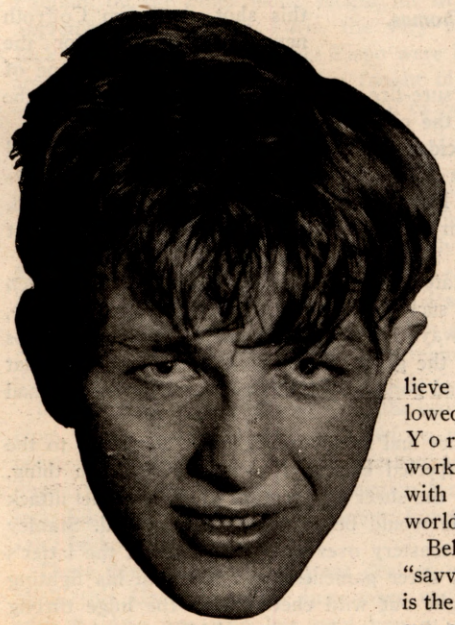
Charlie Massare, Pittsburgh; Abie Feldman, Schenectady; Red Barry, Washington; Walter Neusel, Germany; Al Ettore, Philadelphia; Eddie Houghton, Philadelphia; Lew Poster, New York; Tiger Henderson, Hartford, Conn.; Fred Feary, Stockton, Calif.; Buck Everett, Gary, Ind.; Art Lasky, Minneapolis; Patsy Perroni, Cleveland; Yustin Sirutis, New York; Ray Impellitiere, New York.

* * *

SOME of those mentioned already have reached the estate of main-event fighters since they were jotted down as coming stars about a year ago. Others have made rapid strides but have not yet achieved general recognition. Some are hardly known beyond their own immediate circle.

Obviously it would be impossible here to go into any detail concerning all those listed. So I will just pick out a few of the boys and tell you a little about them, hoping that they and the others, too, will tell their own stories with their fists in 1934.





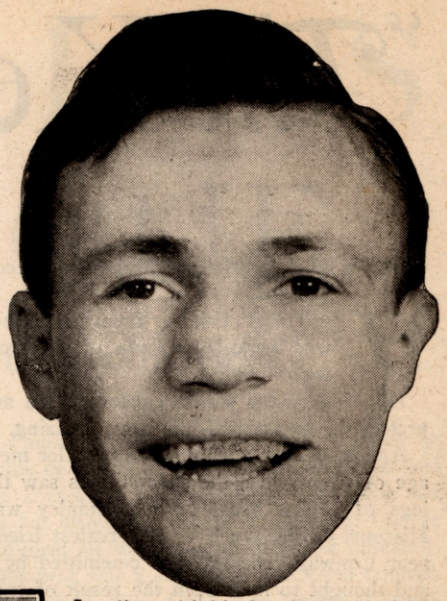
Walter Neusel, latest German heavyweight.

The pick of the crop, in my humble opinion, is Mike Belloise, and I believe many who have followed this young New York featherweight's work this year will agree with me that he has a world of class.

Belloise has more "savvy" than the rest. He is the sort that catches the eye of the old-timers as well as the Johnny-Come-Latelies, with his fine footwork, feinting, and generalship. Of late, he has begun to flash a punch. In fact, he has come along so well in the last two months that there is talk of matching him with Kid Chocolate and the New York Commission has let it be known that it considers that match desirable.

Since foresaking the amateurs two years ago, after a brilliant career among the Simon Pures, Belloise has not been defeated in about thirty starts as a professional.

Belloise, now 22, has been boxing four years, including his amateur experience, which consisted of 108 bouts. He weighs around 123 pounds and is of a slender build. He is not expected to put on much more weight. He is five feet five inches tall.



Lou Ambers, Herkimer, N. Y., lightweight.

Georgie Hansford, California, featherweight.

* * *

AMONG the big fellows the stand-outs are Walter Neusel, Charlie Massare, Abie Feldman, Donald (Red) Barry and Ray Impellitiere. Massare is out in front at the moment. Massare's recent decision over Maxie Rosenbloom in a non-titular bout testifies to his ability.

Massare never took part in amateur competition. He began fighting about three years ago but has been on the shelf half of that time with bad hands, which haven't troubled him lately, however. He has had thirty-three bouts. Twelve of these he won by decisions, among those he defeated being Abie Feldman, Bob Olin, Juanito Olaguibel, Joe Barlow, Roy (Ace) Clark, Tony Cancela, Popper Stopper, Adolph "Pickles" Heintz and Yustin Sirutis. Arthur Huttick is the most prominent of Massare's eleven knock-out victims. Massare is rugged, fast, and game to the core. He concentrates on infighting. He weighs 183 pounds.

Walter Neusel's qualifications are too well known to require repetition here.

Abie Feldman, a Jewish boy who starred at quarterback for a Schenectady high school football team, has had seventeen bouts and lost but one, that to Massare on a close decision. Feldman, weighing around 185, is a solidly built youngster with a terrific wallop. He can take it, too, and is filled with enthusiasm for the game, which is a big asset.

Red Barry, Washington Irishman, is a different type. Red is tough as nails, but he specializes on speed rather than punch. He is a loose-limbed fellow with much of the style of Maxie Rosenbloom. In fact, until lately he had Maxie's bad habit of hitting with the open glove. Though *(Continued on page 40)*

"The Ketchel I Knew"

By ED W. SMITH

GRIM, stark-eyed tragedy stalked the life of Stanley Ketchel.

This Polish boy from the state of Michigan generally was regarded as one of the world's greatest middleweight fighters.

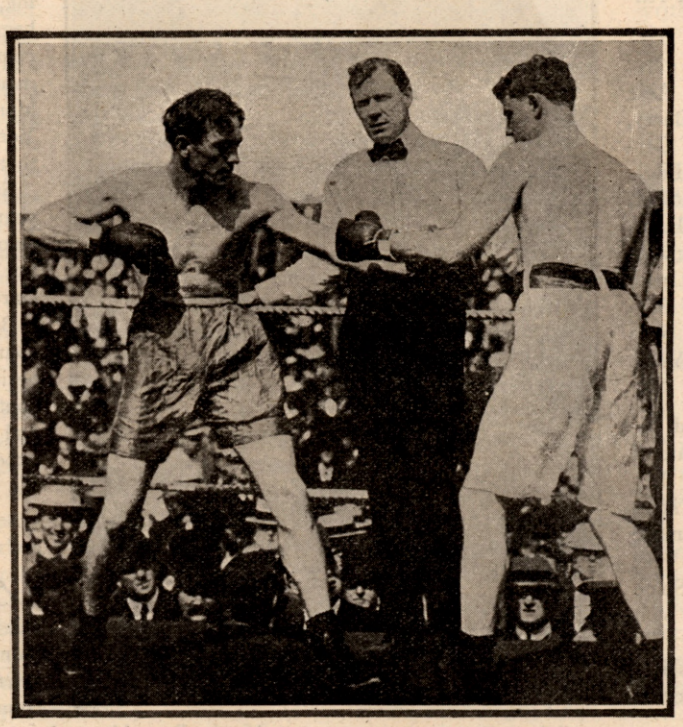
His ring career was a constant flare and flash of the unexpected, the sensational, the most amazing.

And when the brilliant young battler met his tragic end at the age of twenty-five, the superstitious saw the ominous in his doings of a few years before. Stanley was shot and killed in Missouri on the ranch of his greatest friend, Colonel Dickerson, near Conway. The act was committed by a jealous farm hand and thought to have been the result of some of the kidding remarks the fighter was known to pass around.

There were over seven years of hard milling in this boy's life. He was out in the world, entirely on his own, at the age of sixteen. It was in the state of Montana that he first began to battle in the ring, getting only the few pittances that the boxing game in the wild sections around Butte, Miles City, Great Falls, and Helena could afford.

It took almost four years for news of Stanley's ability to seep into the bigger fistic regions. Then he became the rage. He had everything to recommend him to the fancy of men who go in for that sort of thing. He was of more than comely appearance, had a splendid physique of the unmuscular, smooth type that appealed, and was an excellent boxer and a terrific puncher.

But there was that background of Western colorfulness about and around him that scored heavily in the very souls of all men. It was the dare-devil in him, an almost amazing disregard of personal danger, an abandon and dashing courage that caught the fancy and held it.



Stanley Ketchel, as he squared off against Joe Thomas. Billy Roche is the referee.

He must have been right at his peak of form when the end came. It was the year after he had beaten Billy Papke for the middleweight title, their last meeting of four, and the same year in which Jack Johnson proved his mastery in a match that was seen to be unreasonably uneven as soon as it was signed for.

These meetings with Papke, doubtless the greatest combats in middleweight history, stretched over a period of thirteen months. The feud began in Milwaukee, Wis., June 4, 1908, and the finish of the tremendous rivalry came July 5, 1909. Papke won but once. The first was ten rounds *sans* decision.

* * *

MANY of the astonishing facts and fancies surrounding the tremendous life of the Polish boy, christened Stanislaus Kiecal, were recalled vividly by the recent death in Los Angeles of Wilson Mizner, playwright, *bon vivant, restaurateur,* and once manager-pal of the young fighter. Mizner never tired of talking of Stanley and was particularly vivid in speaking of some of Ketchel's earlier engagements, especially enjoying telling of his terrific encounters with Joe Thomas.

This sparkling young Irishman was a New England product transplanted to the glorious clime in his early fighting days, there to establish a business connection with an equally bright Hibernian by the name of Harry Foley. They formed about the dressiest pair that could be found among the fighting brigade of twenty-five years ago.

It was inevitable that Ketchel and Thomas should have their devious fistic paths cross in no uncertain manner, their four clashes in the ring being among the most sensational of pugilism's many astonishing classics. Strangely, even weirdly, here again we find another ominous "13." The four fights between them occupied, just as in the Ketchel-Papke encounters, a matter of exactly thirteen months, starting at Marysville, Calif., July 4, 1907, and ending in San Francisco August 18, 1908.

The then luckless Thomas was beaten in all but the first of these, that resulting in an even thing of twenty rounds. Thomas went a total of seventy-four rounds with Ketchel and Papke a matter of fifty-three.

* * *

IT is the second meeting between Ketchel and Thomas about which we would go into detail just now. Not only was it a sensational encounter in every way but it was the first real metropolitan appearance of Stanley, his first battle in "the big time" and under the main top. For by this time that sterling promoter, James Wood Coffroth, had become well aware of Stanley's possibilities and had signed him for this shot. And Jim Coffroth never regretted it, for the Michigan man proved one of his biggest cards, a sure-fire draw, no matter who might be the opponent and what the circumstances.

The battle was decided at Coffroth's Mission Street arena and the limit was set at forty-five rounds. It ended in the thirty-second when Harry Foley, Thomas's manager and chief second, threw in the towel in token of defeat. It was a mere toss-up at the time.

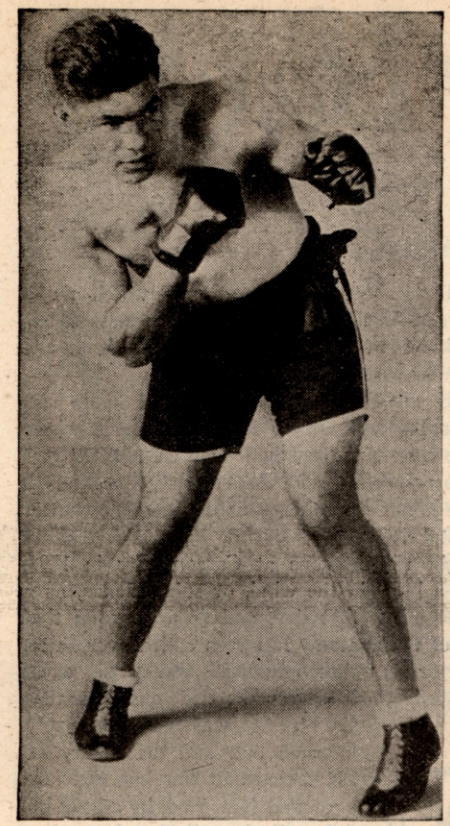
And when it is stated that California never before had seen thirty-two rounds of such tremendous fighting, the claim is huge, because this state always has been the home of great ring fights in every division of the game. So, in order to compare in that measure with what had gone before, this pair of 158 pounders had to do the unusual.

They did all of that and more—much more. Right up to the moment of the unexpected ending, it was a fairly even thing, although at the time the sheer desperation of the Ketchel attack looked as if the tide would be turned at any second. Stanley showed a degree of mastery over the Irish lad, but the latter's indomitable will and sheer gameness, coupled with his fighting craftiness that brought out wild cheers from the huge throng present, had Ketchel in several mighty ticklish positions.

Their previous twenty rounds at *(Continued on page 44)*

FEARLESS BASQUE

By WALTON L. ROBINSON



Paulino Uzcudun

OF all the post-battle discussions of the recent Carnera-Paulino championship encounter in Rome the principal topic has been Primo's failure to stop the Bounding Basque. That the major portion of the debating following the bout should concern Carnera and his future doings is quite natural, for the Italian is the champion, was the victor in the bout, and therefore looms as a most important figure for future bouts, while his opponent appears definitely headed for fistic oblivion.

Nevertheless, it seems to the writer that game old Paulino merits a few words of praise for the magnificent fifteen-round stand he made against the huge Venetian. The Spaniard had practically no chance of victory. Paulino himself doubtlessly realized fully that his was a hopeless task.

His titular chance had come too late, and he knew it. He had shot his wad several years previously. The Italian had every possible physical advantage—height, weight, and reach. And even more important was the astounding difference in the ages of the two men. Carnera is but twenty-six while Umski is fast approaching his thirty-fifth birthday!

Aside from the foregoing, one must keep in mind their "pugilistic ages": Carnera started boxing in 1928—only five years ago; Paulino, on the other hand, fought his first bout the night of September 16, 1923, in Paris, the very same night on which Jack Dempsey and Luis Angel Firpo were lustily belaboring one another in New York. Uzcudun fought his best bouts in 1927, or one year before Primo ever thought of becoming a boxer!

* * *

YET despite the utter impossibility of victory, Paulino eagerly grabbed the bout when it was offered him. One cannot say that Paulino accepted the match purely for the purse—some $10,000—for had he done so, he might easily have feigned a knockout and thus avoided the merciless beating which he received. If the truth be told, Uzcudun could doubtless have earned considerably more money by agreeing to "lay down," but the Spaniard just isn't that sort.

Unlike many present-day fighters, the broad-shouldered hombre from sunny Spain places glory before money. His proudest boast is that he had never been knocked out, nor even knocked down. He won't give up that distinction for a few thousand dollars. Like Johnny Risko and Tommy Loughran, Paulino simply *can't* be bought!

These days one hears a great deal about "colorful" boxers. Well, this Uzcudun fellow just oozes with color—he's covered with it. Any one who has seen him in action can testify to that fact.

As I stated earlier, Paulino began to box in 1923. That year he took part in three bouts, of which he won two by knock-out and one by decision. The following year he rolled up a long list of knock-out victories but dropped a pair of decisions to George Cook. In 1925, he continued his way upward. His most outstanding achievement in that year was a six-round knock-out triumph over the Phainting Phireman, Phil Scott. The latter, as usual, cried "Foul," but Georges Carpentier, who was the referee on that occasion, counted out the faint-hearted Briton.

In May of 1926, Uzcudun won the heavyweight championship of Europe from Erminio Spalla in twelve rounds. In the eleventh, Spalla tried to foul his way out, but the Spaniard refused to receive the verdict that way.

The year following his victory over Spalla, Paulino came to the United States, ". . . the land of milk and honey" as John L. Sullivan once put it. He pounded out decisions over Knute Hansen and Tom Heeney and then topped the series off with a four-round knock-out over Harry Wills. Following this win Umski slipped somewhat, losing in seven rounds to Jack Delaney on what many called an "invisible" foul, drawing with Heeney in fifteen, and blowing a ten-round decision to chunky John Risko.

In 1928 Uzcudun lost a close decision to George Godfrey, the Leiperville giant. Aside from that, Paulino successfully defended his European title by stopping Ludwig Haymann in eleven rounds. That year he also whipped Von Porat, Jack Renault, and others.

In 1929 the Basque fought in the semi-final of the heavyweight tournament, having Max Schmeling as his adversary. The German won in a bloody, desperately waged slug-fest.

* * *

SINCE his crushing defeat at Schmeling's hands, the former Basque woodchopper acted in the rôle of a trial horse. Although outpointed by a good many men—Griffiths, Risko, Carnera, Loughran, Levinsky, Walker, and Schaaf—Paulino at all times gave a splendid account of himself. None of the above had an easy time with the wild swinging Spaniard. Not all of the bouts in which Paulino had engaged during the last four years ended in defeat for him, however. Such good men as Von Porat, Max Baer, and Don McCorkindale were outhustled by the squat Basque.

Thus we see that finally, when just about ready for the fistic graveyard, Paulino was given a "chance" at the title. He accepted this "opportunity" in a last desperate effort to fulfill the hopes which his countrymen had placed in him and failed after putting up a courageous mill.

Paulino has been something of a globe trotter. He has fought in France, Spain, Germany, England, North Africa, Italy, Mexico, Colombia, Cuba, the United States, and Porto Rico. In this country he has fought in New York, Philadelphia, Detroit, Newark, Chicago, Tampa, Los Angeles, and Reno. In the last named city he outgamed Max Baer in twenty rounds on July 4, 1931. Jack Dempsey was the referee and promoter of this fight.

The largest purse Uzcudun ever received was the $72,500 he pulled down for the Schmeling fight in 1929. Probably the easiest money he ever made was the $10,000 he was paid for bowling over Francisco Cruz in one minute eighteen seconds of the first round, in a ring in San Juan, Porto Rico.

In 1930 Paulino and Carnera set the *(Continued on page 40)*

Few Quitters in Boxing

By CLARENCE GILLESPIE

ARE there many quitters in the prize ring?

That was the question put to me the other night, and, in all frankness, I replied that there were very few.

Pugilists can stand so much and no more, and it is their business to deliver and take punishment. They realize this, and generally realize it, too, before really entering the business. Some of them are high-strung and nervous, and little things prey on their minds, and some of them, by nature, love peace.

And yet, when they enter the ring, nearly all of them forget all this and fight with all the courage at their command. Many were tried in the big war and they, without exception, proved themselves true and royal soldiers. Fred McKay is an example. Classed in that category before the war, he won every conceivable honor on the battlefields of France and died a national hero.

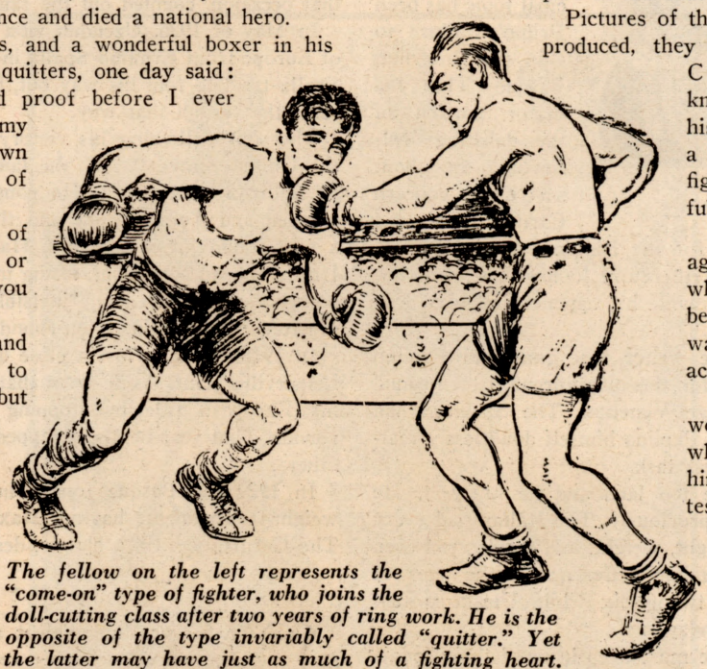
Spider Kelly, king of seconds, and a wonderful boxer in his time, talking on the subject of quitters, one day said:

"I have to have awful good proof before I ever accuse a man of quitting. In my day I would have knocked down any man who ever accused me of possessing that quality.

"At that, there is no sense of taking a licking for nothing, or standing a pounding when you have no chance to reciprocate.

"Fighters whom I have met and know, are a gritty set. Some, to be sure, have yellow streaks, but those who bear that reputation have generally earned it by being very wise match-makers and taking on only soft marks.

"If a man chooses to take on soft marks, that is really his own affair, and, if he can get them without too much trouble and in a legitimate way, who has a right to blame him?"



The fellow on the left represents the "come-on" type of fighter, who joins the doll-cutting class after two years of ring work. He is the opposite of the type invariably called "quitter." Yet the latter may have just as much of a fighting heart. Fred McKay proved that.

* * *

TO accuse one of being a quitter is to stir up strife, no matter how much of a coward at heart a man may be.

A pugilist is always very sensitive on that point, no matter how shady his reputation or how often before he has been charged with that sort of thing. And if you intimate he bears that stamp, he will go far to show you you are mistaken in your diagnosis and will often succeed in convincing you to the contrary.

Take a very great boxer—Tommy Ryan.

At one time certain parties questioned his gameness. Later, however, he proved that no gamer boxer lived, but he had to fight Tommy West and Kid McCoy to a standstill to wipe out the stigma.

They used to say, too, that Peter Maher was a quitter, but later he proved that he wasn't.

And there have been other pugilists besides Ryan and Maher who have been accused of being quitters when they did not deserve the name.

* * *

EARLY in his career, Young Corbett was put down in the quitter class, but he soon proved that he was of the right sort. When he set out he was a boy of the "I don't care what becomes of me" kind, and unless he was winning a fight right off the reel he did not appear to care whether he won or lost.

In his fight with Terry McGovern, the battle which really wound up Terry's career, Corbett showed real gameness when, after receiving a terrific blow in the groin, he came back and gave McGovern an awful beating.

If he wanted to quit, all Corbett would have had to do was to lie down, for, after the awful blow he received, the wisest sports would not have been surprised had he been counted out.

Enemies of Jim Corbett once said that the slightest punch would have made him think of quitting in a battle, no matter how much he had at stake.

When Corbett fought Fitzsimmons at Carson City in 1897, his defeat came after a blow in the wind, or solar plexus, as a learned sporting writer put it that day, and as a blow on that part of the anatomy has been called ever since.

Pictures of that fight were taken, and, when produced, they proved beyond question that Corbett was unquestionably knocked out, and the theory of his having quit was knocked into a cocked hat. And in all of his fights, Corbett displayed wonderful gameness.

To stand ten slashing rounds against a man of Jeffries' power, when the latter was stronger and better than ever before or after, was no small task, but Corbett accomplished it without wincing.

Many thought George Dixon would quit when he met a rival who could get to him and punch him hard, but, when the crucial test came, Dixon fooled his defamers badly.

Dixon found such an opponent in Terry McGovern. For eight rounds McGovern punched Dixon with all his might, but the latter only gave in when his seconds threw up the sponge.

It is my opinion that the quitters in the ring are few and far between.

Was Jess Willard a quitter? You've often heard that asked, and how often have you heard people call him that ugly name?

Yet, would you call a man that after he had taken everything that the great Manassa Mauler, Jack Dempsey, could hand him in three rounds and still come up for more? Would you call a fellow a quitter who stood up for further punishment after being floored seven times in one round and then fought like a demon in the next, only to be battered into submission again in the third?

No, that is not quitting! Jess Willard, despite his defeat and loss of the world's heavyweight championship, had courage. Yes, plenty of it.

It takes game men in this hustling world to reach the top of their class in any vocation, and boxing is no exception. In fact, in pugilism, that is one of a fighter's greatest assets. Show me the man who lacks courage, and I'll point him out as a failure. He simply can't make good.

Phil Scott, among others who possessed everything a great fighter would care to have, is an example of a failure because he lacked the fighting heart. Fred McKay, Boer Rodel, Fred Fulton and Ruby Goldstein are examples of great prospects who lacked the courage to carry on when given the acid test. But I will say this—boxers, as a class, are a game and courageous lot.

THEN *and* NOW!

No Longer Do Pugilists Find It Necessary to Dodge Johnny Law After a Fight

By SAM AUSTIN

NOW boxing, prize fighting, or call it what you will, is legalized in nearly every state in the Union. In some states it increases the yearly revenue, and it has added large amounts to the state treasuries. This has been the case especially in the great states of New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Illinois and California.

Prior to July 8, 1889, on which day John L. Sullivan and Jake Kilrain fought with their bare hands at Vicksburg, Miss., for the world championship, the fighters took chances with the law.

Prize fighting was then, according to criminal law, a felony, and principals and seconds, besides finding a battle-ground, had often to run fast after the fight to keep out of the way of the legal authorities. Often principals and seconds were captured, thrown in jail, and either heavily fined or given a term of imprisonment. "John L." and Kilrain suffered such fate after their bout.

One of the first fights Jack Johnson ever fought was down at his home town in Galveston, Texas. Jack's opponent on that occasion was Joe Choynski, then one of the greatest of the heavyweights.

Johnson, being a native son of Galveston, the people there became indignant when Choynski knocked him cold in the third round. A few hours later when Choynski was about to leave for his home town, Chicago, the Galveston police arrested him and Johnson and tossed them both into jail.

It cost Choynski twice the amount he had won in his fight with Johnson to secure his liberty, and he was sore at Johnson and Galveston ever after.

After Sullivan's fight with Charley Mitchell, in France, both had a tough time with the authorities. Directly after the fight, a body of French *gendarmes* closed in on the two fighters and locked them in the jail at Senlis, a village in France captured, early in the World War, by the Germans.

They would have stayed there forever perhaps had not a smart newspaper man put on whiskers, represented himself as the American ambassador to France, and demanded their release. To the jailer, this American explained that Sullivan and Mitchell had merely been settling an affair of honor *"a la manière de leur pays"* and expected a finer and more liberal hospitality than that which they were receiving.

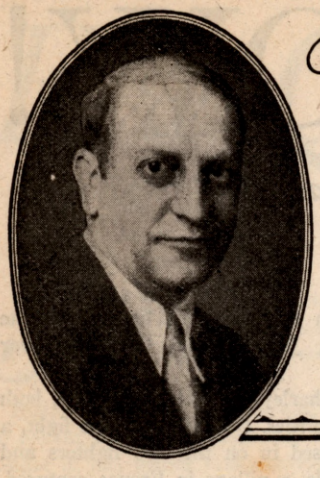
The jailer fell for the bunk and Sullivan and Mitchell were released without paying a fine or serving time. But for the fine performance of this American reporter they would have languished in a French jail for a long while.

* * *

ALTHOUGH Sullivan and Kilrain succeeded in getting away from Vicksburg on the day they fought there, they were later arrested and brought back.

Thanks, perhaps, to a friendly sheriff, all succeeded in getting away from Vicksburg, but both Sullivan and Kilrain were arrested later. Chiefs of police and sheriffs *(Continued on page 43)*

This is how they did it in Sullivan's time. Here "John L." is nipped by the police at Nashville, following his fight with Kilrain.



Nat FLEISCHER says:

Kid Chocolate's Fall Should Serve as Object Lesson
It is Time for the Garden to Smoke the Pipe of Peace
Bill Brown Sets Example for Other Commissioners

THE recent defeats of Kid Chocolate via the knock-out route by Tony Canzoneri and Frankie Klick, should serve as a lesson to those who try to retain their physical stamina while burning the candle at both ends. It simply cannot be done, especially so in the field of athletics. The Keed, one of the greatest little men in fisticuffs since the halcyon days of George Dixon, the original "Little Chocolate," has been on the downgrade for more than a year. Today, the Cuban Bonbon, hailed only a few months back as a marvel, finds his featherweight crown threatened by the first good lad he meets. The days of "wine, women and song" in athletics are gone, and not even a clever fighter like Chocolate can disprove it.

"When the referee awarded the fight to Klick, on a technical knock-out, Chocolate, with tears in his eyes, refused to believe that he had been stopped by the Californian, for, up to the time of the K.O., he had by far the better of the milling," was one of the reports of the fight between this pair, which ended in the seventh round, in Philadelphia on Christmas afternoon.

The Keed has no one but himself to blame for the plight in which he finds himself. He had his chance. He made a fortune through his cleverness.

He lived high while the living was good, got himself into a jam with his government which proved costly to him financially, and now, at an age when he should have the best part of his career ahead of him, he finds himself slipping badly.

It was ever thus and ever will continue to be. The surprise to me is that Chocolate lasted as long as he did. What else could be expected from a young, penniless newsboy who, almost overnight, found himself thrust into the spotlight with fabulous sums of money at his command? It's too bad that the turning point has been reached, for a Chocolate isn't discovered in boxing every year.

* * *

THE fight fan, anywhere, is a queer hombre. The New York genus is the queerest of all.

Not so long ago Tony Canzoneri, a native-born American of Italian descent, engaged in a fisticuffing duel in Madison Square Garden, New York, with Cleto Locatelli, an Italian, lightweight champion of Europe, who was making his first appearance in "the land of the free and the home of the brave," as this country used to be known.

Canzoneri is one of the finest characters in boxing, or in any other profession. Throughout his long and honorable career there has not been a single stain upon his escutcheon.

Tony has been a model citizen of Greater New York for many years. He has given the burghers many an evening of high-class entertainment, of thrills, of honest fighting. He has met other boxers of almost every racial strain. He has won fairly and squarely, by skill and courage, from Frenchmen, Germans, Italians, Irishmen, Englishmen, Jews, and what have you.

When Canzoneri and Locatelli crossed gloves, Tony won the fight fairly and squarely in the opinion of a great majority of qualified judges who sat close enough to the ring to gauge accurately the course of the battle. At the final bell he had the Italian visitor reeling and groggy. He fought a clean, square, upstanding, honorable fight. He went to his corner, satisfied that he had done a good night's work.

When Joe Humphreys raised Canzoneri's hand as the unanimous choice of the judges and referee as the victor, there came from the mouths of thousands in the crowd a vociferous booing. There were cheers, too. But those who cheered soon quieted down while those who booed kept right on yelling, long enough to prevent the introduction of the boxers in the next event.

* * *

WHAT were they booing about? Don't ask me.

That's why I say the fight fan is a queer hombre wherever you find him but none is so queer as the New York genus.

Canzoneri deserved an ovation. He had fairly defeated the best lightweight in all Europe. Yet he was booed, and Locatelli was cheered. In no other city in the world, I believe, would that unfair treatment have been meted out to a home boy who just had won a tough fight by a fine display of skill and courage.

Perhaps one reason for this outburst against Canzoneri was the surge of enthusiasm for an underdog that so often sways a fight crowd. No doubt many had disregarded Locatelli's fine record and had expected him to fall in a hurry before the talented fists of Canzoneri. Perhaps, Tony had shared that belief. If so, he speedily was disillusioned and he went to work to win a tough fight in his usual straightforward fashion.

Locatelli earned an ovation. I find no fault with those who stood up and cheered him. He's all right. But I cannot see why Canzoneri should have been made the target for the booing of thousands of fans. He certainly did nothing wrong.

Perhaps, too, the fact that a New York fight crowd is a polyglot aggregation of fans of all nationalities had something to do with it. In the crowd were fans in whose veins flowed German, French, Irish, English, Negro, and Jewish blood. Canzoneri, in the past, has turned back the fistic representatives of all those blood strains. Possibly the fans of all these nationalities were disappointed when Canzoneri scored another victory. Maybe it was envy and a thwarted desire to see him licked that prompted the booing.

Whatever the cause, the booing of a fine little gamester and a fine little gentleman, was entirely uncalled for.

Truly, the New York fight fan is a queer hombre.

* * *

THE recent victory of Vince Dundee over Lou Brouillard carried with it the American middleweight championship. That class now boasts of better talent than has been seen in that division in many moons. But with Marcel Thil, recognized world title-holder adamant in his decision not to come to this country to defend his laurels, Dundee refusing to accede to the demands of Teddy Yarosz for a return bout after twice being defeated by Teddy, Gorilla Jones, the N.B.A. title-holder in this country, discredited because of his part in several phoney matches—it doesn't appear that the activity in the division this year will center about the topnotchers in bouts against each other. That's too bad, because Thil, Dundee, Yarosz, and other stars have an opportunity to make the middleweight class as popular as it was under the leadership of Bob Fitzsimmons and Stanley Ketchel.

So far as American prestige is concerned, to Yarosz goes the honor of being the outstanding boxer in that division. Teddy,

unlike his rivals, is ready at all times to tackle any worth-while challenger, but such is not the case of Dundee, the title-holder. He wants nothing to do with Teddy because he realizes that what happened twice may take place a third time, and, if it does, under championship regulations, a new title-holder will be crowned.

* * *

INCIDENTALLY, I received a letter from an ardent reader of THE RING, whose comment is worth reproducing. In part he says:

"Gotham was very much interested in the Brouillard-Dundee match at Boston recently because it was for a championship. The mill saw the Baltimorean win the American middleweight crown.

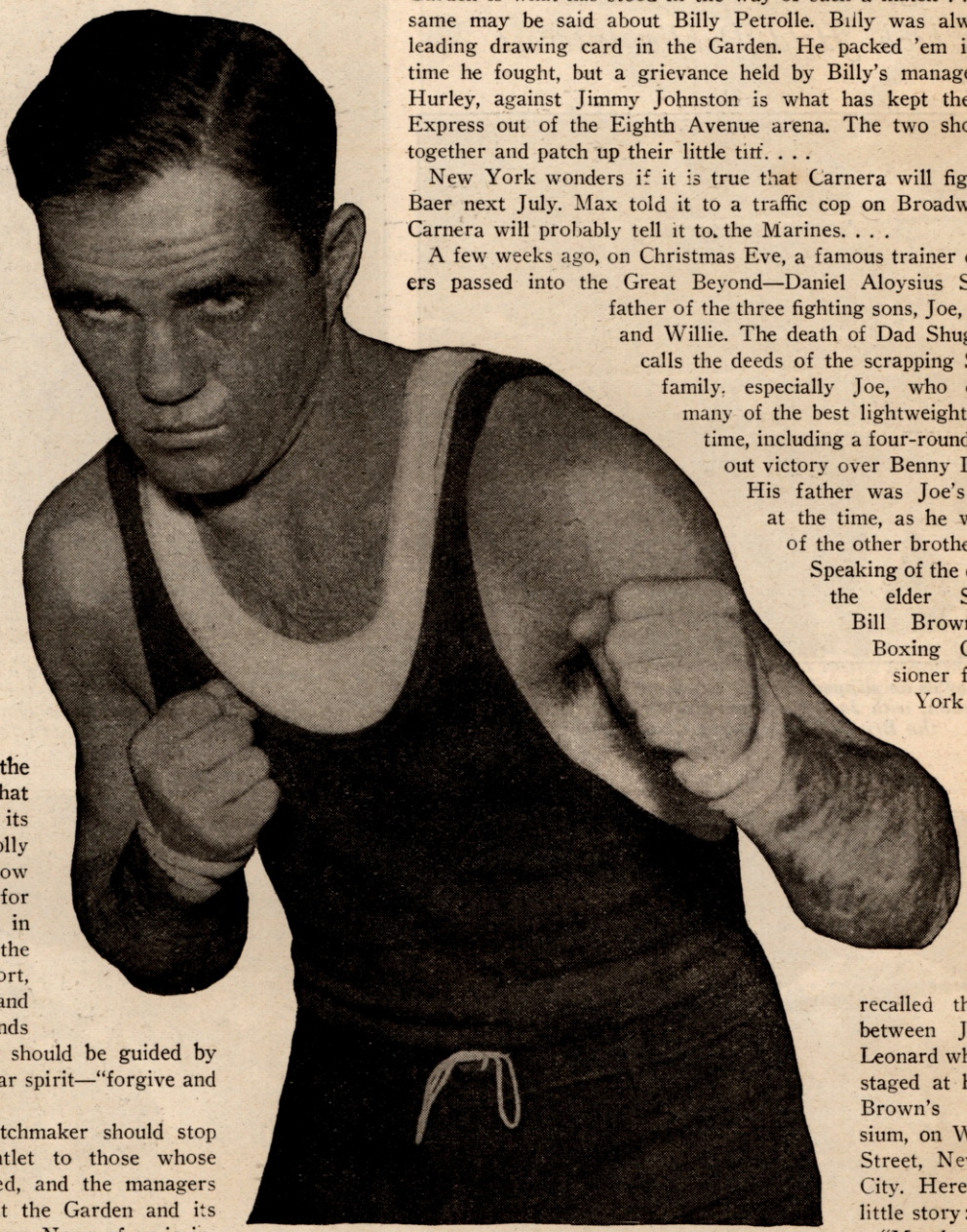
"Imagine the New York championship being settled in Boston, before a house that barely paid expenses! Whatinell! What has happened to the House that Tex Built?"

Of course, we who follow the fight news in New York fully realize that the chief cause for the depression which the Garden and boxing in general in the Empire State are suffering is due to the petty bickerings between the Garden matchmaking force and the managers. I cannot say that the Garden is all wrong in its attitude nor can I wholly blame the managers. I know both sides thoroughly and for that reason I declare that, in the interests of boxing and the preservation of the sport, those differences should and must be settled. All hands should see the light. They should be guided by the Christmas and New Year spirit—"forgive and forget."

The Garden and its matchmaker should stop throwing down the gauntlet to those whose services they so badly need, and the managers should stop tossing mud at the Garden and its matchmaker, Jimmy Johnston. None of us is infallible. We all have made mistakes at some time in our careers.

Each should meet the other at least halfway and then, and then alone, will "the House that Tex Built" again prosper and, with it, the sport that is rapidly going to smash will be saved. The Garden needs the fighters and the managers. The managers and fighters need the Garden and its promoter. For the good of the sport, all hands should get together, as did the wrestling factions recently. I will glady act as intermediary.

There is no room in boxing for the kind of strife now going on in New York, the world's boxing center. The boxing game has been hampered enough by conditions, and obstacles to its revival should be removed. What we need is more combat in the roped square and less in the newspapers between managers and promoters.



Frankie Klick, who clicked when he stopped Kid Chocolate to annex the synthetic junior-lightweight crown.

A LITTLE of this and that—From another reader comes a letter asking why Barney Ross wasn't signed for a third engagement with Tony Canzoneri after Tony knocked out Kid Chocolate.

"Canzoneri—and Ross would go over big? What's wrong?" asks our reader.

To him I must say that the answer is to be found in the preceding notes. A difference between Ross's managers and the Garden is what has stood in the way of such a match . . . . The same may be said about Billy Petrolle. Billy was always the leading drawing card in the Garden. He packed 'em in every time he fought, but a grievance held by Billy's manager, Jack Hurley, against Jimmy Johnston is what has kept the Fargo Express out of the Eighth Avenue arena. The two should get together and patch up their little tiff. . . .

New York wonders if it is true that Carnera will fight Max Baer next July. Max told it to a traffic cop on Broadway, and Carnera will probably tell it to the Marines. . . .

A few weeks ago, on Christmas Eve, a famous trainer of fighters passed into the Great Beyond—Daniel Aloysius Shugrue, father of the three fighting sons, Joe, Johnny, and Willie. The death of Dad Shugrue recalls the deeds of the scrapping Shugrue family, especially Joe, who defeated many of the best lightweights of his time, including a four-round knockout victory over Benny Leonard. His father was Joe's trainer at the time, as he was also of the other brothers . . . . Speaking of the death of the elder Shugrue, Bill Brown, now Boxing Commissioner for New York State, recalled the fight between Joe and Leonard which was staged at his club, Brown's Gymnasium, on West 23d Street, New York City. Here's Bill's little story:

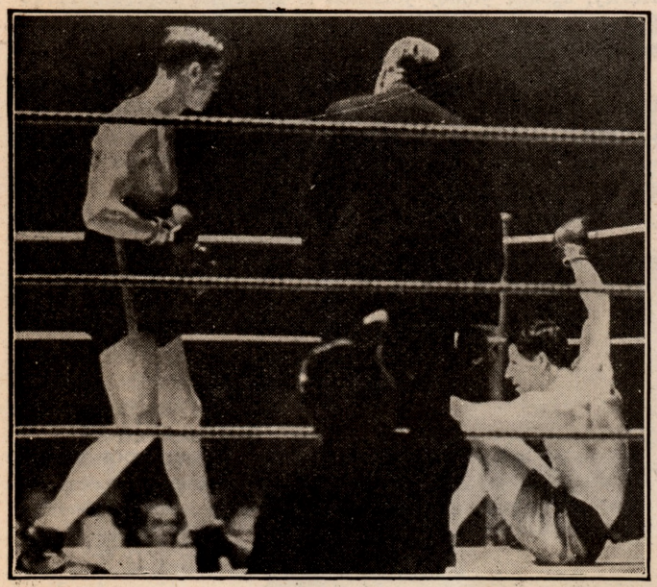
"My shows were staged every Tuesday and Saturday nights, and, as you know, they were 'exhibitions' given for 'members' only. Well, there were many great scraps pulled off at my place, but none more sensational than that between Shugrue and Leonard. Joe was a great favorite with the club members. He was a rough, tough, two-fisted, slugging lightweight from Jersey City and, when he fought at my gym, he always packed 'em in with his Jersey following.

"On one Saturday evening, just before the semi-final was put on, I called a young, skinny-looking, scrawny kid from the ringside seats and told him to come into the ring for an introduction. The boy was none other than Benny Leonard.

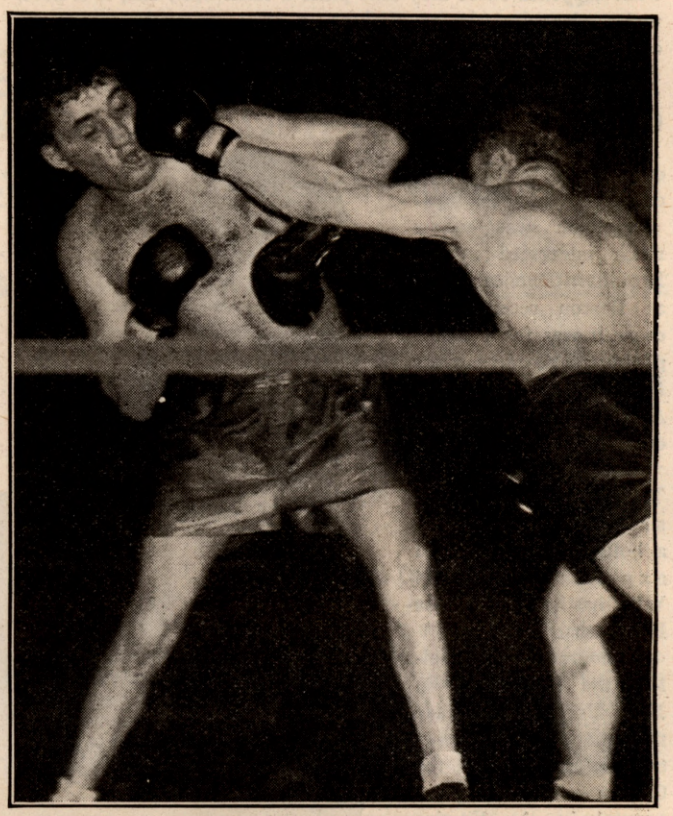
"My announcer asked Benny to remove his cap, and then, taking hold of one hand, he led Benny *(Continued on page 45)*

BATTLES *of the* MONTH

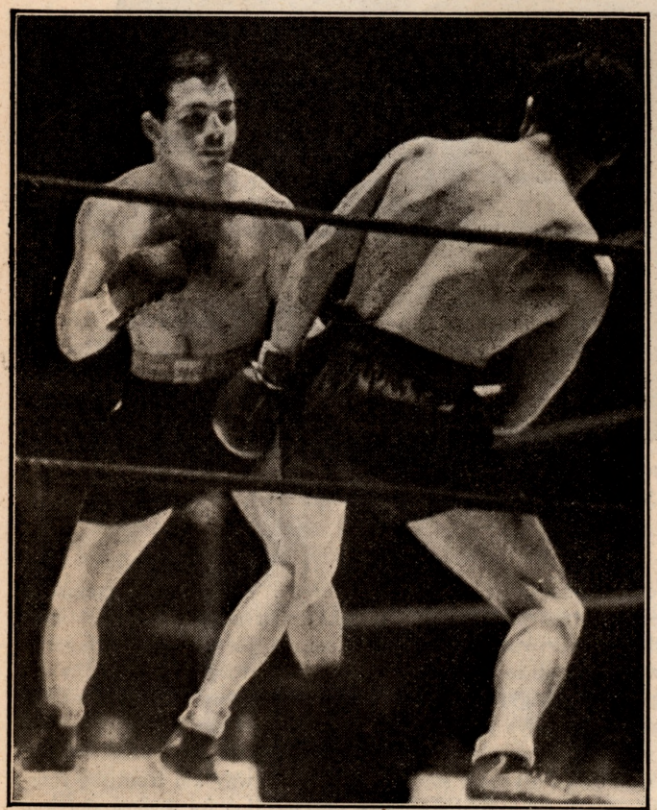
Some Stirring Action Scenes of Leading Bouts Here and Abroad Which Held Public Interest



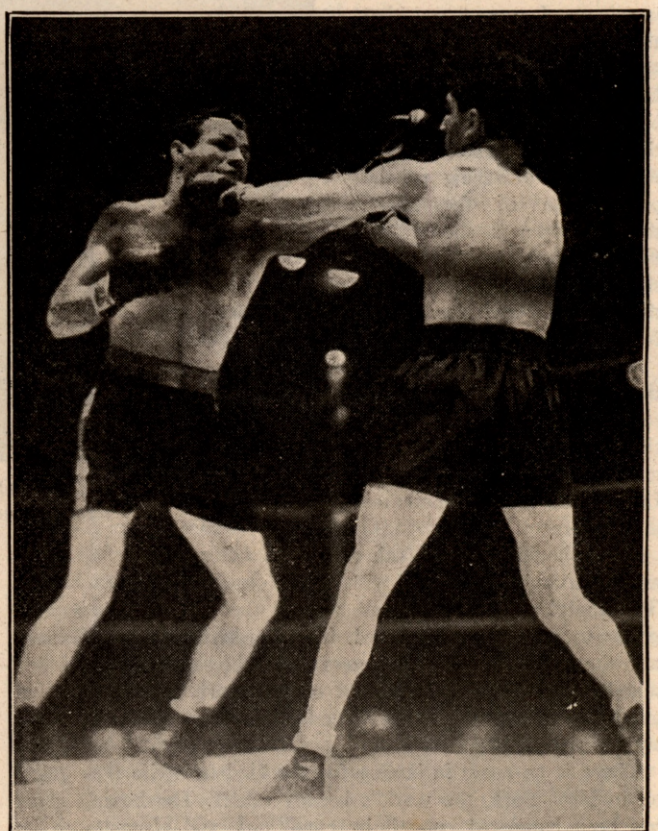
Len Harvey as he slipped in the first round of his bout in Albert Hall, London, with Jack Petersen. Harvey beat Petersen to gain the British Heavyweight Championship.



Andy Callahan, right, landing a long hard left to the jaw of Vince Dundee, middleweight champ, in the ninth round of a fifteen round bout for the middleweight championship which Dundee defended after a hard fought battle.

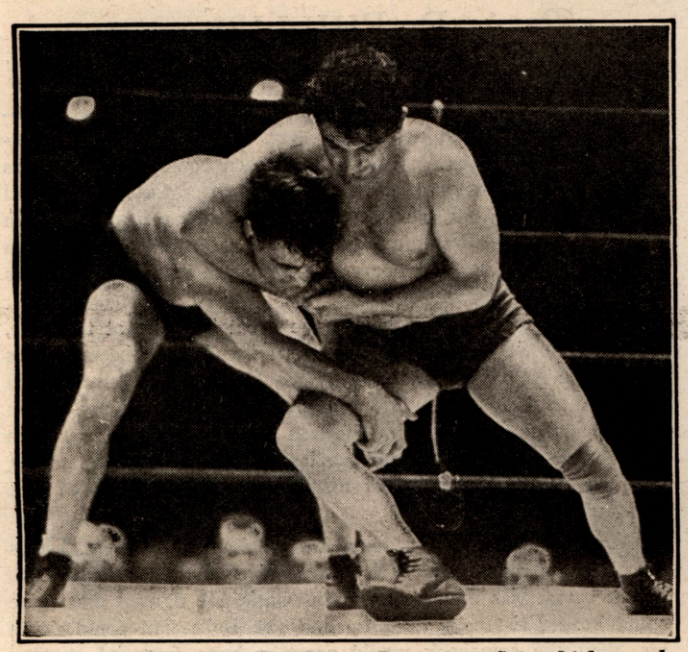


A scene in the Tony Canzoneri-Cleto Locatelli match at Madison Square Garden, N. Y. Here we see Tony cocking his right as he backs Cleto against the ropes. Canzoneri won the decision after ten tough rounds.

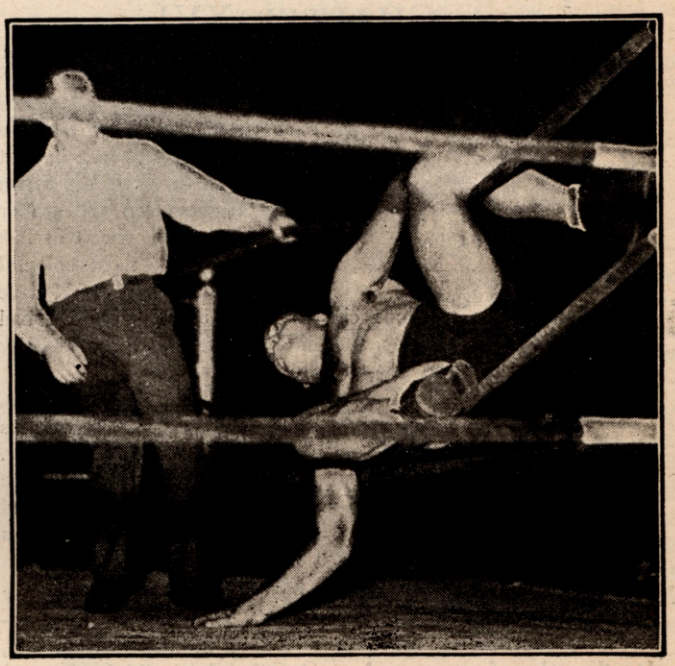


Canzoneri and Locatelli are shown exchanging lefts in the fifth round of their contest. Locatelli, holder of the European lightweight crown, gave Tony a very close fight and received the plaudits of the crowd.

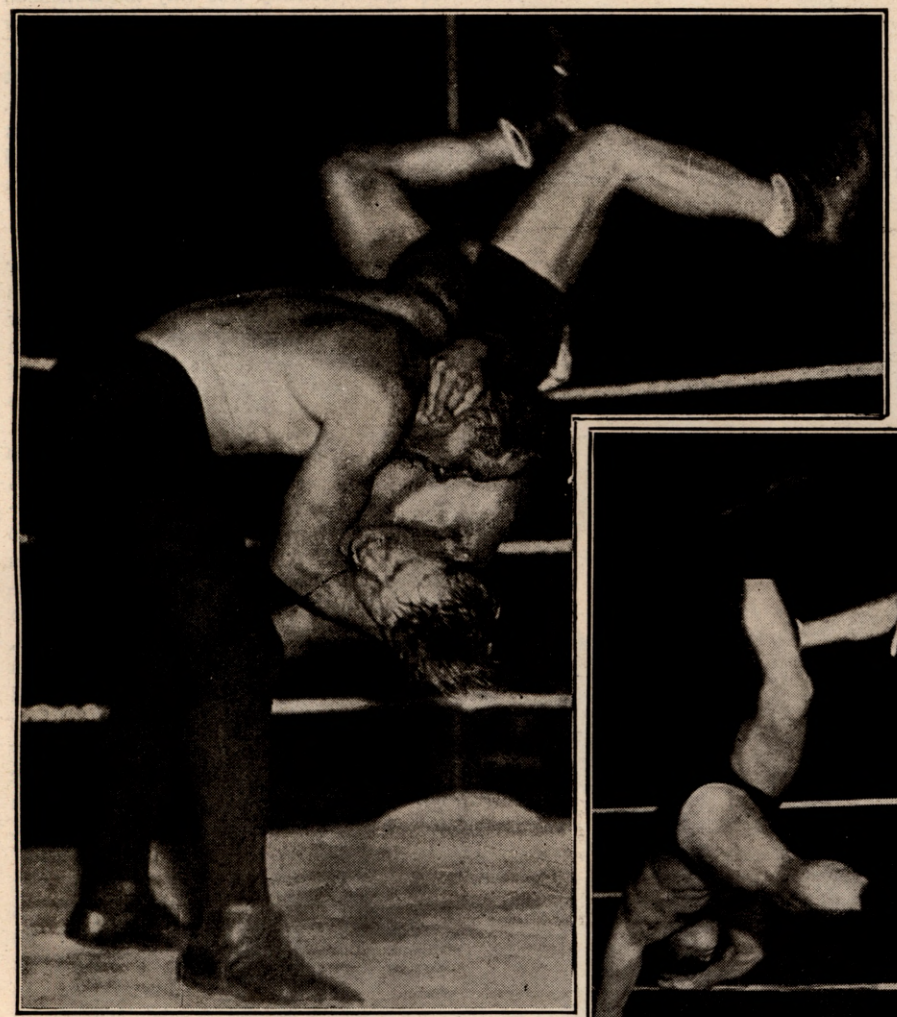
With the Bone-Crushers



The match of the year. The George-Browning affair which was the last important bout in New York, was a thriller with the verdict a draw. Here is George (right) with a headlock on Big Jim.

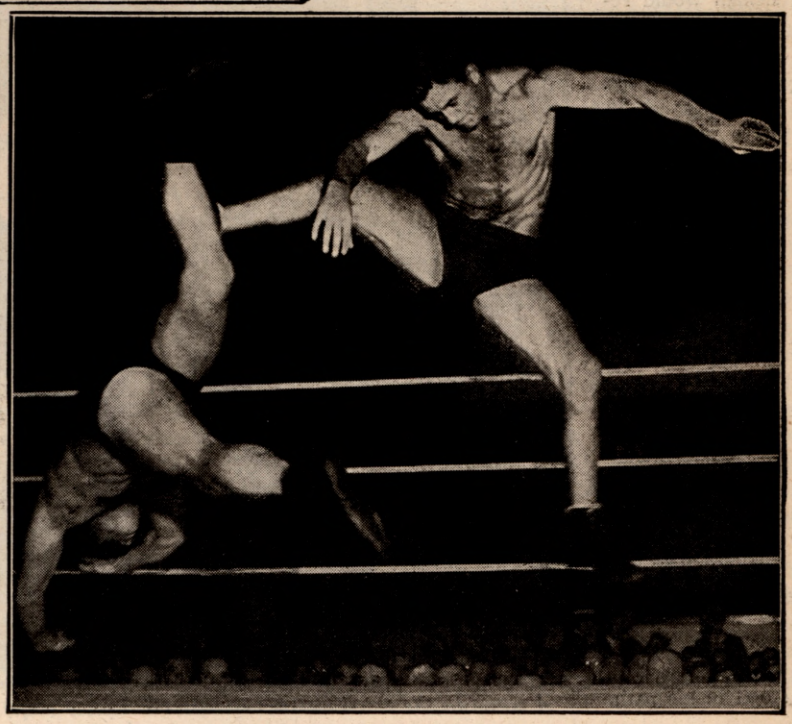


Jim Londos shown just before he crashed to the iron edge of the ring in Philadelphia in his match with Everett Marshall. Marshall attacked the referee, police, and Jim before he was disqualified. Londos was rendered unconscious when he was tossed through the ropes and struck his head against the iron.



Hans Steinke applying the crotch and body hold on Ivan Vakturoff to slam him for a goal. And you can be sure, mates, that the Russian knows he's being slammed. Some man, Steinke, eh?

Here's action for you. It takes two acrobats to turn a trick like this. Here we see George Wilson, former All-American gridder from Washington University, missing a tackle and diving through the ropes. Les Wolf is the man in the air.



From MILO *to* LONDOS

CHAPTER XVI

By A. D. PHILLIPS

(World's oldest, active sports writer)

IN our last chapter in this series on the history of American wrestling, we reached the story of the rise of young Joe Stecher, the "Scissors King," and in that we told in detail how Stecher won the heavyweight crown from Charles Cutler. Before delving farther into the career of the scissors expert, as we had announced we would in this issue, we shall go back to Cutler, who had a most colorful career, and describe his most important bouts. This should have been done in the previous chapter, but unfortunately we had lost our data on Charley and didn't want to depend wholly on memory in such an important series.

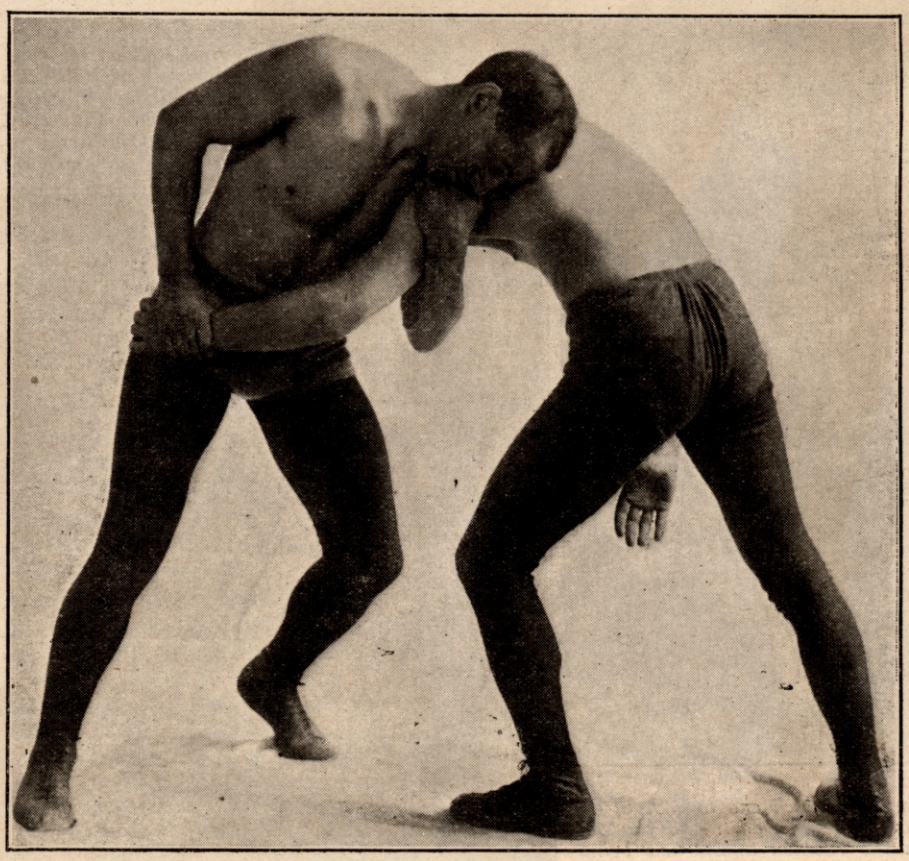
We are indebted to Cutler for the aid he has given us. Charley, who is employed at a night club in Chicago, sent us all his clippings from which we were able to write this chapter. And our good friend Ed Smith, famous Chicago referee, the man who handled the Gotch-Hackenschmidt bouts, has consented to follow with another story, a human interest yarn on Cutler's rise, which will be published in a subsequent issue.

In his message to the writer, he comments most favorably on the present series, declaring that it is by far the most interesting contribution made to wrestling in many years, and, for the sake of accuracy, he states that it would be best to accept the reports of his matches in the newspapers of his period rather than to take his version of his bouts. All of which show fine sportsmanship on the part of Cutler.

* * *

IT will be remembered that, when Gotch retired, a match was arranged between Henry Ordeman and Gotch's friend, Westergaard, and, contrary to the expectation of Gotch, his *protégé*, Westergaard, lost, and Ordeman laid claim to the heavyweight title. But Charles Cutler had something to say about that. He was no one's fool when it came to wrestling, and he was firm in his conviction that a match with Ordeman would result in a victory for him, and his judgment and self-confidence were justified.

Cutler had defeated other claimants, including Dr. Roller, Westergaard, and Pilakoff, hence he figured that if he could dispose of Ordeman, he would have an undisputed claim to the crown and that was Cutler's objective. In tuning up for a championship bout, he sidestepped no one. He was ready to tackle any wrestler who stood in his path.



A scene in the third match between Dr. Roller (left) and Cutler, which Cutler won.

In his first match with Ordeman, Henry won and was proclaimed the American title-holder, yet, when Ordeman was defeated a few months later in a return engagement, the papers failed to call the bout a titular affair. But after Cutler continued to prove his prowess, official recognition as American champion was given him. At the time Stanislaus Zbyszko was the European title-holder, and in the letter which he wrote to me, Cutler says as follows:

"Whether I could have beaten the great Zbyszko at the time, is debatable. Stanislaus was in Europe but, had he been on this side of the Atlantic, I undoubtedly would have accepted a match with him to decide the world title, even though I had my doubts about being able to beat him. He was a far greater wrestler than most critics have given him credit for, and must rate among the five leading grapplers of all time when selections of 'the greatest' are made.

"After I had beaten Ordeman for the American crown, I was forced into a match with Fristensky, widely heralded Bohemian. Frank Gotch was figuring on a comeback. He figured that if he could have Fristensky built up and the Bohemian could down me, then the comeback would prove a huge financial success. It would then mean that an American, the great Frank Gotch, would be coming out of retirement to bring the crown back to this country, even though Fristensky was only the Bohemian title-holder and not the European, which crown was worn by Zbyszko.

"Rather than disappoint Gotch, I decided to accept the bout with Fristensky who already had beaten Fred Beell and Americus. Well it was a sad day for the Bohemian. He lasted exactly eight minutes with me. During that short space of time I twice downed him and thus eliminated the man who was constantly on my trail."

* * *

SO much for Cutler's own story. Now for a resumption of the story of Cutler's matches while champion.

It was on February 2, 1911, that Cutler demonstrated in no uncertain terms that he was entitled to the American laurels, by the manner in which he defeated Ordeman in their return bout. They clashed at the Auditorium of Minneapolis, and "The Kid," as Cutler was called, threw his opponent in straight falls. Charley was in splendid condition and gave an excellent exhibition of all-around wrestling.

Ordeman surprised his many followers by being extremely slow and clumsy in his movements. He lacked aggressiveness, snap, and energy. Ordeman insisted that the toe hold be barred and so the match was fought.

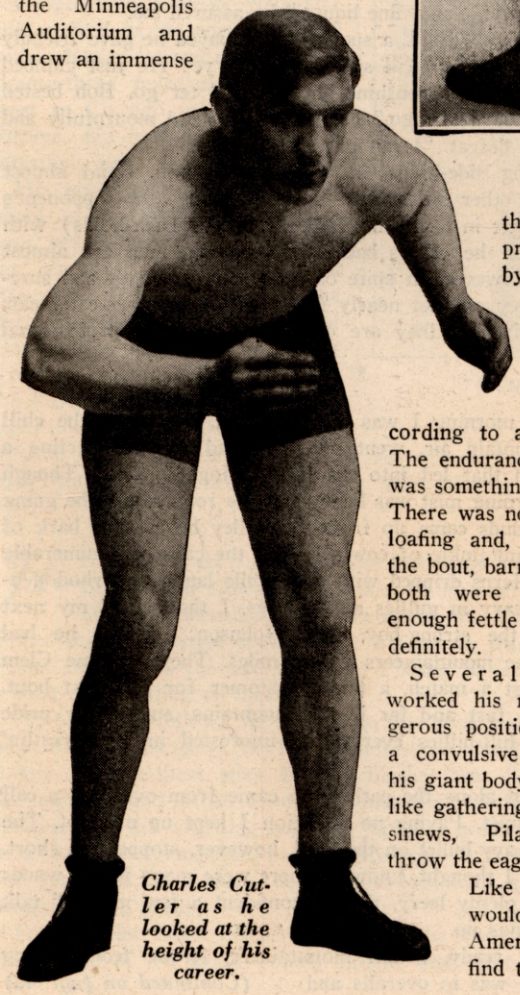
Cutler was a master on defense and carried the attack to his opponent most of the time. As Ordeman had made his start in Minneapolis and had defeated some of the best men in the country, although he had lost to Gotch, Hackenschmidt, Mamhout, and Cutler, his poor showing in the return engagement with "The Kid," proved a big disappointment.

The first fall came after much pushing and tugging, in thirty-one minutes—the result of a hammer lock—and the second, in eight minutes, on an arm lock and hammer lock.

* * *

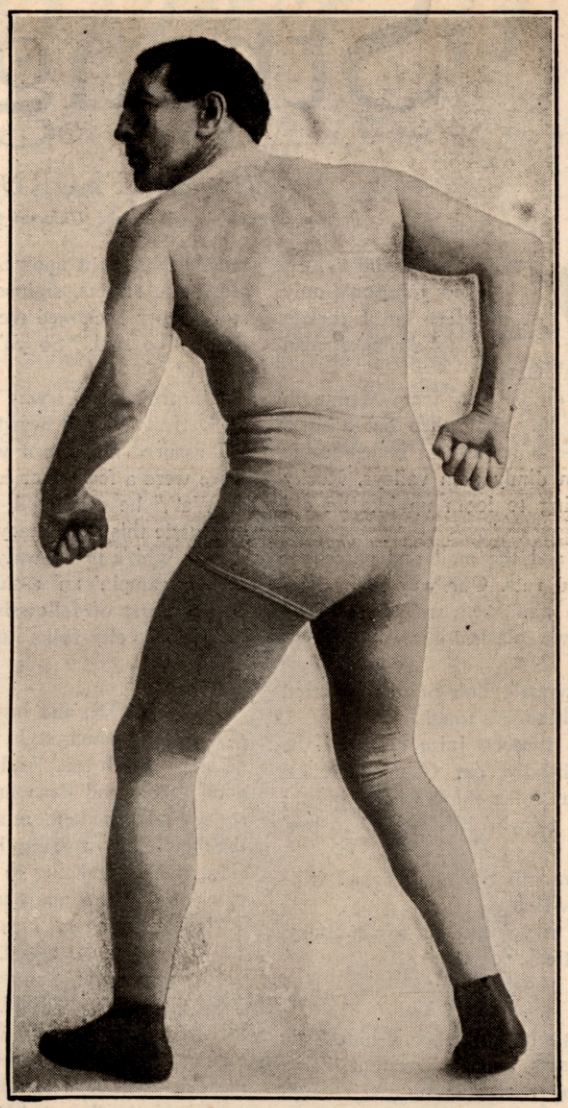
FOLLOWING that match, Cutler was challenged by Fred Pilakoff, the Finnish champion, and in a grueling contest that lasted 1.09.39, Referee Barton called a halt after the Finn's shoulder was badly injured. A free-for-all started following the decision, but the official declared he had acted in the interests of humanity as Pilakoff was suffering intense pain.

That bout likewise took place in the Minneapolis Auditorium and drew an immense throng. Cutler proved his caliber by giving by far the greatest exhibition seen in the famous arena, according to all the reports. The endurance of both men was something to wonder at. There was not a moment of loafing and, at the end of the bout, barring the injury, both were still in good enough fettle to continue indefinitely.



Charles Cutler as he looked at the height of his career.

Several times Cutler worked his rival into dangerous positions, then, with a convulsive movement of his giant body, a sort of catlike gathering of his mighty sinews, Pilakoff would throw the eager Cutler away. Like a big animal, he would leap at the American only to find the agile champion had stepped aside to avoid the rush.



Dr. Roller in his prime.

The end came with unexpected suddenness and it was an exciting climax to a match that abounded in thrills from the call of time. Whether Cutler became exasperated at his failure to toss his man of sinew and muscle, or whether it was deliberate, just a few moments before the match came to an end, Cutler swung about, gave a mighty heave, and tossed the Finn out of the ring. Pilakoff struck his ribs on the corner of the platform and slowly climbed through the ropes in intense agony. He was ordered to resume by Referee Barton and, with a leap, Cutler went after his injured prey.

When Cutler was applying every ounce of his strength to pin his man, Referee Barton tapped Cutler, when he had only one shoulder of Pilakoff on the mat, and called a halt. The scribes at the ringside reported that Cutler, in his work, resembled the finished product of a Gotch. With that victory, Cutler secured his hold on the crown.

* * *

CUTLER and Dr. Roller engaged in three important matches of which Cutler won two. It will be recollected that the first time they met for the title, the medico triumphed when he put the toe hold on Charley and made him quit. But when they clashed, after Cutler had won the title, Charley knew how to defend himself and prevented Dr. Roller from getting the toe leverage. He did get several near toe holds but none sufficiently strong to do much damage.

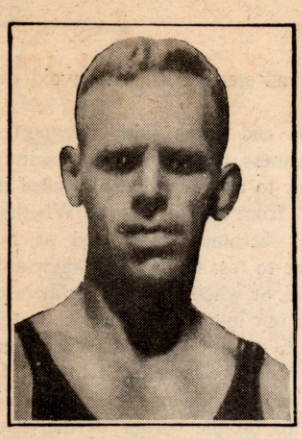
In the first part of their match, the men wrestled on even terms for nearly an hour and each had the other in trouble almost every minute. Finally, however, Cutler, after a lively shift of holds, combined a back-hammer and leg lock and bore the doctor down in 52.03.

The men went at it hammer and tongs when they came out for the second fall. After twelve minutes and six seconds of the liveliest kind of wrestling, Roller kept playing for the toe hold, but his opponent evaded it and got the medico with a hammer lock and leg lock. That match took place on March 26, 1911.

Then came another bout, and again Cutler won. He proved himself an excellent toe massage artist at the Majestic Theater in Duluth in a three-falls contest that lasted forty-one minutes and twenty seconds. Straight wrestling marked that match with plenty of rough work. Cutler, angered by Dr. Roller's slapping, retaliated until the bout for a time resembled a fight more than it did a mat affair. They were both out for blood and showed it.

Roller got the first fall with a combination body lock in eighteen minutes. After several minutes of sparring, the pair went to the mat, where Roller whirled out of a scissors and quickly tried the same hold on Cutler's head, but failed. But as Cutler snapped out of it, he fell into a combination body hold that pinned his arms and the rest was easy.

After a short intermission, they returned to the mat, and, after a short sparring tilt, Roller grasped Cutler around the waist and threw him to the mat. While working for his famous scissors hold, at which he was a master, Roller grew careless and let his leg fall into Cutler's powerful (*Continued on page* 44)



Strong Boy

By CLIFFORD L. THORNE

Former wrestling coach of the University of Michigan and Detroit College

"YEP," said the driver, "Clem Johnson's only nineteen but I reckon he's th' strongest man in th' Ozarks."

It was early morning and I was on my way from Mammoth Spring, Arkansas, to Salem, the county seat, then but a little mountain town. The early gray mist hung almost impenetrable over the road and gathered thick in dimly seen valleys. Rocky crags showed now and then, seeming to loom up like an old fortress ruin.

The driver clicked to his horses and the mail and passenger coach swayed and jolted in the road ruts. Our way seemed an ever-increasing climb, though now and then we dipped into some mist-filled valley. Occasionally we splashed our way through some swift mountain stream.

"So yo' air a-goin' to Salem to wrestle Bob Stacy?" queried the driver. "Yes," I assured him. "I hear he's tough."

"Wal," he ruminated, aiming his tobacco juice clear of the wheels, "Bob's sure a wrestlin' hill-billy, but Clem is durn'd stronger an' can out-tussle him. But folks think Clem's queer; like a furriner," he added. "Always a-sayin' he's a-goin' to hev' smart money some day."

I had seen Clem Johnson at Mammoth Spring. He had willingly offered to wrestle me if I threw Bob.

"Go up ter Salem," he said, "an' if yo' can out-tussle Stacy, I'll go ye back-holds or injun-wrestle."

* * *

CLEM was loading railroad ties when I first saw him. This had been his special job for years, and the constant lifting of heavy ties had given him amazing results in return. Though husky from the ground up, his arms and shoulders were those of a giant. Constant bending had kept his waist small as a woman's, but his broad back rippled with heavy muscles. Unlike most of the mountain men this boy was not tall, but outside his middle, he was as thick set as the box cars he loaded. His biceps and forearms were tremendous; his neck was like a bull's. A wild, untamed spirit showed in his eyes.

"How much ye make at this here wrestlin' game?" he asked. "Right smart money?" Purses were sometimes good and sometimes lean I informed him.

"No chance fer big money?" he asked. I assured him, none, especially in the mountain towns.

"Don't aim always to live in th' mountains," he muttered. "I'm a-goin' ter git me smart money some day. I reckon soon, maybe. Hereabouts only th' moonshiners, th' revenooers, an' th' city folks got such money."

The driver aimed his juice at a near-by tree, and his long try was true. "Whar Bob an' yo' a-goin' ter tussle?" he asked.

"Well, Stacy sent word that Judge Howard will allow us to use the court house."

"Jedge Howard, hey? Wal' th' ol' jedge is powerful strong fer th' law, but hit's all right, I reckon. Hear he likes his liquor right smart."

* * *

UPON arrival I met his honor. Bald-headed, stout and without coat or tie, he was yet seeping with pompousness. "Yes, yes," he rolled his words trying to impress his audience of town folk and mountaineers, "you and Stacy kin do this wrestlin' in the co't house. Long as th' majesty of th' law's not broken, I reckon hit's all right. Gentlemen, I will be there in person to see to that."

Salem was then a typical small mountain town. Trade was mostly dependent upon court sessions or the hill folk. I strolled along the streets, sightseeing before the match. A thin, elderly storekeeper beckoned me mysteriously inside. "Howdy, stranger, shake," he said. "So yo' air th' feller who's a-goin' to wrestle Clem?"

I informed him I was the person.

"Detroit feller, I heard. Hank Ford's town, hey?"

I assured him Ford was not owner of all Detroit, and that there were a few other business men in the city.

"Wal'," he continued, "just wanted ter tell ye. Hope yo' can out-tussle this here Stacy." Amazed, I asked why.

"Wal', hit's this-a-way. These here hill-billies always come ter town a-rampin' an' a-snortin'. Think they're heap smart, an'," with a burst of fellowship as he again shook hands, "ye know I reckon us city folks just naturally got ter stick togither!"

* * *

I WON, and lost to Stacy. Lost in back-hold wrestling, in which style we wore trousers, and won at catch-as-catch-can. And I found, as usual, the hill-billies were good sports and darn fine wrestlers, especially so at their own style. And I made more allies. At the court house and just before the match, a powerfully built mountaineer called me to one of the side rooms. Reaching to his hip, he brought forth a large bottle of clear liquid, a quart at least.

"Hyeh, stranger," he offered, "drink all ye can hold."

"What is it?" I asked.

"Moonshine, an' damn fine liquor," he assured me.

To please him I drank a spoonful. Dismayed he gave friendly warning. "Feller, Bob will sure out-tussle ye! He just climbed outside a bottle of moonshine an' is rarin' ter go. Bob bested me side-holds a week ago." He shook his head mournfully and explained the defeat. "I ran out of liquor."

At wrestling side-holds, in which contestants stand almost facing each other with one hand gripping the opponent's trousers or belt in back and Indian hug (or back-holds) with both hands on the others back, the mountain men are almost unbeatable. However, in spite of their wiry strength and sure-footedness they are not nearly so expert at catch-as-catch-can. Once off their feet they are easily thrown by a professional wrestler.

* * *

NEXT morning I was up early and, braced by the chill mountain air, went out for road work. Selecting a path that led into the hills, I jogged along. Though the usual morning mist was heavy and the road stony, the going was fair. Sounds came up from the valley below—the bark of a dog, the faint tinkle of cowbells, and the calls of innumerable birds. Thick ferns dripped with dew while laurel and rhododendron hung heavy in gullies and ravines. I thought of my next match with the strong-boy, Clem Johnson. I knew he had thrown all the mountaineers within miles. They told me Clem had never lost a match, a tough customer for my next bout. News travels fast and far in the mountains, and to my pride I found the hill-billies everywhere interested in the wrestlin' furriner.

As I trotted along the path there came from overhead a call through the mist. Paying no attention I kept up my trot. The whine of a heavy bullet on the road, however, stopped me short. Moonshiners, I thought, knowing there were many in the woods about. I was plenty leery, though confident a few minutes' talk would fix things up.

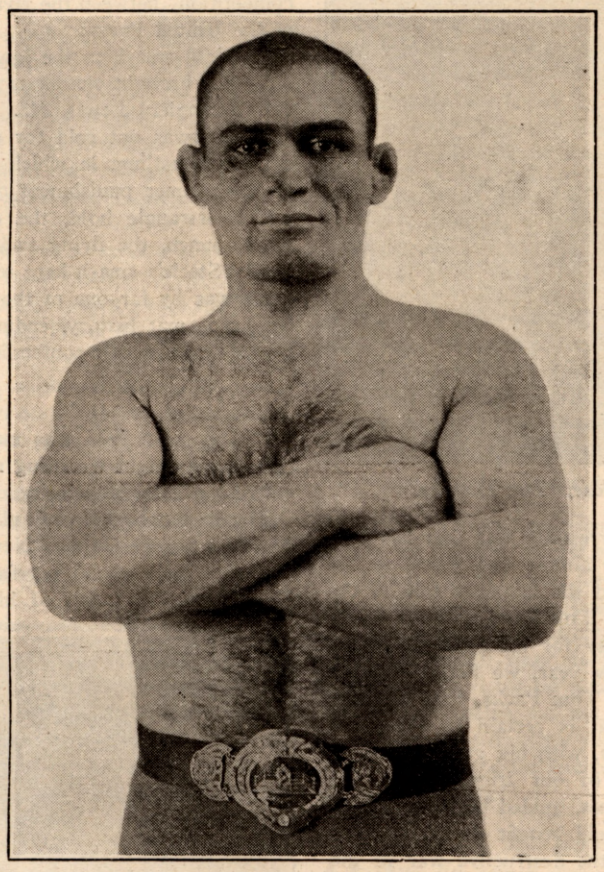
Winchester ready, a tall mountaineer, strode from among the trees. He was in overalls and *(Continued on page 40)*

The "Midget" Wrestler

Charlie Fischer Has Rolled Up a Fine Record in Middle, Light-heavy and Heavyweight Wrestling Divisions

By C. J. FOLEY

BORN to be a champion wrestler! Such was the destiny of Charles (Midget) Fischer of Butternut, Wis., one-time holder of amateur title and one of the leading middle and light-heavyweight professional wrestlers. Backed by no fanfare of publicity, no background of football or other athletic honors, and possessing only a marvelously developed physique, the pint-sized Fischer began wrestling in 1924—at the age of twenty-four years—and, within a month, had won the Cook County, Illinois, middle and light-heavyweight amateur titles. Within three months after he had first donned wrestling tights, Fischer had copped second honors as a middleweight in the Olympic Games try-outs!



Charlie Fischer, the "Little Demon."

Participant in nearly 500 mat matches, Fischer never has been pinned for a two-fall finish loss. Born in Butternut, Wis., of German parentage, Fischer is a member of a family of seventeen. He developed into a husky youngster and worked in the northern Wisconsin lumber camps until he was twenty-three years old. Then, he went to Chicago in quest of his fortune, not realizing that there wrestling fame also awaited him.

His entry into wrestling came about as the result of a wager. A man bet Fischer's employer that the youngster could not carry a 400-pound barrel unaided to the third floor of a building. Ernst Hartje, one-time light-heavyweight wrestling title-contender, was on the losing end of the wager with Fischer's employer, Henry Pfund.

"And he's strong enough to throw any of you wrestlers, too," said Pfund as he pocketed the money, after slipping Fischer half of it.

* * *

HARTJE at that time was mat instructor at the Hebrew Institute in Chicago, and one of his star pupils was Morris Rubenstein, a middleweight. He offered to bet Pfund that Rubenstein could defeat Fischer in fifteen minutes. Pfund snapped up the offer, escorted Fischer home, buying him a book on wrestling on the way.

"Here, young fellow," he said, "take this book and learn to do what the pictures show. We'll give those boys a real surprise."

And surprise them, they did, for Fischer beat Rubenstein in six minutes and arose from the mat to find himself badly smitten with the wrestling bug. He joined a group of wrestlers in a Swedish gymnasium, paying fifty cents a month to work out there and, in a week, he was the best man, regardless of weight, in the group.

Four weeks later Fischer possessed the two gold medals emblematic of the Cook County middle and light-heavyweight amateur titles. He had defeated sixteen middleweights and eleven light-heavyweights to gain the two division thrones. Then he won the two titles in the Central Amateur Athletic Union meet in the Hamilton Club gymnasium in Chicago, beating Charles Coleman, the Rocky Mountain District champion for the middleweight title, and Walter Mower, a member of Uncle Sam's 1920 Olympic team, for the light-heavyweight crown.

* * *

FISCHER went East then and sought a berth on the 1924 Olympic Games mat team, but, after winning it, was stricken with an illness which prevented his making the trip to Europe for the titular competition. Returning to Chicago, Fischer found that he was without competition in the amateur ranks and was persuaded to turn professional. He continued to meet with the same degree of success he had encountered in the amateur ranks and defeated such men as Johnny Meyers, Ralph Parcaut, Lou Talaber, Heinie Engle, Eddie Pope, Tony Hadjick, Walter Evans, Jack Horman, Ali Hassan, Jack Sperling, George Macowick, George Hanson, and Bobby Bylund.

He laid claim to the world middleweight title in 1929 in Chicago when he defeated Meyers in straight falls at the 160-pound limit, and later claimed the world light-heavyweight title at 175 pounds after he had defeated Billy Edwards December 5, 1929, in Kansas City. In a number of states he was supported in his claims although he could not get universal recognition. Regardless of the controversy, he holds solid gold belts emblematic of the titles.

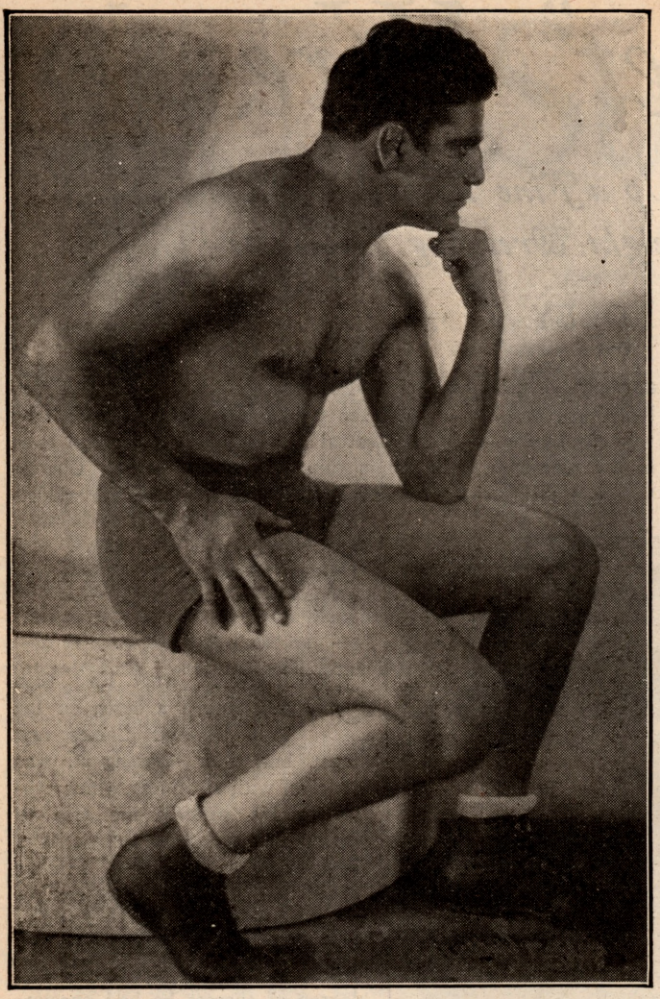
Fischer virtually has wrestled himself out of the middle and light-heavyweight divisions. During the last year he has been forced to enter the heavyweight field to keep himself busy on the mat. He has met more than a hundred of the leading heavyweights and, even in that division, he never has lost a two-fall decision. He is hopeful that one day he will be able to add the heavyweight crown to his other two. He points to the success of Fred Beell, a fellow-stater, who, while weighing only a few pounds over Fischer's present scaling, held the world crown.

Fischer, possessing the build of a heavyweight, the shoulders of a "Strangler" Lewis, the arms of a George Hackenschmidt, and legs like Stecher's, usually appears fully capable of tipping the beam at 190 pounds or more. But the truth is that Charley rarely ever scales above the 170-pound marker. More than likely, when he enters the ring for a match with a heavyweight, his weighing does not exceed 168 pounds.

"I never have been forced to take off (*Continued on page* 46)

NEWS of

By "TEX" AUSTIN



Sammy Stein, in the famous pose, "The Thinker."

THE rival factions in the wrestling war that has been waged in this country for almost two years, to the detriment of the sport and the financial ruin of the promoters, have united. To THE RING goes the credit of having successfully shown the way for the smoking of the peace pipe, and, as we enter the new year, we find America's leading mat promoters—Jack Curley, Tom Packs, Paul Bowser, and Ray Fabiani—in a combine that is certain to bring the sport back into its days of prosperity, with big gates and good matches again in store. Regardless of our friendship for all within the promotorial field, THE RING, guided by its policy to work at all times for that which would benefit the sport most, has convinced the guiding lights in the destructive war of the folly of a continuance of their stand.

Under the agreement, signed two days before Christmas, the Curley-Mondt group will have the use of Jim Londos, star of the Packs-Ed White combine, and in turn, Browning, Lewis, Sonnenberg, and Don George will be available for matches by the White-Packs organizations. Those who agreed to the peace terms were Curley, Mondt, Bowser, Fabiani, Packs, and White. Now that the war has ended, the stars who appeared in the Garden two years ago—Ray Steele, Garibaldi, Londos, McMillen, and others—will again be seen in action against Curley's best men.

Of particular interest is the announcement that Everette Marshall, Hans Steinke, and Dick Shikat will be listed in Garden matches in the near future. Under the new arrangement, Don George gets a return bout with Jim Browning, with whom he recently engaged in a draw, and the winner of that bout will be billed with Londos in the first outdoor championship bout in New York under the Milk Fund auspices.

* * *

THE first step in the new arrangements that were completed just before Christmas, whereby the wrestlers belonging to the Curley-Mondt-Bowser group will be permitted to tackle the stars of the rival organizations, was taken on December 20, when Tom Packs was permitted to bill Ed "Strangler" Lewis against Ray Steele in a finish feature match. It will be recalled that, when those pachyderms clashed in Madison Square Garden in New York last spring, Lewis was declared the winner after Ray had indulged in fisticuffs and was disqualified for fouling and rough work. Apparently Steele was out to avenge that defeat, for he tore into Lewis and did everything that would ordinarily be expected of a fighter instead of a wrestler. In order to give our readers an idea of what took place in resumption of "peaceful competition" between the rival factions, we here quote the report of the United Press:

"A right smash to the jaw ended a wrestling match here last night and brought victory to Ray Steele, 215, who delivered it to Ed (Strangler) Lewis, 245.

"Lewis was out cold for five minutes after 36.38 minutes of modern wrestling, in which science was thrown overboard and sledge-hammer punishment of almost any type was sanctioned.

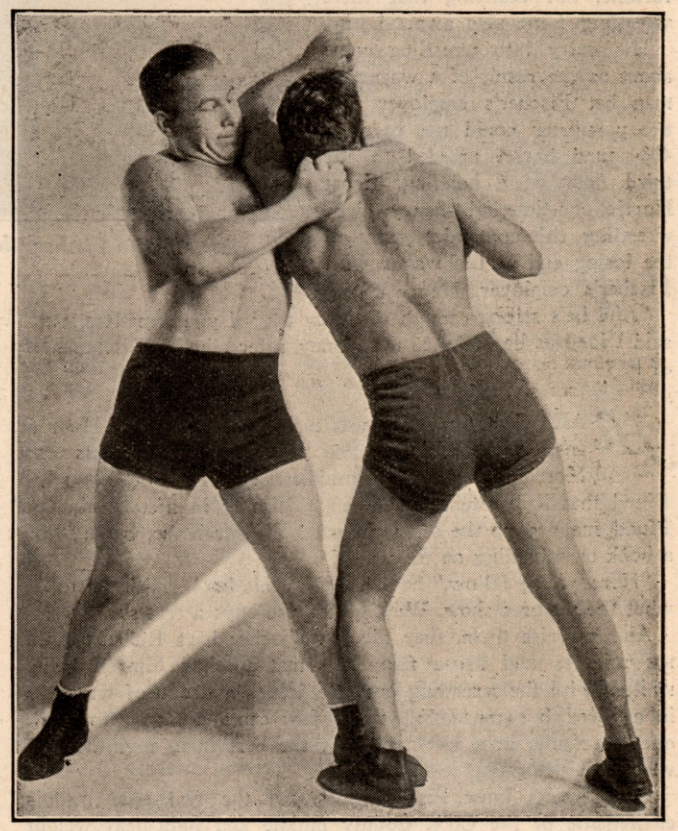
"The strangle hold, the elbow punch under the heart, the rabbit punch, the flying tackle, now and then a bear hug, and finally Steele's smash kept ten thousand fans in an uproar.

"It was by far one of the most roughly contested matches in St. Louis mat history, ending more like a heavyweight boxing match than the title-contending affair it was billed to be."

* * *

THE year 1933 was marked by two major upsets in the heavyweight wrestling ranks and, as a result, the mat game enjoyed greater popularity than it did the previous year.

The first upheaval took place on the night of February 20, in Madison Square Garden, New York, when James Orval Browning, the "gentleman" pig-farmer from Verona, Mo., relieved Ed "Strangler" Lewis of his recognition as champion in New



Ernie Dusek showing a version of the "unconscious" hold.

the MAT WORLD

York State. In a previous match, Lewis had thrown Browning.

Two months later, in a one-fall match staged in Chicago, Joe Savoldi, he of the spectacular but illegal drop-kick, was declared the victor over Jim Londos, thereby eliminating any claim which the Greek might have had on the world title. In spite of what happened, the N.B.A. refused to take recognition of Savoldi's claims and announced that, so far as its territory was concerned, Londos still reigned supreme—a joke decision such as many other N.B.A. verdicts have been.

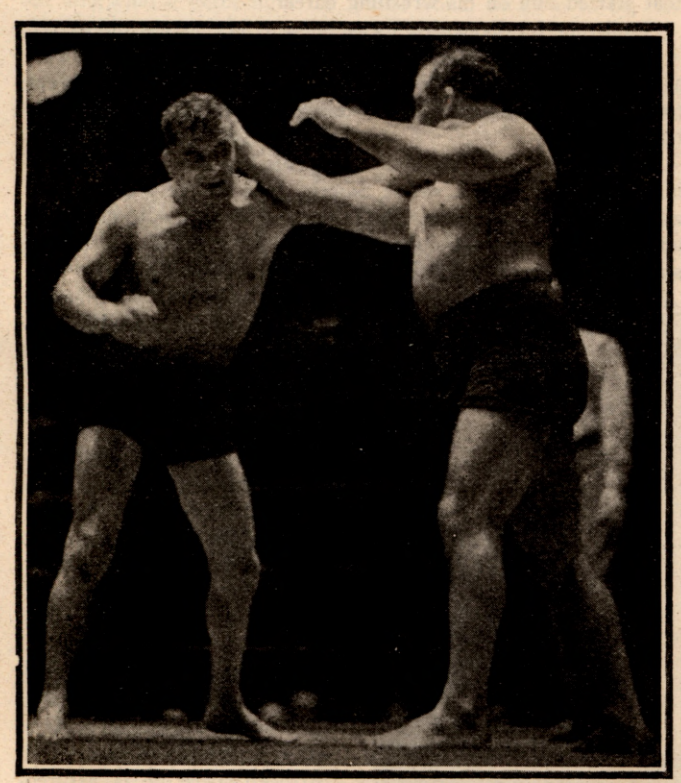
The rise of Browning and Savoldi to topnotch posts, together with the development of some new stars, naturally stirred up quite a bit of interest and started the ball rolling, so far as clearing up the championship muddle was concerned—a muddle which, we hope, will shortly be a thing of the past. Very shortly Londos will abandon his foolish stand, whereby he meets only the men in his own troupe, shunning the men of real championship caliber, such as Browning, George, Lewis, Shikat, and Sonnenberg. In fact, Jim will meet Browning this summer.

Browning, wise enough to know that avoiding these men means eventual obscurity, has announced his willingness to meet all comers, and has met with unusual success in all his encounters since his change of mind.

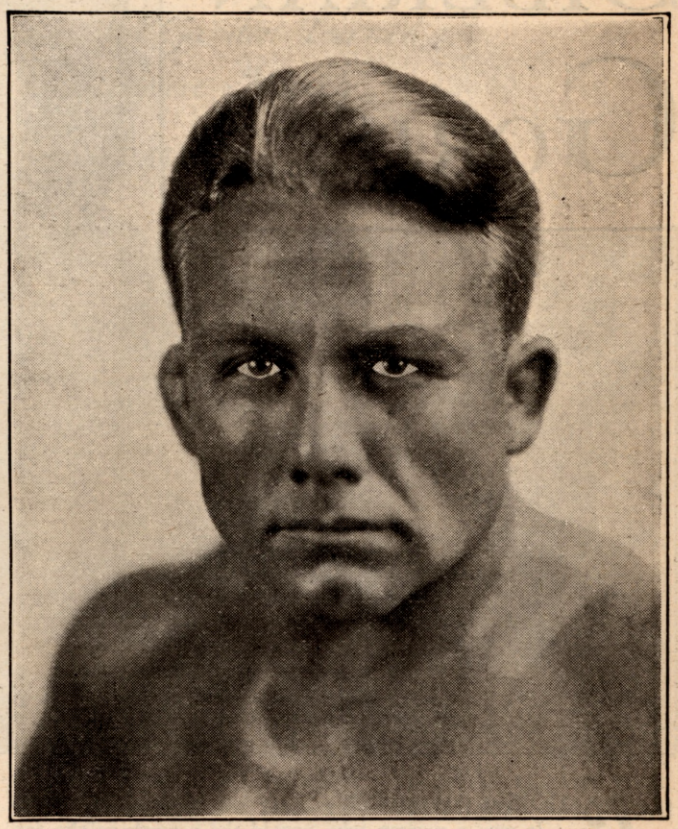
In his last big match of 1933, Browning went to a draw with Ed Don George, after an hour and forty minutes of hard, fast grappling. That match made George a big favorite with the New York fans, and there are many who will favor Ed when he and Jim tangle again.

Although it was the longest match witnessed during the year, at no time was it a bore. One was never sure just who would come out on top, so close was the mill.

George did the forcing for the first half of the bout, and, near the hour mark, it looked as if Browning would be flattened. Ed used some wicked flying mares, followed by billy-goat butts to the stomach, which had big Jim in a bad way, but the New England champ just couldn't seem to put on the finishing touches.



Ray Steele punching Strangler Lewis in their New York Garden match last year, in which Steele was disqualified. Similar scenes were frequent in their recent St. Louis match, in which Steele kayoed Lewis.



Everette Marshall, who went berserk in bout with Londos.

Browning recovered sufficiently to hold George off and came back toward the finish to outlast his surprisingly strong opponent.

When it was all over, George was the center of conversation among the fans. Had the bout not been lengthened fifteen minutes by the commission's lifting of the curfew, because it was a Christmas benefit show, in the opinion of many, George would have been the victor on points.

While the match did not clear up the championship muddle, it did pave the way for a return bout that will, without a doubt, bring back a lot of the interest that has been lacking since Londos ran out on Lewis.

* * *

BROWNING also scored over Sandor Szabo, Gus Sonnenberg, Ed Lewis, and Sammy Stein in addition to beating many of the smaller fry. In each case, the match proved a worthwhile one to watch.

While we admit the Missourian is not as popular as he was when he won his honors from Lewis, few will dispute the fact that he is a clever, powerful wrestler and not a mere acrobat or showman.

* * *

SAMMY STEIN just doesn't seem to learn by experience. In title bouts with Londos, Browning, and Lewis, Stein plunged through the ropes on each occasion and wound up on the hard concrete flooring, thereby losing whatever chance he might have had of beating the title-holders. So when Sammy again met Browning in the New York Garden, it was expected that he would resort to a more orthodox way of trying to down big Jim. Instead, Stein again tried his flying tackles, but, instead of plunging to the hard floor, this time he suffered a deep gash in his head when his noggin came in contact with the iron apron of the ring, after which he proved an easy victim for Browning's "boa constrictor" legs.

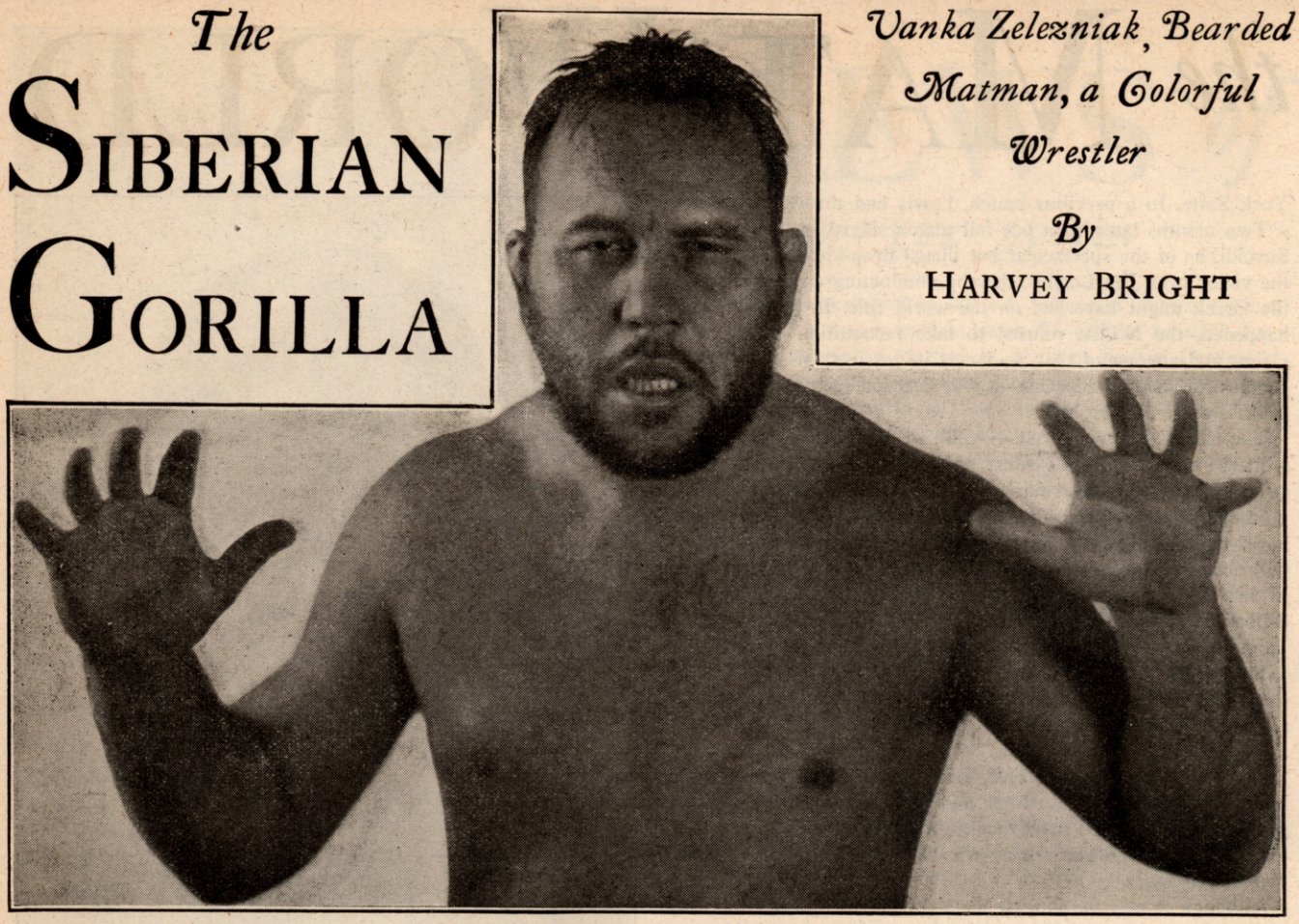
That made Sammy sit up and think, and, lo and behold, if we didn't catch him in a modern version of "The Thinker," which we print here.

(Continued on page 45)

The SIBERIAN GORILLA

Vanka Zelezniak, Bearded Matman, a Colorful Wrestler

By HARVEY BRIGHT



"LOOK at that gorilla."

It was a woman who passed the remark as she sat in the front row at the St. Nicholas Club recently and saw an ugly-faced wrestler enter the ring to take part in the evening's entertainment. With cauliflowered ears, a flat nose that has been battered down in ring competition, jet black hair, and a stubby beard that protruded from the chin like so many bristles, the Russian, for there could be no mistake about his nationality, presents the features of the wild man of Borneo or the African gorilla.

His name is Vanka Zelezniak. A combination wrestler and entertainer, he knows just what the fans want and he gives it to them, with plenty to spare. Because of his ring actions, he has been dubbed the Siberian Gorilla and well does the name fit him. When his opponent, finding he cannot throw the foreigner with ordinary holds, takes the liberty to try to gain the fall via the beard, that's the point where the trouble begins.

With the look of a wild man, the roar of a lion, the Siberian Terror leaps forth to tackle his prey. And how the crowd enjoys that piece of "terrorism!"

It's real comedy entertainment. Every snort of his sends the fans into ecstasy.

Vanka came to this country heralded as a strong man and he has lived up to his reputation.

Before he became a wrestler he was a miner, and it was at that trade that he developed his tremendous physique. His friends relate many tales of the rough and tumble scraps in which Vanka engaged with people from his own country, especially when they imbibed too freely in their native vodka, and were in a fighting mood.

At times Zelezniak was confronted by several vodka-crazed men, bent on tearing up and mauling everything they came in contact with. On one of those occasions, in the Siberian mines, Vanka was forced to mix with three drink-crazed miners at once and he rendered them all *hors de combat.* It was that set-to that started him on his wrestling career.

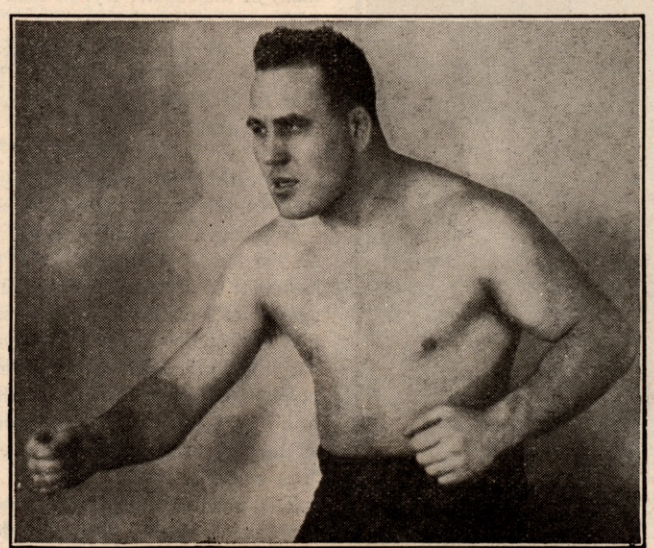
"Look out for Zelezniak," was the war cry raised thereafter.

They also tell of the strength he displayed in tugs of war, a pastime prevalent both in Siberia and Russia. It was no stunt for Vanka Zelezniak to grab one end of the rope and tug his team to victory.

As a strong man, Zelezniak earned his brackets when a visiting circus came to his native Siberia. One of the features was a professional strong man. The latter's business was to challenge all comers in an exhibition of strength. Vanka heard of the strong man's challenge and accepted the defi. The strong man took one look at the Siberian gorilla man and laughed. Something caused him to chortle in glee. That stirred Zelezniak who soon made hash out of the "strong man."

The "strong man" never did know what happened to him. Zelezniak, infuriated by the taunts, picked up his opponent and hurled him off the stage. The crowd roaring approval, he battered his man to a pulp.

Zelezniak has been in this country for several years and, though he would like to visit his homeland again, he prefers to live under the Stars and Stripes, where he is assured greater freedom and more money for performing his "krazy kat" antics.



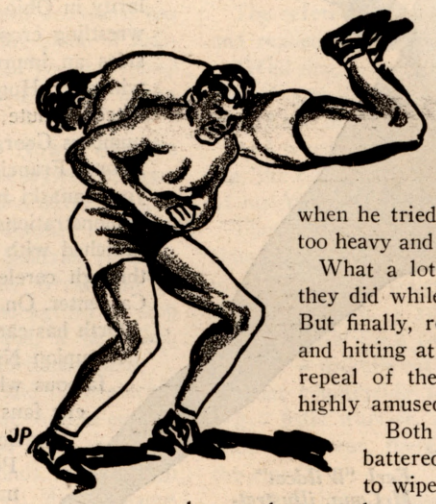
Zelezniak didn't always sport a beard, as this photo shows.

When Fitz Faced Ruhlin

Their Wrestling Bout in the Old Garden Turned Into a Vicious Go-as-You-Please Match

By ARTHUR T. LUMLEY

NEVER in the history of American wrestling was there such a thrilling desperate, rough and tumble scuffle as the grappling match between old Bob Fitzsimmons and Gus Ruhlin, at the old Madison Square Garden, on June 9, 1901.



At that period, public boxing was not permitted in New York State, the old Horton law having been repealed the year before. Hence Billy Madden, the enterprising manager of Ruhlin, conceived the idea of gathering in a few golden shekels by having his star fighter meet Fitzsimmons in a wrestling conflict. Bob, being unable to display his fistic ability in or around New York City, rather quickly agreed to Madden's proposition and the bout was arranged.

Both of these heavyweight fighters knew nothing about wrestling and therefore began to train early, in an effort to learn in a couple of weeks the technique and tricks of the grappling art. Neither Fitz nor Ruhlin had any experience or expert knowledge of the game, but they certainly did put up the most punishing, spectacular bare-knuckle slugging combat ever staged at the old Garden or elsewhere.

Most of the New York fans imagined the bout would be a farce or a hippodrome, so only about five thousand attended the battering fracas. Had they any previous knowledge of what they would see, and what a fierce fight the match would turn out to be, the old Garden wouldn't have been big enough to hold the crowd.

That was one time when thousands of the smart fans missed witnessing one of the roughest and toughest of ring fights—not a wrestling match, as it was advertised, but a real bare-knuckle go-as-you-please slugging slaughter.

* * *

CHARLEY WHITE was the referee, and what a fine messy job he had that night! At the very start, both combatants rushed at each other like two wild buck goats. Fitz soon scored "first blood" by bumping his head against Ruhlin's nose, which bled rather profusely. The flow of carmine seemed to please the enthusiastic ringsiders, for they kept yelling, "Knock his block off, Bob!" "Bang him with your old solar plexus punch!" etc., etc.

Referee White did his utmost to try and make the contestants wrestle according to the rules, but the excited crowd kept shouting, "Let 'em fight, Charley! Let 'em fight!"

In the clinches, Gus exercised his superior weight and strength to advantage. He weighed about 190 pounds, while Fitz was hardly more than 170 and not so powerful as his bulky, bearded opponent. But Bob was much the quicker and he landed more telling blows when Gus left any opening.

"Stop your slugging and try and wrestle fairly," begged the veteran referee again and again.

"I ought to throw you both out of the ring," warned the referee. But White's pleading was only laughed at by excited fans and Fitz also, who seemed to enjoy the rough and tumble rumpus.

"I'll bloody well knock the guts out of 'im with a solar plexus," puffed Bob between hard grunts and loud belches, to the amusement of his admirers, who kept up a lively and comic chatter with Fitz during the entire contest.

After one of these jests, the old champion made a desperate effort and finally got Gus down on all fours, but, when he tried to roll him over, he found Ruhlin was too heavy and powerful for him to accomplish the task.

What a lot of strangling, struggling and slugging they did while down on the mat for several minutes. But finally, regaining their feet, they started boxing and hitting at long range. What a joke it was on the repeal of the Horton law, and how immensely the highly amused audience enjoyed the joke!

Both men were bleeding and considerably battered up. Fitz refused to allow his seconds to wipe the blood from his face and shoulders, because he wanted to appear as hideous and grotesque as possible. He certainly was a wild-looking demon as he battered away in the most ferocious and buffooning manner. All this had Fitz's desired effect upon the fans, who cheered, roared, and jumped out of their seats like a lot of madmen.

* * *

SUDDENLY Ruhlin looked like the winner as he picked up the old champion bodily and banged him violently down. But the wily Cornishman landed on all fours, like a cat dropping to its feet. Gus almost had his nimble opponent on his back, but speedy Bob wiggled himself out by some hook or crook and sneered as the crowd wildly cheered him.

But, after a desperate struggle of twelve minutes and forty-five seconds, Ruhlin finally put the old battler on his back, thereby winning the first fall.

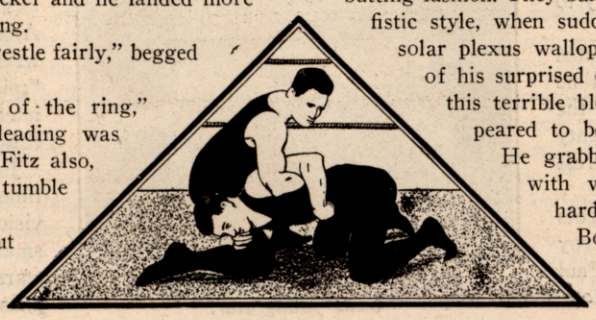
They were allowed a rest of fifteen minutes, and they surely needed it. Both of the heavyweight fighters—it would be a sin to call them wrestlers—were winded and evidently very tired.

"This is a bloody tough mess I got myself into," said Fitz to some ringside admirers as he sat in his corner, panting for breath. "I'd bloomin' well rather fight a twenty-round bout. No more rasslin' for me."

Bob's admirers naturally felt rather gloomy that he had lost the first fall, but they consoled him and themselves with the thought of what their idol could do if it had been a regular Queensberry contest.

* * *

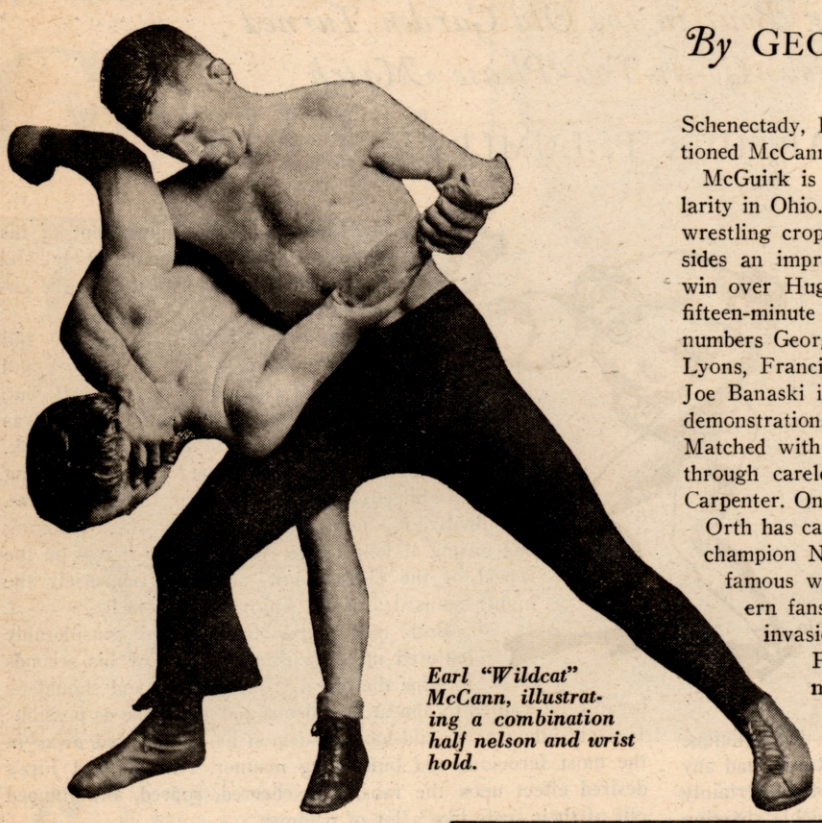
WHEN Referee White called time for the resumption of the match, both men jumped at each other in the same goat-butting fashion. They banged away with naked fists in regular fistic style, when suddenly Fitz let go one of his famous solar plexus wallops that nearly knocked the wind out of his surprised opponent. When Gus recovered from this terrible blow, he had fire in his eyes and appeared to be ready to tear his opponent apart. He grabbed Fitz by the throat and held on with vengeance. In fact, he squeezed so hard, and held on so tenaciously, that Bob's eyes were fairly popping out of his head. The excited fans were on



(*Continued on page* 44)

Talented Speedsters

By GEORGE W. GROOM



Earl "Wildcat" McCann, illustrating a combination half nelson and wrist hold.

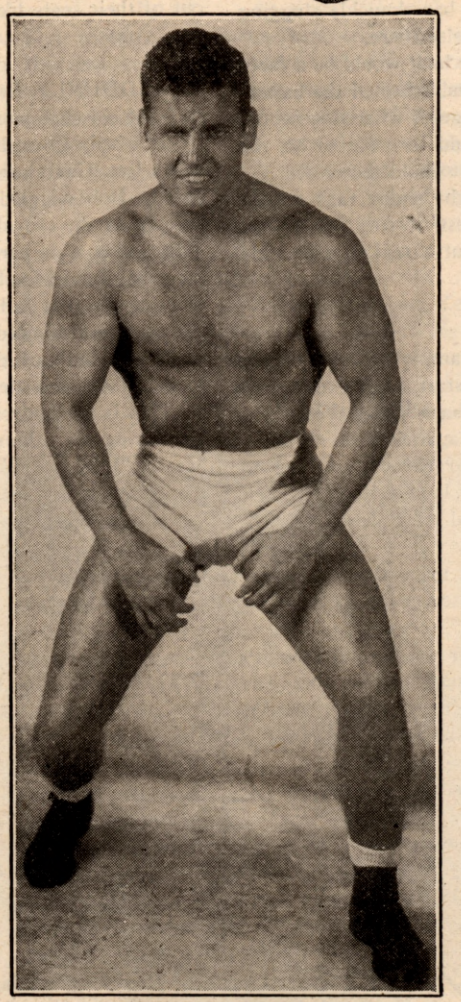
WITH the activities of the heavyweight wrestlers falling off in the Mid-West during the last month, the lighter men have again been showing to good houses.

The result has been that the ratings of the light-heavies and welterweights are becoming as mixed as those of their heavier colleagues, so that now each section has its championship claimant. On the Atlantic Coast, Pinkie Gardner and Joe Campbell seem to alternate for top honors, while Joe Banaski, the Pole who was recently given his citizenship papers, rules in Ohio and wherever the Mid-West Association holds sway. On the Pacific Coast Frank Scholl and Don Hill are touted for light-heavy honors. Hugh Nichols still reigns in the South and holds the N.B.A. world title. Also Hugh recently has traveled very little. There are a lot of good men in the North and West.

Jack Reynolds, king of the welterweights for years, lost and won the title back from Earl McCann, Portland, and has since had more and more difficulty to hold it.

But while these men have dominated their respective classes for some time now, new faces are appearing in the ranks, which threaten to give them plenty of trouble and supply the new interest which the fans constantly crave.

Among those who hold the top spots at the moment are light-heavies, Leroy McGuirk, Oklahoma A. & M., and Paul Orth, Toledo; welters, Johnny Stote, Schenectady, Bobby Pearce, Oklahoma A. & M., the aforementioned McCann, and Stacy Hall, Ohio State, Columbus.



LeRoy McGuirk is a powerfully built young star.

McGuirk is pushing Joe Banaski hard for the lead in popularity in Ohio. A product of Oklahoma A. & M., famous for its wrestling crops, he bids fair to be the greatest star of all. Besides an impressive scholastic record, he holds a catchweights win over Hugh Nichols and recently wrestled a two-hour-and-fifteen-minute draw with Joe Banaski. Among his victims, he numbers George Sauer, brother of Ray Steele, Dude Chick, Red Lyons, Francisco Aguayo, and Ray Carpenter. His match with Joe Banaski in Columbus, Ohio, was one of the most thrilling demonstrations of real wrestling seen in that city in some time. Matched with the rough Ray Carpenter, he lost the first time through carelessness and the help which a ringside fan gave Carpenter. On the second try he came through to a decisive win.

Orth has campaigned throughout the South and West, meeting champion Nichols in Toledo in his usual rough match. He is famous wherever he has shown for his roughness as eastern fans will have a chance to observe, since he plans an invasion of the East.

Pearce and Hall have both given champion Reynolds mighty close shaves and only their own overeagerness and the cunning of the champ saved Reynolds his crown. Both boys, with fine records behind them, are new to the professional game, and, when they have a little more experience, it may well be a different story.

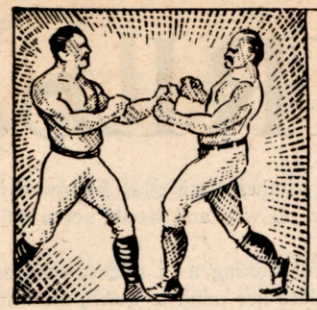
McCann is the only man to defeat Reynolds recently. In their Cincinnati match, in which he took the title, he was finally trapped in the leg-split for which Reynolds is famous. The men were near the ropes and Reynolds was desperately putting on the pressure. The referee commanded them to break. Reynolds let go the hold, walked to his corner, and prepared to leave the ring, when the official commanded him to resume wrestling. In a rage, declaring that McCann had given up in the hold, the champ continued and a few minutes later was caught in a back-slam and flattened. Later he again met McCann and won back his title.

Since that victory, Reynolds is probably the only one of the champions whose claim has not been disputed.

It is unfortunate that the lighter men should be following the example of the heavyweights in this respect. They would be much better off without such contentions. As a matter of fact, they aren't fooling the fan who really knows and are lowering attendance.

Years ago lighter men like McLeod and Americus did a lot to foster interest in wrestling. George Bothner was another "spider" who helped to develop popular interest and raise the standard of competition.

Jack Curley, for one, believes that the time has come to cater to the lighter divisions. He will stage bouts involving the smaller men and if they go well, he will start a renaissance of interest in that phase of the game.



THE THREE BLACK BEARS

By MAC DAVIS

THE ebony-hued brother of the squared circle, though he has had his own jade-tinted problems, for always he had to face prejudice, color line, and bad decisions, has brought nevertheless many a laugh to the game of fisticuffs. Listen carefully, my children, and I will tell you the funny fable of three dark gentlemen who waxed rich and famous in the land of blood and brawl.

The first of my tales is of Peter Jackson. Now Peter the Great was a huge negro giant. So mighty a heavyweight warrior was he, that men learned in the lore of padded mitts say that it will take years before his race will produce another like him. Peter tried hard to get the mighty John L. Sullivan to meet him, but without success, but, since Peter the Great had to live, he decided to go on a tour of the land and agreed to stop all aspiring maulers ere four rounds passed and, if he failed, he agreed to forfeit 200 silver dollars to the fortunate man.

In many sections of the countryside in the Middle West glaring posters proclaimed the coming of Peter the Great. And in equally big letters, the people were told that Peter would agree to forfeit $200 to any one he couldn't knock out in four rounds. Now though many a man read this proclamation, few, indeed, dared chance life, limb, and happiness to try their skill with the mighty negro warrior.

One day the traveling troupe arrived at a peaceful little village in which lived a big darky who was both hungry and ambitious. Often, his good friends had told him that he was a great fighter and he began to believe it. Thus, as he stood reading the sign, he thought to himself, "Why not pit my skill against this mighty Peter? As good as he is, I can last four rounds, and when it is all over I'll be two hundred silver dollars the richer."

The more he thought of it, the more tempting the offer appeared and that night, when volunteers were called for, the hungry Negro was the first to answer. He agreed to enter the ring only on the faithful promise that this bout was to be a scientific contest and nothing more. Once thus assured, he stripped to the waist and entered the ring. His neighbors gave him a royal welcome.

As the two warriors shook hands for the battle to begin, the challenger said, "Mistah Jackson, I'se doin' this 'cause ah want some slight 'membrance 'uv yo' greatness."

Peter smiled, the gong sounded, and the battle got under way. Soon the hungry darky realized that he had made a grievous mistake in pitting his skill against Jackson.

* * *

IT seemed as if the huge fists of Peter the Great could find no other resting place but on the nose of the ambitious home-town boy. After many blows had bounced merrily off the challenger's nose, it swelled like a pumpkin. The recipient of these blows became uneasy and no matter how he tried to dodge or duck the blows, they fell upon his nose like raindrops.

But the temptation to win the two hundred dollars was so strong that he wearily toiled on. His head continued to bounce back and forth as would a cork upon the waters of the ocean. His nose blew up until it was like a balloon and his ambition had now turned to disgust.

The second round seemed frightfully long, and, though actually it would take but six more minutes by the clock to win the bag of silver, yet to him the time seemed longer than eternity. The huge fists of Jackson continued to bounce merrily on his nose, and the minutes seemed hardly to move.

Finally he dropped his hands, turned to the referee, and angrily shouted, "See heah, Mistah Referee, dat sign outside there say dis are a scientific contes'."

The referee, who was most amused by the proceedings, grinned and replied, "You said it, black boy, you said it."

"Well den," squeaked the weary darky, "If dis are a scientific contes' you jes tell dat Mistah Jackson to scatter his blows 'round and not bunch 'em all on mah nose, or ah quits."

And when Peter the Great and all the neighbors fell to laughing, the darky shuffled away never again to return to the scene of his Waterloo.

Thus did Peter Jackson teach the moral once again that little ships must keep the shore, larger ships may venture more. Full many a year has rolled off the calendar since the reign of Peter the Great. And if you should ever journey down under to a peaceful little town called Rome in far-off Australia, there you will see a magnificent monument. It was built by the white men of that countryside to perpetuate the memory of this mighty negro fistic warrior. And on a bronze tablet, written in words plain and clear, there reads: "The whitest man ever to enter the ring."

And as long as mortal man will make oblations to his gods, this monument will stand as the noblest sentiment of human heart.

* * *

AND now you shall hear how the famed Tar Baby, Sam "Tham" Langford, educated an ambitious country bumpkin. Sam was short and squatty but was one of the greatest of heavyweight warriors that ever lived and, because he was blacker than the night, he was nicknamed the Tar Baby. The fiercest of knuckle warriors feared him and rightly so, for this negro thunderbolt could use his fist as one would a battering-ram.

As he was possessed of a huge appetite and needed money to eat, he set out on a long tour of the land to amuse the farmers with his powerful fists and his many tricks of black magic. But few were the warriors brave enough to battle the Tar Baby, and so, oft he was compelled to promise under oath that he would never be too rough with the enemy fighters.

One night he arrived in a sleepy little farm village. Now the pride and idol of this little town was a huge Negro. To earn his livelihood, he toiled as a waiter in a restaurant, but, because of his big fists and because he had licked a few of the husky bullies of that countryside, he fancied himself one sweet fellow and some pumpkins as a fighter. When the gay sports of the town saw the Tar Baby in their midst, they were jubilant and proposed that he meet their pride and joy in fistic combat. But to make it a sort of even battle, it was settled in secret conclave that he should not wallop the local idol too hard.

The kind-hearted and ever jolly Tham readily agreed to play most gently with his opponent for eight rounds. When couriers came with the cheerful news that the Tar Baby had agreed to carry the town's idol along the full distance and be as gentle as a lamb with him, the big Negro was all smiles.

The day of the struggle found the arena jammed with excited farmers who had journeyed from far and near to witness the fray. Many wagered heavily on the "Idol's" chances.

The gladiators came to grips. The Tar Baby pulled his punches and missed many more and continued to do naught but defend himself against the wild swings of his huge opponent, just as he had promised. Little by little the local pride grew bolder and finally he plucked up enough courage to smite the Tar Baby a few vicious blows.

Thus he continued to strut about for four rounds until he grew so cocky that he changed his mind about *(Continued on page 42)*

GIRLS,

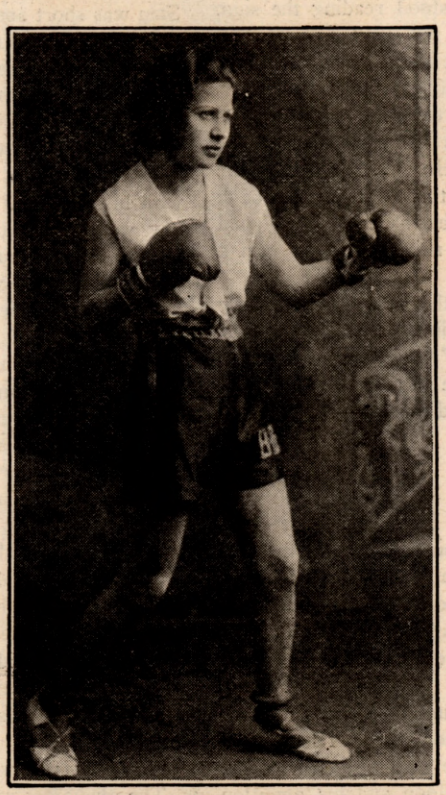
Since his retirement from the ring, Mexican Joe Rivers has kept himself in trim by acting in the movies at Hollywood and teaching boxing to the cinema stars and others. Here we see Joe with his pupil, Louise Adler, claimant of the women's lightweight championship of the Pacific Coast.

SOME people are inclined to regard the girl boxer as a none too welcome by-product of the "emancipation age." Her advent in the realm of left hooks and uppercuts is frowned upon by conservatives as an unladylike and wholly irrelevant gesture to rob the male of his one remaining monopoly in the world of sport. However, if we care to delve into the musty sport chronicles of yesterday, we will find numerous accounts of lady leather-pushers of the lavender era who took the art of self-defense seriously, and even went so far along the resined path as to annex titles in the various weight divisions as the result of contests with sister scrappers.

In most cases, a veil of secrecy, drawn by public disapproval, shrouded their glove activities, and, even in this day of enlightment when just about everything "gets by," a woman boxer seems to be strictly taboo from a general public viewpoint. The athletic ladies themselves refuse to be balked by convention and are blocking, jabbing, and feinting like masters of the old school. Most of these present-day bouts are privately staged and, for obvious reasons, little publicized. An interested party must be "in the know" if he wishes to follow the progress of the fair sex in action.

* * *

"PRIZE fighting," considered in all its phases, is not recommended as a lady's game. There can be no possible appeal to the sporting public in the spectacle of two Amazons, standing toe to toe, slugging like peeved lumberjacks; mashing each other's fair face with light-gloved fists; emerging eventually from the fray with bruised lips, blackened orbs, and missing molars. Girls, as a species, are keen to protect and enhance whatever natural beauty assets they may possess.



Out in Cincinnati there is a famous family of athletes—the Bezeneh family. There are five brothers, each of whom made his mark in the squared circle—Al, Louis, Gene, Gus and Andy. But that is not all. Al is father of two good scrappers, Elmer and Buddy, and a daughter, Violette, who is one of the best boxers of her sex in America. They all live in Cincinnati. Miss Bezeneh is a bantam.

Far be it from them to risk what Mother Nature has bestowed in a brawl that could profit them in no way and would serve only to nauseate the observer.

The modern miss sanely regards boxing as a science—an exercise to develop her body, stimulate her mind to quick, accurate thought and action, and, at the same time, provide a form of recreation which offers a fair amount of competition. The urge to conquer and triumph puts the necessary spice of interest into any activity. Heavy training gloves and leather *brassières* are worn in these bouts and the possibility of injury is limited to the bruised pride of an outpointed contestant. Even this latter is a minor consideration; the girls are good sports and bear no grudge against the better "man."

The reducing fad caused many girls of the stage and screen to follow the boxing trail to coveted slimness. There are a number of approved calisthenics, all, no doubt, commendable in their own way, for the elimination of excess poundage; but a series of bendings and twistings versus gravity on a gymnasium mat is anything but inspiring. Taken in man-sized doses, it can become the essence of strenuous boredom. Substitute a pair of training gloves for the mat and a fast, scientific opponent for gravity, and there is some point to the wild manipulation of limbs. The spirit of play and friendly rivalry which enters into a boxing bout tends to make a pleasure of necessity and keeps Jane from becoming "a dull girl."

If, as we are informed in some quarters, boxing in any and every form detracts from the femininity and charm of womankind, we have but to point, in refutation, to the many of our favorite actresses who are listed in their press notices as "accomplished boxers." Would these talented luminaries hazard the beauty and appeal upon which their very popularity depends in any sport where serious injury or disfigurement were the rule rather than the exception?

The Art of Self-Defense, when practiced as an Art, offers the identical benefits of health, mental and physical alertness, and a means of self-protection to men and women alike, but prize fighting, with its cauliflower ears, "big gates," and casualties is a MAN'S game. Let us leave it to them! Women have nothing to gain by entering the arena as professional battlers.

* * *

ON a recent visit to New York City, I called upon a friend. She invited me to visit two of her girl chums who are active in show business. These girls are accomplished athletes, as the nature of their work on the vaudeville stage keeps them continuously in good condition. When they are not engaged in vaudeville, they find exercise and recreation in sparring bouts held in their apartment.

Both of the girls are fine scientific boxers. They have succeeded in interesting other girls in the sport, and now several of the newcomers are handy with the mitts. I was especially attracted by the cleverness of one girl boxer. She and I became friendly and, since my visit, we have corresponded regularly.

In her last letter to me, she states that she believes herself capable of outpointing practically any girl her own weight. While she is not a professional, and has no desire to become one, she would like to meet clever girl boxers in friendly bouts in the good old name of King Sport.

GLOVES *and* SOCKS

By MARION F. LEWIS

So, girls, if any of you who live within a hundred miles of New York City, wish to work out with a girl who knows the game and would be pleased to teach you, just drop me a line and I will forward your letter to her.

* * *

FREQUENTLY we espy news reels of our college girls engaged in brisk boxing bouts. I recall one shot taken in a Chicago gymnasium. A noticeable feature about this scrap was that both girls wore leather *brassières* as a wisely added protection.

In some instances the spirit of adventure (or conquest, if you will) triumphed over the girls' better judgment. About ten years ago, a number of German girls took to boxing quite seriously. A few of them were put in training around Berlin and then displayed their wares in German night clubs. Newspapers at the time described a bout between a German *fraulein* and a scrapper from Vienna. Both were well trained, and the affair, when once under way, took on a "fight to a finish" aspect.

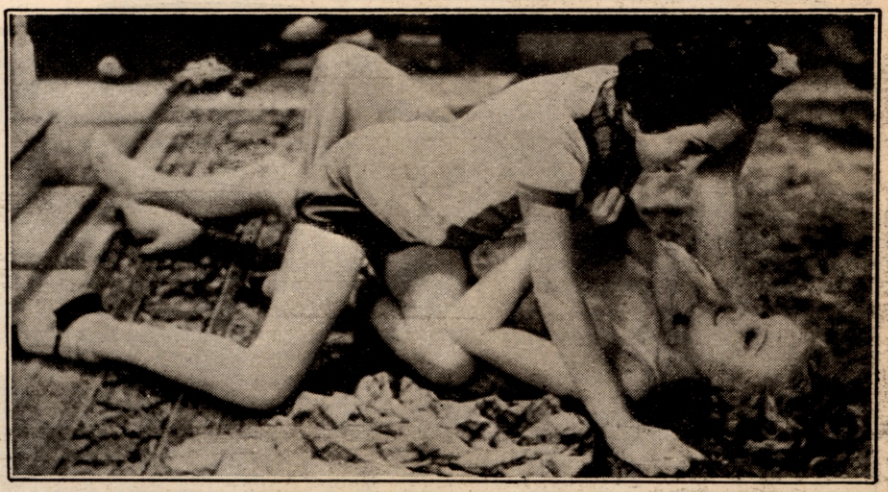
In one round, the Vienna girl smacked over a wicked body blow. It connected and the fair *fraulein* went down—a clean K.O. This affair savors too much of "blood and brawn." With all due respect to the girls' prowess as FIGHTERS, it seems that a scientific four- or five-round exhibition would have been preferable from every angle.

About 1927 or 1928 a group of five German girls appeared in New York City vaudeville shows. They had been recruited from Berlin night clubs and brought to America. They all proved to be good boxers and staged some fast exhibitions with the gloves.

* * *

AT various times I have seen lady boxers who showed remarkable ability, in side shows and carnival attractions. At a New Jersey carnival, a few years ago, two girls staged a fast two-round bout which ended in an honest-to-goodness fight. While both girls were traveling with the show, only one of them was on the side-show platform. Her manager challenged any girl in the audience to box three rounds with her for a five-dollar purse, in the same manner as he followed with his male performers.

The second girl, who was "planted" in the crowd, accepted the challenge. After being outfitted with bathing suits in the rear of the tent, the girls climbed into the ring. At the end of the second round, just as the gong sounded, one girl dropped her hands to go to her corner. Her opponent, who evidently did not hear the bell, swung a blow to the other's face and landed a stiff right to the nose. Disregarding the fact that the round had ended, both girls started slugging and continued until the referee and seconds succeeded in separating them. The third round was omitted and the affair called a draw.



The movies help along sport. Here is Sally O'Neil giving Virginia Cherrill a "going over" in a scene in "The Brat."

Girls engage in weekly wrestling bouts in the Yorkshire and Lancashire mills where the sport has become extremely popular. Here are two trying out the "firemen's hold."

At almost any prize fight held in a large city, one will observe the increasing number of feminine spectators. Training camps of fistic favorites teem with wide-eyed maids and matrons who willingly risk life and limb to get within earshot of the thudding leather. And—which seems vastly more important from a woman's viewpoint—some of them will cheerfully sacrifice a new bonnet and shawl to the whims of the elements while watching a champion go through the motions of a workout.

I once witnessed the ruination of many a tricky costume in a downpour which drove a number of male spectators to cover. The women stood firm with everything from soggy newspapers to infants' crib blankets draped around their shoulders! While some of the ladies may invade the fistic atmosphere simply to please the boy friend (or perhaps to keep an eye on him!), you may be certain that the majority of them really enjoy watching the bouts and that a certain percentage indulge in the sport themselves when, and if, the opportunity is given to them.

We are convinced that the day of public sparring exhibitions between girls is "just around the corner." The time will eventually arrive when sport fans will accept and enjoy three- and four-round sparring matches as a part of the feminine sport curriculum. Why not? Is there any sane reason why these clever ladies of the leather should continue to "hide their lights under a bushel"?

However, the male pugilists need have no fear that feminine competition will cause them to hang up the gloves and take to darning, rather than delivering, socks!

THE RING publisher has received many letters condemning the women's department, but let's be fair, boys. What harm is there in giving the girls a break?

Rickard Five Years Gone,

The Northern Saloon at Rawhide, Nev., which was owned by Rickard. This was the rendezvous of the gambling gentry of Rawhide, and it was at the Northern that Tex achieved the distinction of being the leading take-a-chance man of the sagebrush gold country.

By
NAT
FLEISCHER

FIVE years have passed since Tex Rickard went to his last round-up. Rickard passed away at Miami on January 6, 1929. At the time, it was felt that boxing had gained so great a headway that some good man would come along, pick up the game at the top of its momentum, and carry on in the lavish and successful Rickard manner.

But in the five years which have elapsed since Tex died, no man has developed to take his place.

No promoter with Rickard's acumen, gambling spirit, and ability to sense the big match and the public reaction has come along to replace him.

It is quite true that even Rickard would have had his hands full with boxing going through the years of depression which have hampered promoters in the last five years. Rickard died the very year that saw the grand smash-up in Wall Street and the opening of the dark era. However, Rickard conceivably would have overcome most of the obstacles which have balked promoters since 1929.

Here we have Rickard as he looked in the last months of his hectic career. A suave Tex this, mellowed, with the polish of Park Avenue.

The American public has proved that, if the show is good enough, it is willing enough and ready enough to spend the money.

Rickard very likely would have intrigued the public with the piquancy of his matches. He would have thrown into the arena that fine showmanship which the ring has missed since his death, and which was his main asset.

It was his showmanship which developed the Dempsey-Carpentier fight. The Frenchman was no real match for the Mauler, but Rickard made it the Battle of the Century.

It was Tex's showmanship that made so tremendous a fight out of the Dempsey-Firpo engagement. The Argentinian came here raw and untutored, but Tex saw his possibilities and his great potentialities, and staged the fight, in

and Still No Successor!

which Dempsey was knocked out of the ring.

Rickard originally was a gambler. In Nevada, in Alaska, he was known as a man who would take chances, and who was a square-shooter.

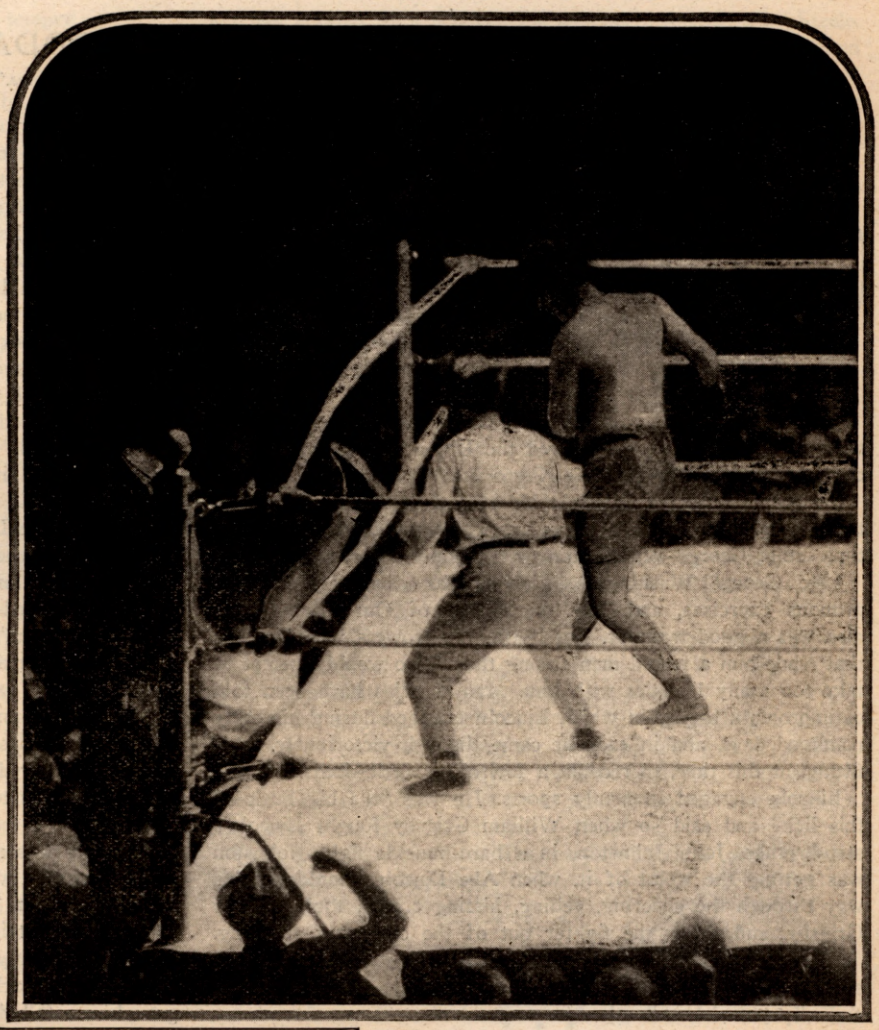
Five years have passed, and this is In Memoriam—A TRIBUTE TO THE GREATEST PROMOTER OF THEM ALL!

* * *

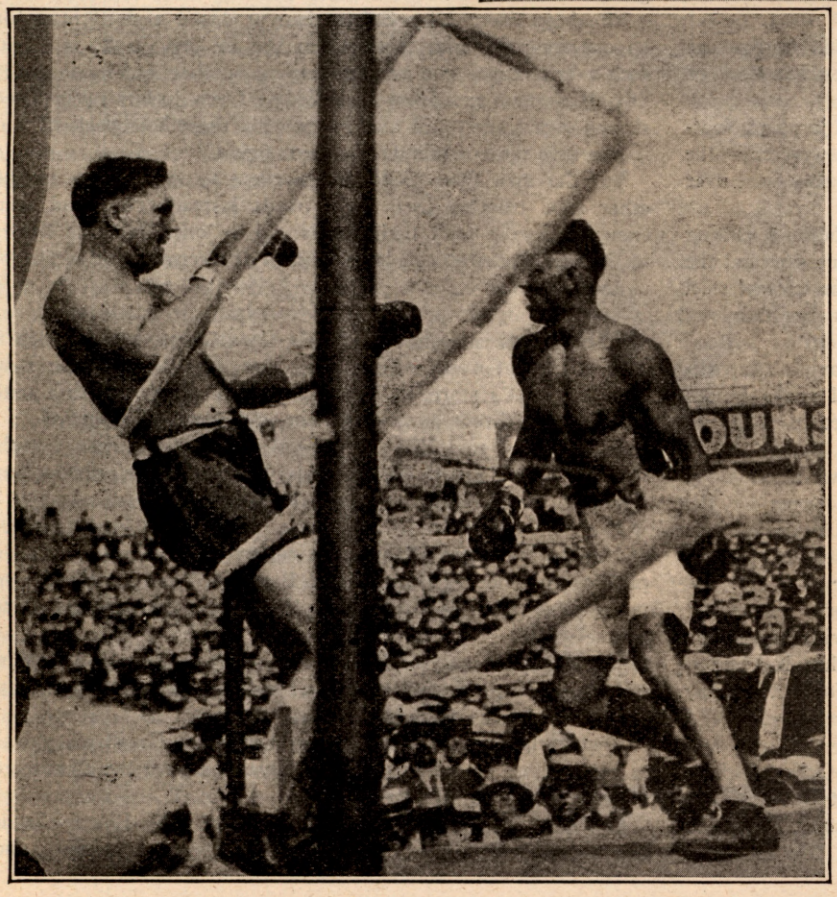
MOST folks think of Tex as a great promoter and business man. He was, but he was a dreamer, too—though a dreamer who made his visions come true. One of them was a great sport palace where women could come and be safe and as comfortable as they would have been in a theatre. That was one reason why he was willing to give his time unstintingly to such affairs as the Fund for Devastated France and the Milk Fund.

They meant nothing to him financially, but money, after all, was the smallest part of the game to Tex. He never found the making of money any great task, though the keeping of it was sometimes a bit more difficult.

"Money don't bother me," he said to me once. "I've had plenty at times and I've been broke on a good many occasions, too, but I never remember being bothered or thrilled either way in all my experiences.



Below—This picture shows the fight in which Rickard got his real start toward the big city and leadership as a fight promoter. It is a scene in the Dempsey-Willard bout at Toledo, in which Jack took the heavyweight title.



Here is the highlight of one of Rickard's masterpieces in promotion, the Dempsey-Firpo fight. We see Dempsey knocked through the ropes by the Wild Bull of the Pampas, otherwise known as the Celluloid Collar Kid.

"You have to have money to play the game, but you can't play golf without a ball, either. The ball itself doesn't give you any kick. It's what you do with it. It never took any nerve on my part to offer you a couple of hundred thousand or a half a million dollars for a fight, because I always felt pretty certain that I was going to get it back.

"I never found that it took nerve to fool with money. I came back from the Bonanza strike with $57,000, and opened a gambling house, and one night a bunch of the boys played certain numbers that came popping up, and by morning I didn't have a dime. So I went down to Rampart and made some more. Money! There's a lot more to the game than that."

One of the biggest things I found in the fight game was my friendship with Rickard. Talking with you, he'd let out a lot of philosophy like that—sound, homely philosophy that really meant something. I found that it did me a lot of good and it did everybody good that listened to him.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN—

By ALEXANDER STODDART

Author of "The History of the United States."

ON February 12, the American people will celebrate the century and a quarter anniversary of the birth of Abraham Lincoln, who was born in a one-room, one-window, dirt-floor cabin in the Kentucky backwoods, and rose to be sixteenth President of the United States. He made two great contributions to the people—he preserved the Union during a period of civil war and he liberated the Negro race from slavery.

Six feet four inches in height, he was our tallest President and the strongest in physical make-up, with an endurance greater than either George Washington or Theodore Roosevelt.

Like George Washington, Lincoln was extremely fond of arduous exercises, and, like the Father of Our Country, he also was a good wrestler. But it was his prowess with his fists that made him a feared man among those who would attempt to take too many liberties with him. Many stories have been told of impromptu battles in which Lincoln engaged during his early manhood days, and in each he came through victoriously. It is fitting, at this time, to recount a few of his fistic deeds.

Lincoln engaged in manly sports. He was "the big buck of this lick" and said so when William Grigsby fought Lincoln's step-brother, John Johnston, in a bare-knuckle fight. Johnston was getting the worst of it, when Abe Lincoln shouldered his way through the cheering, yelling, hissing crowd, took hold of Grigsby, and threw the fighter out of the center of the ring.

Then, defying the jeering mob, Abe, standing in the ring, said so that all could hear: "If any of you want to try it, come on and whet your horns."

* * *

THE time came when around Gentryville and in Spencer County, Ind., he won a reputation as the best "rassler" of them all—the champion.

In those days, when Lincoln was in his teens, in jumping, foot-racing, throwing the maul, pitching the crowbar, wrestling—the pioneer sports of the prairies—he frequently not only won over lads his age but over boys much older.

Long hours of work outdoors, clearing the timberland, cutting loose the brush, splitting rails, pulling the crosscut saw and the whipsaw, and driving the shovel-plow, had given muscles of steel to his long, lanky body (he was six feet two inches tall long before he reached his twenty-first year).

One neighbor's boy said of him, "He was the ganglin'est, awkwardest fellow that ever stepped over a ten-rail snake fence; he had to duck to get through a door; he appeared to be all j'ints."

On farms in Spencer County, he held his own at scuffling, knocking off hats, and wrestling. These were some of the pastimes indulged in when he helped neighbors at house raisings and log-rollings—the sports of men and boys at such pioneer meetings.

Lincoln was fast, strong, and keen in competition.

As a pioneer farmer's lad, he was familiar with harrowing, planting, hoeing, pulling fodder, milking cows, churning butter, and was adept with the scythe and the cradle for cutting hay and grain.

* * *

AFTER Lincoln's first flatboat trip to New Orleans, where the boat was sold, he left the steamer at St. Louis on his return home and walked inland to his Coles County, Ill., home.

Here Daniel Needham, who considered himself "the best man in the county," challenged Lincoln to a wrestling match. The match was open to the public, and friends of both men gathered in the "greenwood" at Wabash Point. Both men were six feet four inches in height. Each was a prairie panther.

Lincoln threw Needham twice. The latter's pride was hurt.

"Lincoln," said Needham, "you have thrown me twice, but you can't whip me."

"Needham," drawled Lincoln, "are you satisfied that I can throw you? If you are not, and must be convinced through a thrashing, I will do that, too, for your sake."

Needham stood undecided. Then he broke into a broad grin and said, "Well, I'll be damned." He held out his hand, and Lincoln clasped it.

* * *

WHEN Abe Lincoln moved to New Salem, Ill., the boys at the crossroads town looked him over. They wanted to know what stuff was in this giant.

They suggested a foot race with a man named Wolf.

"Trot him out," said Abe.

A place was marked off in the road and men took their places to see that the race was squarely run. Lincoln started off with his big stride, and Wolf used him as a pacemaker but, when Wolf tried to pass him near the final goal, Abe let himself out, and Wolf never did catch up until Abe was declared the winner.

Next, he was to "rassle" with a man from the town of Little Grove.

A square was marked off and Abe said, "All right, let's go."

The two men were in marked contrast to each other. Abe was literally a giant. The other was short and stocky and, the moment he was stripped for action, he ran at Abe like a battering ram. Suddenly Abe stepped aside, caught the man from Little Grove by the back of his neck, threw him heels over head, and gave him a fall that took all the "rassling" out of him.

The boys from New Salem then produced a third man for an out and out fight. It angered Abe to have to do it all in such a brief time—one event following another and he shouted: "Bring on your man from Sand Ridge. I can do him up in three shakes of a sheep's tail and I can whip the whole pack of you if you give me ten minutes between fights."

But the man from Sand Ridge came up with some of the other men, offering their right hands instead. They had seen enough. Lincoln took their hands one by one. Said the leader of the group: "Abe, you have sand in your craw. You're one of us from now on."

* * *

THE news came to the Clary's Grove boys, who lived in a settlement four miles away, that Abe Lincoln the new clerk at Offut's store, at New Salem, "can outrun, outlift, outwrestle, and throw down any man in Sangamon County."

"Is that so," said Bill Clary, who ran a saloon near Offut's store. "I've got $10 to bet that Abe Lincoln couldn't throw our champion, Jack Armstrong."

The bet was taken by a Lincoln adherent. A day was set and men came from all over the country—some for a distance of fifty miles to see the match. Bets ran from jackknives to money and treats of whiskey. A level place near Offut's store was selected.

Lincoln was twenty-one years old, weighed about 180 pounds, and had attained his full height, which was six feet four inches, "when the knicks were rolled out."

Armstrong was short and powerful in build. His strategy was to get in close on his man, where he would have the advantage of his thick, muscular strength.

Lincoln sized him up. The match started with Lincoln holding him off with his long arms, wearing down his strength, and

THE PRAIRIE PANTHER

Armstrong got out of breath. Then he lost his temper.

Armstrong fouled by stamping on Lincoln's right foot and instep with his boot heel.

This exasperated Lincoln. A patient man, he, too, lost his temper. He was so aroused by Armstrong's foul tactics that he lifted his adversary up by the throat and off the ground.

The young prairie panther shook him as if he was a rag and then slammed him to a hard fall, flat on his back.

The Clary's Grove boys, seeing their champion on the ground, and their bets lost, started to swarm in on Lincoln. Lincoln stepped back until his back was against a wall, braced himself, and told the gang he was "ready for them."

Jack Armstrong, recovering himself, got up, rushed forward and told his friends from Clary's Grove the fight was "fair," Lincoln had won, and he added in admiration, "He's the best feller that ever broke into this settlement."

That was the beginning of Jack Armstrong's friendship for Abraham Lincoln.

* * *

THE sequel of this story should be told because it shows Lincoln at his best—a man who never forgot a kindness. When Lincoln became a surveyor, he employed Jack Armstrong as his assistant. In January, 1834, Russel Godbey paid Lincoln for a surveying job two buckskins. He took them to Hannah Armstrong, Jack's wife, and, while Lincoln rocked the baby's cradle and told the children stories to chuckle over, Hannah sewed the buckskins on the inner lower part of his trousers, "fixed the pants," as the saying was, so that between the ankles and knees, Lincoln would have better protection in briars and brush.

Let the story now leap forward to September 4, 1857, when Lincoln in the midst of politics, wrote this letter:

"Dear Mrs. Armstrong:

"I have just heard of your deep affliction, and the arrest of your son for murder.

"I can hardly believe that he can be capable of the crime charged against him.

"It does not seem possible. I am anxious that he should be given a fair trial at any rate; and gratitude for your long continued kindness to me in adverse circumstances prompts me to offer my humble services gratuitously in his behalf.

"It will afford me an opportunity to requite, in a small degree, the favors I have received at your hands and that of your lamented husband, when your roof afforded me a grateful shelter, without money and without price."

* * *

BRIEFLY told, William Armstrong, nicknamed Duff, a son of Jack and Hannah Armstrong, was a steady customer, for several days, of whiskey sold by Thomas Steele at a shack a mile away from where a religious camp meeting was held. (It was a law that whiskey could not be sold less than a mile from a camp meeting.)

Duff Armstrong was asleep on a dry-goods box, when a man named Metzker came in and dragged Armstrong from the box, feet first. Armstrong got up and swore.

Metzker answered: "Don't be a damn fool, come on and have a drink."

They went to the bar. Each ordered whiskey. It was served, and Armstrong had the glass to his lips when suddenly Metzker threw the whiskey from his glass into Armstrong's face and eyes.

As soon as Armstrong wiped the liquor out of his eyes on his shirt, he let out with his right, hit Metzker in the face, and knocked him flat. Then he lifted his foot to stamp his boots on Metzker when Steele pulled Armstrong away.

As feeling cooled off, Armstrong lay down on the box again and fell asleep. This did not end the trouble. Armstrong's friend, Jim Norris, came along, had a few drinks with Metzker and another fight started; the men were separated by Steele.

Finally Steele gave Metzker a pint bottle of whiskey and started him off on his horse to the home of Ed Ormie, three miles away, where Metzker was staying. Metzker fell off the horse and had to be boosted up again.

Metzker reached Ormie's house, went to bed, and after five days' sickness, died. A coroner's jury decided he died from a blow over the eye, caused by a blunt instrument.

* * *

ONE witness for Metzker that Lincoln examined testified that he saw Armstrong make the thrust that killed his victim. Lincoln's examination was brief, all for the purpose of setting the time. Said Lincoln to the witness:

"Do I understand you to say that the murder was committed about half past nine o'clock and the moon was shining at the time?"

"Yes, that is what I mean to say."

"Very well, that is all."

The counsel for the Commonwealth of Illinois considered that the evidence was too strong against Armstrong to admit of a reasonable doubt of his guilt; therefore, his plea was short and formal.

Then came Lincoln's turn. He reviewed the testimony, pointed out discrepancies, and then, pitching his voice in a higher key as if to annihilate his client's accuser, he said:

"And he testifies that the moon was shining brightly when the deed was perpetrated between the hours of nine and ten o'clock, when the moon did not appear on that night, as your honor's almanac will show, until an hour or more later, and, consequently, the whole story is a fabrication."

Then Lincoln sat down. The jury deliberated and declared Lincoln's client "not guilty."

* * *

A BULLY once went into Offut's store at New Salem with the purpose of engaging Lincoln in a fight and coming out the winner. He was familiar with the fact that Lincoln had thrown Jack Armstrong, the boss of "Clary's Grove boys" but he felt he was a better man than Armstrong.

Lincoln was waiting on two women customers, when the bully, with offensive profanity, sought to provoke a quarrel. Lincoln said if he would wait until he had attended to the wants of the customers, he "would give him any satisfaction he desired."

The women having departed, Lincoln faced the bully, who would not be put off without a fight.

"Well," said Lincoln, "if you must be whipped, I suppose I may as well whip you as any other man."

Lincoln made short work of him. He threw him on the ground, held him there, and, gathering some "smartweed" which grew on the spot, he rubbed it on the bully's face and eyes until he cried with pain.

* * *

IN the Black Hawk War, Nathan M. Thompson, nicknamed "Dow," Captain Henry L. Webb's Company of Union County Volunteers, was considered the strongest man. Sangamon's candidate was Abraham Lincoln. A wrestling match was decided upon as a test of strength.

After struggling along with no advantage either way, Lincoln, said, "This is the strongest man I ever met."

The men, after a pause, went to it again and for the first time in his life Lincoln was thrown. A second time Lincoln was thrown but the Sangamon lads cried, "Foul." They took off their coats.

The boys from Union County said, "We'll see if it was," and shed their coats.

Lincoln stopped hostilities by saying: "Boys, give up your bets. If this man hasn't thrown me fairly, he could." Lincoln said afterwards that Thompson was the strongest man he ever met.

PUGILISM'S PROGRESS

By CHARLES F. MATHISON

(This is the third of a series by Charles F. Mathison, noted authority on boxing, written for THE RING *a few weeks before his death. In the articles, he traces the various blows used from the bare-knuckle period to the present time.—Editor's Note.)*

SINCE the adoption of rules for conducting boxing under legislative acts in most of the states of our country, the brutalized form of sport indulged in under the less stringent codes of years ago is a thing of the past. The unfair tactics which fighters used to gain an advantage over each other no longer are permissible. The gouging, biting, kicking, hair-pulling, and what-not of the London Rules period have been done away with, and what we see today is meek compared to what we of the old school witnessed. Yet we occasionally have the reformers on our necks because in their opinion boxing is both dangerous and brutal. Shades of the bare-knuckle bruisers!

John Morrissey, an expert in "give-him-the-nut" treatment and the use of the skull block.

Defensive tactics in bare-knuckle fights had as their object to a large extent the crippling of an opponent. The hands were the subject of constant attention, as a broken fist spelled defeat for the victim. Perhaps the most ingenious method employed to put a fighter's "bunch of fives" out of commission was contained in the phrase "give him the nut."

It should not be understood that this ceremony involved the transfer of a handful of pecans or filberts from one fighter to another. The nut referred to was the skull of the donor, and the operation consisted of holding the head in such a manner as to catch the fist of an opponent on the head just at the point where the forehead and hair met. As few of the valiant bare-knuckle gladiators could boast of expansive brows, they were safe in meeting the fist of an opponent with any part of the cranium above the eyes.

* * *

MANY of the London rules fighters were very expert in blocking blows with their heads. Instead of parrying a lead with their arms, ducking, slipping, or sidestepping, the fighter of the past would simply bend his neck and permit the blow to land with full force on the solidest part of the skull. A few applications of the "give-him-the-nut" treatment usually proved sufficient to ruin a fist, no matter how thoroughly pickled it might be.

John Morrissey, a notable figure of the London ring, and the only bare-knuckle fighter elected to the Congress of the United States, was particularly clever in the use of the "give-him-the-nut" defense, and was victor in many a battle through that medium. Morrissey, however, was a strategist, and he won the greatest fight of his career by reason of his ring generalship. Morrissey conceived of an improvement on the skull block, and he put it into execution at the expense of John C. Heenan, probably the greatest bare-knuckle fighter ever produced in America. Morrissey, the champion, was a short man, standing not more than 5 feet 7½ inches and weighing about 172 pounds. Heenan, on the other hand, was a six-footer and weighed 190 pounds. The Benicia Boy, as Heenan was known, hit with terrific force and was so fast on his feet his opponents could not evade the issue. Therefore Morrissey realized he could win only through strategy, and he laid his plans accordingly. Heenan rushed at Morrissey in the opening round and shot straight blows with pile-driving force at the smaller man.

The ring-posts in those days were stout wooden posts driven solidly into the turf. Morrissey selected one of the ring-posts as his chief ally. Driven about the ring by the tornadic attack of Heenan, Morrissey suddenly stopped with his back against a ring-post.

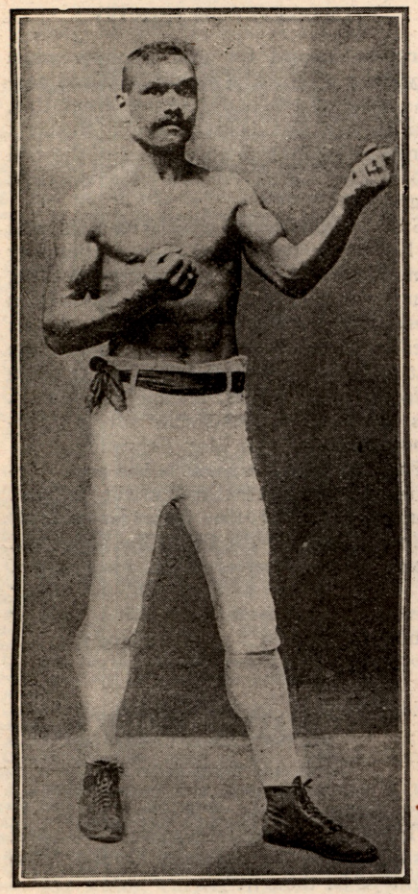
This gave the impression to Heenan that Morrissey was ready to surrender, and the big fellow measured his smaller opponent for a decisive punch. Heenan, exerting all his force, let fly his right straight from the shoulder.

Had the blow landed on Morrissey's face it doubtless would have ended the battle then and there. But the blow failed to hit

(Continued on page 43)

This exemplifies the type of rough-house fighting permissible under the London Prize Ring Rules.

Great Negro Fighters



George Godfrey, "Old Chocolate"

By ED. W. SMITH

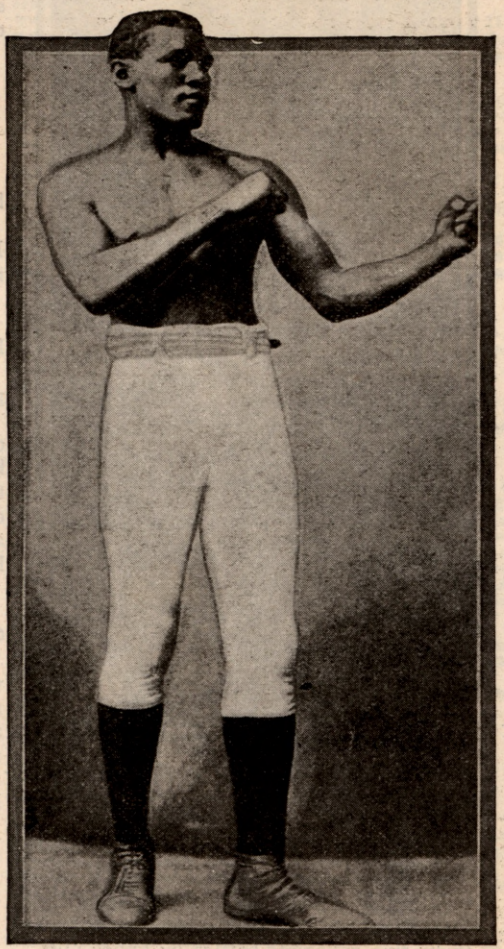
Famous Referee of America's Golden Era of Boxing

NOW and then memories drift back to bring up the name of Peter Jackson. Immediately I am thinking of one of boxing history's finest gentlemen and certainly its GREATEST COLORED FIGHTER.

And that's taking in a whole universe so far as territory is concerned. There have been dozens of great colored fighters from the lowest divisions to the very topmost, and there is no inexorable law with which to sit in fair judgment of them, bridged from one decade to another. The whole thing as far as I am concerned, though, is summed up in that one opinion. I think Peter was The Greatest!

It was a pleasure to know this man, a delight to write of him and of his many ring exploits. He had more innate manners and finer inner feelings than any heavyweight I've known since. He was a gentleman to the manor born and never displayed a thing that was objectionable. While entirely self-effacing and modest, he had polished himself through association with the finest folks of both Australia and England long before he came to this country.

Though a West Indian by birth and an Australian by boxing produce, his name is inseparably connected with California because some of his greatest battles were fought in the Golden State.



Peter Jackson in his prime

No one who has delved at all into the ancient doings of boxing can ever forget the great sixty-one-round battle he had in San Francisco with Jim Corbett, fighting over forty rounds of it with a sprained ankle.

Corbett never saw fit to give the old chap a return match though they were signed up at least twice. This embittered the sensitive black giant and was intensified by the cruelly uncalled-for snubs given him by John L. Sullivan when Peter was a legitimate and a well-supported challenger for the title.

BUT it was an earlier battle, in which Jackson engaged, that we would speak of at this time—his finish fight on August 4, 1888, with George Godfrey, the original, at the old California A. C. in San Francisco.

This was undoubtedly the first fight—and it was to a finish, too, for California permitted such things at the time—for the colored heavyweight championship of the world.

L. R. Fulda was president of the wealthy organization at the time and made all the matches. His name was synonymous with all that was great and mighty in boxing at that time, his club the final word. It was considered a high honor to be "invited" to appear there, and any fighter so invited accepted it as something of a command. The California club had little or no organized opposition and gave the highest in purses.

Yet Jackson and Godfrey, then two of the truly greats of the business, fought for a matter of $1,500!

That wouldn't be even expense money for a heavyweight champion or even a contender in the recent day of the million-dollar gate. It was considered a fine recompense in those unselfish days. And they fought on a 60-40 winner and loser basis, too, something unheard of in years and years.

Jackson won in the nineteenth round. It was not then considered a knock-out for the result went out as "could not continue." Now it would be a technical or even a plain knock-out. Godfrey just stopped. He could go no further.

* * *

PETER was twenty-seven years old at the time and Godfrey thirty-five, but nothing was thought of that for Godfrey, then known affectionately around Boston and elsewhere as "Old Chocolate," was considered the best man that could be produced at the time, at least in the East, outside of John L. Sullivan.

The weights gave the Australian quite a pull, too. He weighed 196 in perfect shape, whereas Godfrey seldom went over 170. Nothing much was thought of that either at that time. Jackson also had three inches in height over his foe, standing 6 feet 1½.

They hadn't gone over eight rounds of the fastest sparring ever seen between big fellows up to that time before it was plain that Peter outclassed George in almost every department of the game—yes, every one with the single exception of courage. Godfrey had the heart and the instincts of a lion when the battle was on.

It was for this reason and one other that the fierce affair went as far as it did. From the very start the fighting was simply terrific. Godfrey saw at once that his best chance was to get in close and keep going hard for the body. The other reason was that Jackson was one of the most merciful of fighters, never knocking a man out completely unless compelled by stress of circumstances.

While Godfrey elected to make an *(Continued on page 43)*

Coming Stars

(*Continued from page* 13)

not a slugger, Red will trade punches any time he gets in a tight spot. He was knocked out once when he got into a jamboree with Tony Galento, heavy-fisted Newark fat boy, but since then he has won eight in a row.

Sirutis, a New York University graduate, is a big fellow, well over six feet tall and weighing more than 200. His fault is a lack of aggressiveness, though that seemed to have been overcome recently when he took a fight with Massare on twenty-four hours' notice and gave Charlie a close run.

* * *

LOU AMBERS, born Louis D'Ambrosia, an Italian-American of Herkimer, N. Y., is a real gem in the lightweight class. Ambers seems to have everything—speed, punch, and skill. He is a most pleasing fighter with a busy style and is able to cope with any tactics his opponent may employ. His best recent triumph was at the expense of the Coco Kid, whom he floored several times.

Ambers learned his Queensberry ABC's in a rough school, the bootleg boxing clubs. In one of those bouts he won from Frankie Wallace, clever young Cleveland featherweight. Since entering the legitimate competition Ambers has had twenty-four fights in a year and a half and has yet to be defeated. Among those he has beaten are Joey Costa, Phil Rafferty, Honey Mellody, Paris Apiece, and Johnny Gaito.

Ambers is a repeater, meaning that promoters like to bring him back. He has boxed five main events in one club at Holyoke, Mass.

Another lightweight comer is Eddie Dolan, southpaw from Waterbury, winner of 100 straight. He chalked up that 100th victory at the expense of Harry Carlton of Jersey City.

Dolan is managed by Tom Turley, a veteran promoter. He began boxing at the age of thirteen. He originally intended to become a priest and put in one year at the LaSallette Seminary at Hartford, Conn. He started as an amateur and was beaten only four times in about 150 starts.

Dolan is a serious young man of twenty-one years, whose ambition is to earn enough money with his fists to take care of his mother and the rest of the family. He is a highly conscientious trainer. He pays especial attention to road work, turning out every morning at six o'clock, rain or shine, for a five-mile jaunt on the road.

* * *

JOHNNY BONITO and Charlie Badami, who recently put on a red-hot battle in Madison Square Garden with a close decision going to Badami, are two young New York lightweights who seem to be headed somewhere. Badami specializes on a rapid-fire left hook. Bonito is a good all-round boxer. After winning several amateur titles Bonito turned professional and made good from the jump. In thirty-one professional contests he has taken eighteen decisions, scored seven knock-outs, lost three decisions, and gone to a draw three times.

Joe Kaminski, a Nanticoke, Pa., boy of Polish descent, has never boxed in his home state, but has campaigned regularly in New England and has made himself a big card there. Kaminski's specialty is beating fighters managed by Johnny Buckley, the Boston bigwig. Joe so far has trimmed five of Buckley's boys and is hoping Johnny digs up more victims for him. Kaminski is a good puncher and tough as pig iron.

Last summer Lou Brouillard was offered $3,500 to box Kaminski in an overweight match at Springfield, Mass., but turned it down. That's a good tip-off as to Kaminski's quality.

Another young middleweight who is highly regarded is Joe Moran, former star athlete at Syracuse University, where he won letters in three sports. He held the intercollegiate middleweight championship for two years. He won twenty-seven of his thirty-two collegiate battles by knock-outs.

Moran is unique in the respect that he has never boxed except in a main event since he turned professional a few months ago under the management of Bowtie Jimmy Bronson. All three of his professional starts have been in Syracuse, where he is the big noise. In his most recent bout he walloped Hans Mueller, having the tough German on the floor seven times. Take it from Bronson, here is one college boxer who is going to make a name for himself on the big time.

King Levinsky, the Chicago heavyweight, gained ground in 1933 and places fourth.

Fearless Basque

(Continued from page 15)

European record for gate receipts when they drew a crowd of eighty thousand persons who paid $112,000. Aside from this, Paulino can also boast of being the first European to fight another boxer of the Old World for the World's Heavyweight Championship.

Still another boast of Uzcudun is that he has never taken part in a preliminary bout. He twice held the European title, winning it the second time in 1933 from Pierre Charles, and losing it a few months later to Carnera. Paulino lost the title the first time by his failure to defend it when called upon to do so. At that time Umski was in America preparing for his all-important bout with Max Schmeling.

The purpose of this article has been solely to give credit where credit is due. Paulino Uzcudun, the fistic idol of all Spain, is fully worthy of all the glory and money he has received in his ring career. He never threw a fight and he never showed the slightest fear. What greater commendation can a pugilist receive?

Strong Boy

(Continued from page 24)

heavy hunting boots.

"Howdy, stranger," he grinned, "reckon I stopped the wrong feller again. Who might ye be though?"

I told him my business.

"So yo' air that wrestlin' feller I done heer'd about?"

I assured the mountaineer I was that person.

"Wal'," he said, "I'll jest give Dave a call ter show things air right." He raised his hands and sent out a low musical cry that I judged, however, would carry far down the road. "Yo' know stranger," he advised grinning wide, "hit hain't jest healthy to run hereabouts now."

* * *

WONDERING, I asked the reason.

"Wal', feller, last night at Mammoth Spring, Clem Johnson an' his pals stuck up th' bank. One of 'em was killed and two captured. Clem escaped an' we reckon is round hereabouts."

"So that is why you shot," I exclaimed, amazed.

"Yep, stranger," and a tense, grim smile showed, "an' yo' know hit's dam healthy fer yo' that ye stopped. Bank's offerin' two hundred dollars fer Clem—dead or alive."

I gave up my workout for the day.

Johnson was captured many days later, ragged and half starved. Judge Howard gave him thirty years in prison.

Clem Johnson, hill-billy, strong-boy, are you still only a number? Folks have told me the mountain men do not live long in jail. You made a great try but you did not gather any of your smart money. I am sure by now, Clem, you have gone to that far distant vale where it is not used.

You were a great strong-boy and I think would have beaten me at any old style of wrestling.

IN OUR QUESTION BOX

By NAT FLEISCHER

Harold Smith, Kalamazoo, Mich.

Q.—How much is a manager entitled to? Does he have to pay the expenses of his fighter?

A.—A manager is entitled to 33 1/3% under most state rules if he has a contract with his boy. It is his duty to pay out all expenses and then the amount he spends should be taken out of the purse before he and the boy split their share. You will find all of this fully explained and many more fine points in Nat Fleischer's book "How to Second and How to Manage a Fighter."

H. Robin, Chicago, Ill.

Q.—Who would win a bout between Art Lasky and Abe Feldman?

A.—Toss-up.

Q.—Who would win a bout between Davey Day and Wesley Ramey?

A.—Ramey.

Q.—How old is Benny Bass?

A.—Twenty-eight years old.

Q.—What is the nationality of Jackie Brown, recognized as Europe's Flyweight champion?

A.—English.

H. C. 56 South Park, San Francisco, Calif.

Q.—Why are most fighters through at thirty years? Is it a matter of age, or do they burn themselves out?

A.—They are burned out. The energy used in the ring won't permit a fighter to retain his stamina more than an average of ten years.

Q.—Was Jimmy De Forest at one time a great prize fighter? What are the Golden Rules for an athlete?

A.—No. A noted trapezist and later a noted trainer. Only one Golden Rule—Keep in good physical condition.

Q.—Did Bartley Madden ever fight as a middleweight and did he ever fight Johnny Wilson?

A.—No.

Q.—Whom did Freddy Welsh win the lightweight title from, and where?

A.—Willie Ritchie, London, England.

Q.—What do you think of Don McCorkindale's chances for the heavyweight crown?

A.—McCorkindale is a good fighter, but he'll never be a world champion.

Q.—If Corbett and Dempsey were still active, could they beat Carnera?

A.—They would—easily.

Q.—Where and what are the following doing now: Kid McCoy, Carpentier, Jack Johnson?

A.—Kid McCoy is working for the Ford Motor Company; Carpentier is making a comeback in France; and Jack Johnson is at present idle but expects to open a Beer Garden in New York.

Thomas Foyle

Q.—Has there ever been a case where a referee dropped dead in the ring? If so, what action was taken in the judging of the fight?

A.—No, I know of none. Such a thing might happen and in that case it would be the duty of the boxing commission where the bout is staged to have one of the judges or the knockdown timekeeper take the place of the referee. In New York, the knockdown timer is usually a referee.

Archie Stillman, Norfolk, Va.

Q.—Was Tommy Burns ever recognized as the world champion?

A.—Yes. When the Muldoon-Tunney trophy was donated by Messrs. Tunney and Muldoon, there was considerable controversy over this point. Bernard Gimbel, head of the committee in charge of the listing of champions on the trophy, finally let the matter be decided by a competent committee of newspapermen. I was among them and I presented letters from the late Bill Naughton to prove that the battle between Tommy Burns and Marvin Hart, claimant of the title, was for the world championship.

Even if that were not the case, Burns would have to be recognized because of what he did later.

He beat Philadelphia Jack O'Brien at Los Angeles in twenty rounds, then took into camp Bill Squires in one round, and then, to further clinch his claim to world recognition, he disposed of every foreigner who stood in his way, and finally was knocked out by Jack Johnson on December 26, 1908, at Rushcutter's Bay, Sydney, Australia. If Tommy had not been the champion, then Johnson would not have been the title-holder when he fought Jim Jeffries. Jack was, however, for most of the newspapers recognized him as such and Jeff, in his comeback role, as the challenger.

West Street, Albany, N. Y.

Q.—Is Paddy McDermott of Brooklyn, who fought Dave Davidson at Boston, 1876, still alive? What year was he born? Was he a welterweight or a middleweight and mention two or three other fights participated in?

A.—Sorry, we have no record of him. Perhaps some one will see this and tell me.

A. Paul, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Q.—How can I write to A.A.U.?

A.—Woolworth Building, New York City.

Q.—If I joined a gymnasium, would they take care of my amateur business?

A.—No. That's up to you unless you join a club.

Q.—Would you rate Stanley Ketchel as the best fighter of them all, barring weight, and Jack Dempsey as the best heavyweight since Sullivan, and Jack Sharkey ahead of Schmeling and Carnera?

A.—No, I think Fitz was the greatest all-around star. He was holder of three titles. Ketchel was a powerful hitter, but Jack Johnson was a far greater fighter. So was Joe Walcott and also Sam Langford. Fitz and Johnson were greater than Dempsey for all-around ability. Schmeling was least of the three named.

J. M. Westport, Conn.

Q.—At what weight and division would I box if I scale 142 pounds?

A.—Welterweight.

Q.—Will my speed help me in any way in boxing?

A.—Yes. Considerably.

Q.—I have two fingers which I put out of place boxing about a year ago, will these hurt my boxing? They do not bother me now.

A.—They might eventually, if you hit hard.

Archie Stone, Adelaide, Australia

Q.—Was Young Griffo ever world featherweight champion?

A.—No. He held the Australian title.

Q.—What was his real name and where was he born? How tall was he and, when he was in his prime, at what weight did he usually fight?

A.—Albert Griffiths. Born in Miller's Point, Sydney, N.S.W. in 1871, stood 5 feet 4 inches and scaled about 134. He fought both as a featherweight and as a lightweight and never had an equal as a clever fighter. Had he kept away from booze and trained faithfully, he would have been a world champion.

Thomas Cardova, Milwaukee, Wis.

Q.—My left shoulder is higher than my right. Will this be a handicap to me as a fighter? How can I overcome this?

A.—No. You can overcome it by exercising that shoulder to bring it back to normal. Hold a 50-pound bar-bell in the left hand so that the shoulder will be drawn downward. This exercise will aid. Above all, however, when walking, try to walk with both shoulders on a level. You can force yourself to do this until, unconsciously, you'll be straightening the shoulder.

Here's an exercise: Stand at attention and with right hand in an upright position, fingers pointing straight upwards, touch the side of your left foot with the fingers of the left hand. Do this as often as you can during the day. You'll soon find a change in that left shoulder. It will be placed in its proper position.

Mae Thornton, San Francisco, Calif.

Q.—I am a well-developed girl of considerable athletic ability. I love to box, wrestle, row, swim, and play tennis. In fact, I'm an all-around athlete with particular fondness for boxing. But—and here is my trouble—I get very winded after a ten-minute workout with the gloves and I tire around the shoulders. How can I overcome this? Will athletics of the kind I follow, be injurious to my health?

A.—Well, Mae, I'm mighty glad to hear of your prowess. How I do love to see Miss America as an athlete. You are on the right trail. I have a thirteen-year-old daughter who is proficient in many branches of athletics, and I hope that when she enters college she'll show her prowess for her Alma Mater.

As for your wind, I would advise that you take long hikes. If you ride the bicycle, that will help you. In walking, take a route that will carry you up and down hills.

When you say that you get winded after ten minutes of boxing, then you are simply no different from thousands of others. Ten minutes of boxing naturally will make you tired. Don't mind a thing like that. Even the best of pros get that feeling.

Athletics will not injure your health, provided, of course, you don't overdo it. Good, wholesome recreation is just as essential to the building of the human body as is the building up of your brain. The finest type mothers are those who have kept their bodies physically fit. Keep it up, Mae. Wish there were more like you.

Jos. Schnall, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Q.—I have a copy of your "Training for Boxers" and find that you mention how to strengthen the hands. I wonder if that same solution is good for the feet? I do a lot of walking and standing and my feet are weak.

A.—No. If your feet are weak, it is probably the arches that have affected you. I would advise that if that is the case you wear arch supporters.

Q.—What sentence did the fellow who murdered Stanley Ketchel get?

A.—Life.

Q.—Who was the most scientific boxer of all times?

A.—No one man. In the classes: Mace, Corbett, Ryan, McCoy, Britton, Gans, Leonard, Terris, Driscoll, Wilde.

Q.—Which is the harder, a glove or a bare-knuckle blow?

A.—Knuckles cut; glove stuns and is more effective.

Q.—Who is the best Italian boxer now?

A.—Carnera.

Q.—What are the correct names of Peter Latzo, Mike Ballerino, Paddy Ryan, Brooklyn Tommy Sullivan, and Dave Sullivan?

A.—All correct excepting Patrick Ryan.

Q.—Who was Jack McAuliffe's opponent on April 15, 1885, when he won the title, and in what round did he win?

A.—April 15, 1885. This was an amateur tournament in which McAuliffe defeated three men. On May 11, 1885, McAuliffe defeated Harry White. The victor challenged Jimmy Mitchen to fight for the American lightweight title. Mitchen declined, and McAuliffe claimed title. On November 16, 1887, McAuliffe and Jim Carney, British champion, fought at Revere Beach, Mass., for world's title. The bout went seventy-four rounds and was called a draw by the referee after ring ropes were cut and crowds stopped contest. McAuliffe was thoroughly whipped. That was McAuliffe's only chance to win the world's championship. His claim to that honor has no foundation in fact.

Ernest Berry, Detroit, Mich.

Q.—(1) What were the weights of Jimmy Wilde and Pal Moore in their fight in London, 1919? (2) What were the weights of Jimmy Wilde and Pancho Villa in their fight in New York in 1923? (3) What year was Sam Hurst champion of England?

A.—(1) Wilde, 111; Moore, 118. (2) Wilde, 111; Villa, 110. (3) "Staleybridge Infant" defeated Tom Paddock in 1860. Mace defeated Hurst in 1861.

Joe Griffo, New York

Q.—What are the nationalities of Berlenbach, Soloman, Dundee, Babe Herman, Terris, Jack Bernstein, Jim Sigman, and Dan O'Connell?

A.—German, Syrian-Jew, Italian, Portuguese-Italian, Hebrew, Hebrew, American, Irish.

James Onderdonk, Passaic, N. J.

Q.—What were the fighting measurements of Jimmy Slattery?

A.—Height, 6 feet 1 inch; weight, 165; reach, 76; neck, 16; chest normal, 37; chest expanded, 39; waist, 30; biceps, 12½; wrist, 7; thigh, 19½; calf, 14; angle, 9½.

A Fight Fan, New York City

Q.—Did the late George Daly ever whip Carl Diane? Was he the only one to beat him? What was the date?

A.—Yes. No. In 1923.

Jack Harvey, Utica, N. Y.

Q.—What is the address of Dan Hickey, former manager of Berlenbach?

A.—Corona, L. I.—He died recently.

A Reader, Meriden, Conn.

Q.—(1) Are the Twin Sullivans still alive? (2) What are the nationalities of Gene Tunney, Young Stribling, Jack Sharkey, Jim Maloney, and Jimmy Goodrich?

A.—(1) Yes. Living in Cambridge, Mass. In trucking business. (2) Irish-American, American, Lithuanian-American, Irish-American, Irish-American.

Binghamton, N. Y.

Q.—(1) What are the nationalities of Dave Shade, Alex Hart, Nat Pincus? (2) Was Red Chapman a featherweight?

A.—(1) Irish-American, Irish-American, Hebrew-American. (2) Yes.

A Reader, Brooklyn N. Y.

Q.—What has become of Packey O'Gatty?

A.—Retired. Last heard from was working on a boat as physical training instructor.

Oscar, New York City.

Q.—(1) Was Bill Squires ever champion of Australia? (2) Was Carl Morris ever knocked out? (3) What titles did Abe the Newsboy hold?

A.—(1) Yes. (2) Four times. (3) Navy champion in several divisions.

Tom Smith, Rochester, N. Y.

Q.—What are the nationalities of Babe Ruth of Philadelphia; Dave Shade, Tod Morgan, and King Solomon?

A.—Italian-American. Irish-American, Irish-American, Syrian-Jew.

A Reader, New York City.

Q.—I am twenty-one years old and don't smoke or drink. Do you think it is too late for me to start fighting? My friends tell me I'm good.

A.—No.

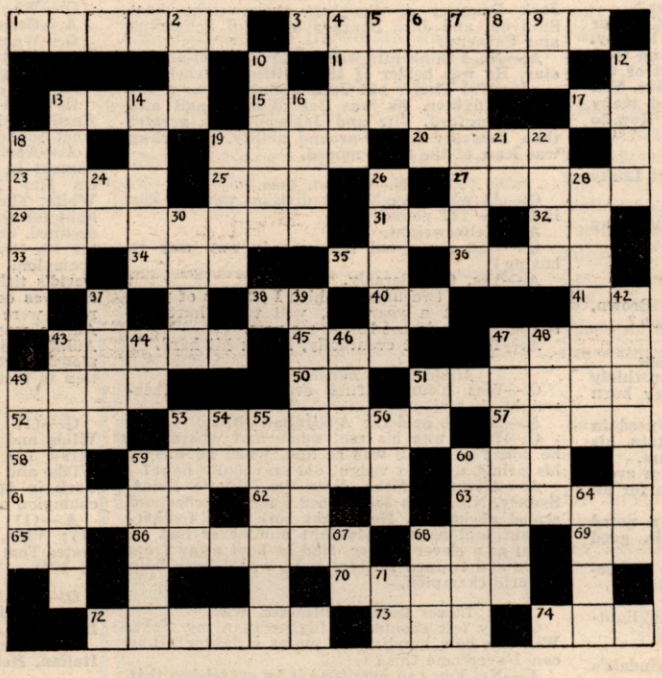
Arlie Klein, Springfield, Ill.

Q.—I have short, stubby legs and find it difficult to do road work without tiring. How can I overcome this?

A.—The size of your legs shouldn't affect you to that extent. Apparently your wind is short and you have not been training properly. If you take long walks and try to get the spring into the walk, you'll overcome this. Don't walk flat-footed nor walk or run with a pounding on the heels.

CROSS WORDS

CAN YOU SOLVE THEM?



HORIZONTAL

1. Wrestler who specialized in the body slam and spread eagle.
3. Holder of the light-heavy title in 1928.
11. Orders.
13. Stamp used in coining money.
15. A wasp.
17. A state (Abbr.).
18. Member of the Union (Abbr.).
19. Sailors.
20. A bark.
23. A continent.
25. A short poem.
27. Wrestling matches are decided by these.
29. Heavyweight champion in 1900.
31. An animal.
32. American Engineers.
33. All correct.
34. Telephone (Abbr.).
35. A state (Abbr.).
36. Catlike animal.
38. Personal pronoun.
40. Behold.
41. Imperial Judge (Abbr.).
43. Wrestler known as the Wisconsin "Giant Killer."
45. Evening.
47. Bare-knuckle champion in 1870.
49. Part of speech.
50. Negative.
51. Holder of the bantam title in 1910.
52. Man's name.
53. Bare-knuckle champion in 1839.
57. To unite.
58. Long meter.
59. Wrestler who uses the flying drop kick.
60. Man's name.
61. Popular California mat star.
62. Of (French).
63. Substance made from turpentine.
65. Advertisement.
66. A repository for arms.
68. Indo-European.
69. From the sign (musical term).
70. Holder of the bantam title in 1890.
72. Evades.
73. To stitch.
74. Crafty.

VERTICAL

2. Nickname of the "Nebraska Wildcat."
4. Used to propel boats.
5. A vase.
6. Early morning twilight.
7. Odious.
8. Railway (Abbr.).
9. For example.
10. Present-day middleweight.
12. Holder of the junior lightweight title in 1929.
13. The family of wrestlers.
14. Ability.
16. Metals in mineral state.
18. A military title.
19. Labor.
21. A state (Abbr.).
22. To scheme.
24. Supposing that.
26. Nimble.
28. A dictionary.
30. Genuine.
37. A girl's name.
39. Lightweight who was Leonard's most persistent challenger.
42. Wrestler who specialized with a crotch and half nelson.
43. An island.
44. College degree (Abbr.).
46. Empty.
47. The "Solid Man of Sport."
48. Under an assumed name.
49. Famous Filipino flyweight.
51. Company.
53. Pacific Coast heavyweight.
54. Eastern Virginia (Abbr.).
55. Jointed.
56. A trap.
59. The "Hungarian Adonis."
60. Pointed weapon.
64. Subject of worship.
67. Yankee Division.
68. A tool.
71. Part of the verb to be.

Answers to puzzle on page 45

The Three Black Bears

(Continued from page 31)

the famous Tham being a dangerous man. In fact, so bold did he become that he decided to sneak one over and he began to hurl punches from all angles. Before the surprised Tham realized what had happened, he fell victim to half a dozen fearful blows which caused his nose to stream blood and his eye to turn bloodshot.

* * *

NOW the Tar Baby was a most peace-loving gentleman. As all of the mighty negro warriors of yore, he believed in the adage, "Live and let live." But he was furious when his opponent began to take advantage of his generosity and decided to get even. Thus when the fighters once again came to the center of the ring, there was blood in the Tar Baby's eye and murder in his fists. All in that vast arena seemed to sense the impending danger except Sambo's cocky opponent who was all but drunk with his success. The Tar Baby shuffled over slowly and stretched forth his gloved hand for a shake just as one does when the last round is reached. His surprised opponent in a squeaky voice asked, "Why Tham, what yo' all doin' man? This heah ain't the last round!"

And he backed away in fright as the menacing Tar Baby followed him with outstretched hand. Then to ease the mind of his opponent, Sam replied:

"Boy, you better shake now, 'cause they ain't gonna be no eighth round. This just am de last."

And with that, he struck a terrific blow flush upon the traitor's jaw and knocked him colder than an iceberg.

* * *

AND now we come to the last tale of the "three black bears." In the days before boxing commissions ruled the sport, Joe Walcott, known to fisticuffs as the Barbados Demon, figured quite prominently in boxing. Joe was a little fellow, black as night, and seldom weighed more than a welterweight. He was the most vicious and savage fistic warrior in the glorious legion of good little men. Giant or pigmy, none could withstand his powerful fists, for the dusky Barbados Demon could lick anything that walked on its hind legs.

Like most negro warriors, Squatty Joe was possessed of keen wit, glib tongue, and a most philosophical turn of mind. He firmly believed in the homely wisdom that for every evil under the sun there is a remedy or there is none. And thus, never did he rant against the white gods of injustice but only smile and grin at the evil done to him and, by the glibness of his tongue, leave his white brother thoroughly ashamed of himself because of his lack of fair play.

It happened one day that he fought a celebrated white man. Of course his opponent was the popular favorite in the betting. The white giant had heard many tales of the mighty deeds of the Barbados Demon, yet fearlessly he swaggered out when the referee called the men out for their instructions, and piped up, "Mister Referee, what shall I do when I knock the little runt down?"

Squatty Joe looked at the giant and, with unfeigned scorn, replied in voice loud enough for all to hear, "G'wan white boy, doan make me sick befo' we starts!"

No sooner did the battle commence, than the giant white fighter begin to flay his fists wildly and run around the squared circle. Squatty Joe stood by and watched his man, then scornfully said, "White boy, what am yo' runnin' round fo'? You ain't gwine nowhar but down."

And with those words, he shot across a fearful blow and the giant sprawled into the resin on all fours. The fight was over. Walcott is still alive. Last year he worked as a porter in Madison Square Garden and when he lost that job he went into vaudeville with Langford. Today both are idle and in financial distress.

Then and Now!

(Continued from page 17)

all over the South were notified and the cordon was drawn tight. Early on the morning following the battle, Sullivan was taken from his berth in a Pullman car as his train pulled into the Louisville and Nashville station at Nashville, Tenn.

The Nashville police chief had the tip that "John L." was on the train and put in an appearance with a squad of bluecoats. Although hardly daybreak, a crowd had gathered around the station. With two of his men the chief shouldered his way into the car, pulled back the berth curtains, and informed the champion that he was under arrest, adding as Sullivan made what was taken as a threatening gesture:

"I am armed, Mr. Sullivan, and if you resist or attempt to injure me or my men, I will shoot you."

"John L." gave no further evidence of belligerency, and was hustled into the "Black Maria" and taken to the city jail, where he remained several hours. From Nashville, Kilrain and Sullivan were taken back to Vicksburg, locked up in a one-story jail at that place, and deprived of their liberty for several months.

Great Negroes

(Continued from page 39)

inside fight of it, that style of milling turned out rather to his own expense. They always fought then with one arm free. Despite this, there was very little if any clinching and the referee, so far as the fighters were concerned, might just as well have remained at home. His only purpose in the ring was to watch for low blows, something that was almost unknown at the time and, at the finish, to render whatever decision the thing called for.

Round after round these dusky giants stood to their work and punched away in terrific fashion. Jackson, in absolutely perfect condition, showed his marvelous ability at both infighting and long range. At the latter his natural advantages of reach and height proved fatal to Godfrey, for every time they stood off Jackson's superb left, straight to the point, and his jarring right crosses did tremendous damage.

George's face early showed the punishment he was assimilating. One eye was slowly closing, his lips were puffing badly, and blood frequently showed at his nostrils. Peter wasn't escaping, his ribs being battered and gore showing often on his nose.

In the fourteenth, it was plain that the end was in sight, but to the vast amazement of the crowd that packed every inch of the arena, Godfrey plodded along stubbornly, fighting at times with great spirit and vigor. In the sixteenth, Peter stepped back and asked his game opponent to yield. Godfrey only smiled as best he could through his badly twisted features and said simply, "You'll have to stop me, Peter!"

For this, he was wildly cheered, and Jackson shook his head rather sadly. But Peter immediately set to work in earnest. Godfrey was in bad shape at the end of the eighteenth, and the crowd, then in an uproar, begged him to call it off. In answer, he stood in his corner and shook his tired head at the throng.

In the nineteenth, Jackson caught his man with one of those sharp lefts full in the right ribs, instantly following it with a right under the heart. Poor "Old Chocolate" gave a tremendous gasp of agony and would have fallen but for Jackson's outstretched arms. Peter led him back to his corner and helped him into his seat. He seemed a bit paralyzed, and already the referee, Hiram Cook, had stepped in between them to stop it.

Such was the finish of one of California's early fights, a heavyweight contest that seldom has been equaled since. Certainly it was the greatest fight ever seen between two great Negroes.

And all for a purse of $1,500! Godfrey got something extra for having come all the way from Boston, and some of the members made up a considerable purse for him on the side, so thoroughly did they admire his gameness.

A strange thing happened afterwards, as told by Mr. Fulda. Godfrey went away with a considerable check in his pocket. This check was never canceled or returned otherwise to the club. It is supposed that Godfrey had some sporting man cash it for him in the East and that the latter stuffed it way somewhere and never afterwards thought about it.

It is generally thought by those who have read something of the ancient doings, that John L. Sullivan never would fight a colored man. He never did, it's true, but one night in Boston he was stripped to fight this self-same George Godfrey. But, as John had been on a somewhat extended toot and wasn't in any shape for a tilt with the gloves, his friends wisely crowded him out of the place and wouldn't let him box.

It was this same Fulda of the California Club who a little later sent Sullivan a telegram seeking his terms to meet Jackson at the San Francisco arena in a finish match. The answer was brief and in effect it was like this: "White men, ten thousand; niggers, double price!"

The gentlemanly Jackson was deeply hurt at this, but well-mannered to the last, he swallowed his bitterness and merely said to the club officials when he was called into their meeting:

"I am in your hands, my friends, entirely at your disposal. I can make no further suggestions."

Later great pains were taken to deny flatly that Sullivan had made any such reply or that he knew anything of it until it came out in the papers. Somebody sent the wire, however, and that somebody knew the contents of the club's offer to John L. The result was a storm of disapproval from all over the country, and many of John's old friends voiced protests, the trend of sentiment naturally flopping over to the Jackson side.

Those close to John immediately made strenuous efforts to offset the damage that had been done, but it was a long time before the affair blew over.

But Peter never got his coveted shot at the title while John L. was on the throne and didn't have any better luck when Jim Corbett succeeded to the high honors. Charles E. "Parson" Davies was handling Jackson's affairs then and one night at Roby, Ind., during a fight there at Dominick O'Malley's club, just a few miles from Chicago, came face to face with Corbett and flared up with a personal challenge backed up with a fat cash deposit. Tentative articles were signed but that was all it ever amounted to. Final details of the match never were arranged and the great Jackson slowly faded out of the picture, a heartbroken man.

Pugilism's Progress

(Continued from page 38)

Morrissey for the reason that he squatted just as Heenan let drive. Heenan's fist collided with cruel force with the post, and it was evident that the Benicia Boy would do no more punching with his right hand in that battle. Compelled to rely solely on his left hand (his deadly right being completely disabled), Heenan fought as best he could for several rounds. Morrissey naturally took the offensive and punished Heenan severely. The latter's seconds, realizing that their man had no chance to win, tossed in the sponge in the eleventh round. This battle took place May 20, 1857, at Long Point, Canada.

When Heenan's crippled hand was healed, he challenged Morrissey to another battle for the championship. Morrissey doubted his ability to again deceive Heenan with the ring-post block and refused the issue.

Under the rules then in vogue, a champion who failed to accept a *bona fide* challenge and defend his title in six months, forfeited the championship. Thus Heenan became the heavyweight champion of America, and Morrissey retired from pugilism and went into politics.

Forfeiture of title due to failure to accept challenges was a cardinal rule of pugilism from the inception of the London code in both England and America.

But when Sullivan won the London rules title from Paddy Ryan, the victor refused to box any one unless he felt like it. As Sullivan and his handlers were the masters of the situation in those days (there being no boxing commissions), they did as they pleased.

His example has been followed by other title holders in various classes to this very day, with the result that champions have commercialized their titles and regard them as personal property.

Nearly all bare-knuckle fighters were proficient in ducking, sidestepping, and slipping, and while many were expert in blocking blows with their arms, their object in the main was to injure the hands of opponents.

The elbows were brought into play, and woe to the unlucky puncher who landed on the sharp elbow of an adversary. George (Elbows) McFadden, who owns a gymnasium at 51 East 59th Street, New York City, where he teaches physical training, was quite proficient in the use of his elbows during his career as a glove fighter. Many a fist encased in a padded mitt was the worse for wear after coming into contact with McFadden's ubiquitous elbows.

Therefore it readily can be understood that if a gloved fist could be hurt by collision with an elbow, how much more bare hands could be hurt by the elbows.

"The Ketchel I Knew"

(*Continued from page* 14)

Marysville had given both vast respect for the other, but despite this there was very little caution displayed at any time, the men coming out of one flurry of gloves to sheer right into another and faster, if that were possible, than the one just finished.

* * *

KETCHEL, long and lean, kept a great left hook busy at his shorter and better developed opponent, but it wasn't until the sixteenth round had been reached that a decisive result seemed in sight. A sudden, slashing left swipe to the chin brought Thomas to his knees, glassy-eyed and wobbly. He took the full count, got up, and, in an attempt to clinch in his dizziness, ran into a right to the body that again sent him down. This time it didn't appear possible that he could arise but he did, and just at that moment the bell came to his rescue.

It was right here that the Eastern man brought into play all of his native skill. Coming out refreshed he kept the tired and anxious Ketchel at a distance for the three succeeding rounds and in the twenty-fourth began to crawl on the foe, to the vast amazement of the crowd, now almost as tired from their cheering as were the fighters themselves. The betting by that time had turned half a dozen times, first one and then the other being first choice.

Punishment was heavy and both were covered with gore at the finish of every round. It did not seem humanly possible that the two men could stand to their guns much longer.

In the twenty-seventh round, Ketchel was caught full on the chin with a right cross that Thomas was using with excellent effect. Stanley was sent to his haunches heavily. He took the count leisurely, looking to his corner and nodding reassuringly. He was well spent when he arose but managed to stand Joe's rush until that welcomed bell sounded.

In three of the following rounds, Ketchel again was staggering and half blinded by that devastating right cross, a punch that Joe brought into play constantly.

Joe's right eye was slowly closing and his nose was terribly banged up. Ketchel had deep cuts over and under his left eye which had been a Thomas target all afternoon. Referee Billy Roche was no pleasant sight either, being splattered with blood from head to foot.

Ketchel was fighting now in spurts, thirty or forty seconds of heavy cannonading now and then, followed by a rest period. Both were spent and on the verge of collapse.

* * *

STANLEY started the thirty-second round with one of those furious attacks. A hooking left caught Thomas alongside the head and at once a right was shot into the body. Joe was rocked badly, and, as he teetered forward, his face was unprotected. Ketchel put all his remaining strength into a left, followed by a right swing. Thomas sank to his knees, rolled forward on his face, and then struggled desperately to get to his feet. His legs were shivery but he made them function for the moment, only to fall again on his face.

He was helpless and as Ketchel stepped back, unwilling to strike again if Thomas got up, Foley jumped to the edge of the ring, yelled wildly at Roche and at the same time swung a towel high in the air. The decision therefore went to Ketchel, who was almost as badly off as Thomas as he flopped onto his stool, completely "out."

They fought twice after that. Ketchel got a twenty-round decision in December of 1907, and the following August, also in San Francisco, knocked Thomas out in the second round.

Thomas was only twenty-one and Ketchel only twenty at the time of the thirty-two-round battle.

"They'll have a hard time finding a man to beat Ketchel," was Roche's comment at the close of that almost hideous battle.

Both fighters have since passed on, Ketchel as already related, and Thomas, but a short time back, in his Eastern home. His right name was Joseph Dan Daly Thomas, named for a famous stage comedian, and he was married to a sister of the famous fighting brothers, George, Jimmy, and Eddie Gardner, of Lowell, Mass.

When Fitz Met Ruhlin

(*Continued from page* 29)

their feet, with bated breath expecting to see the old champion collapse to the floor unconscious. But he was clever enough to land another solar plexus and thereby break away from Ruhlin's deathly grip.

Fitz tried to avoid Gus's desperate clinches and fight him off at long range. But it soon became evident that Ruhlin was too powerful and burly for his older opponent (Fitz was forty-nine years of age and Ruhlin thirty-nine at the time). The ten years difference in age and the twenty-pound advantage were too much of a handicap for the old champion to buck against.

But Fitz struggled on gamely to the last. The excited, admiring crowd kept cheering the old warrior. "Knock 'im out, Bob," they yelled and yelled in the wildest manner. Old Bob responded to their entreaties as best he could. But it was no use. His heavy, ponderous adversary was too much for him. Ruhlin waited his opportunity and, as Fitz jumped toward him, he grabbed Fitz up in his powerful arms and, as though Bob had been but a mere child, Gus threw him bodily over and laid him on his back, shoulders down, winning the second and last fall in twelve minutes and twenty-four seconds.

The match was supposed to have been a Greco-Roman wrestling bout, but to me it was the roughest and toughest go-as-you-please scuffle I have ever seen staged in a public hall during my sixty years of experience as a ringsider. No two wrestlers ever gave or took such grueling punishment as old Bob Fitzsimmons and Gus Ruhlin did that most sensational night at the old Madison Square Garden in 1901.

In fact, it was so tough and desperate that neither Fitz nor Ruhlin could be induced to wrestle or attempt to wrestle in public again. Anyway, the police refused to be fooled again with such an alleged wrestling match and wouldn't have allowed them to stage another such fracas, even if they had so desired.

From Milo to Londos

(*Continued from page* 23)

grip. He broke away but was caught a second time and Cutler evened the affair. The fall came in 17.50.

Roller limped from the ring and, when he returned, he seemed to be in agony. The third fall was gained quickly when Cutler got the toe hold again and Roller twisted and squirmed to break away but soon found himself disabled, and was pinned for the final throw in 57.50.

* * *

CUTLER was ever ready to tackle any one and he didn't hesitate to take on Frank Hockman of Belgium after the last Roller match. It required three bouts to get the victor and each was contested with plenty of energy. The first went sixteen minutes and fifty-five seconds and during the time, both were on the offense and defense often. First one would be on top only to be rolled off and then the other. Dangerous holds were broken by both repeatedly until Cutler got a crotch and a half nelson and downed his rival.

The second bout was the best of the engagement. It lasted 25.35 with Hockman tossing his opponent with a flying mare. Both roughed it hard and were fatigued when time was called.

The third and last fall was recorded in 11.10 with Cutler in front on a half nelson and bar-arm hold from which Hockman was unable to break.

Before losing the title to Stecher, Cutler tackled two more foreign stars and won over each. He triumphed over Pierre Le Colosse, the French champion, in the International Championships at the Manhattan Opera House of New York in the short time of two minutes and three seconds, with a half nelson, and also disposed of the Bohemian title-holder, Karl Lemle. The last named was a tough one for "The Kid," who, despite victory, knew that he had been through a match.

Then came the bout with Stecher, at Omaha, July 5, 1915, already described, in which Cutler lost the title. That was his first defeat since the Fristensky match.

Following that defeat Cutler went on a tour of North and South America and was hailed wherever he went. He visited Cuba, South America, Canada, and all way points and traveled for about two years.

Cutler held the distinction of having rolled up a record of having thrown more men in one year than any other man in this country. That was when he went touring with John L. Sullivan and Jake Kilrain. He vanquished 749 opponents on that tour. He later also toured with Jack Johnson and Bob Fitzsimmons. He weighed about 212 stripped.

News of the Mat World

(Continued from page 27)

ANOTHER big event of the month was the furor created in Philadelphia, when Everette Marshall was suspended pending an investigation by the Pennsylvania Athletic Commission as to his mental condition after a near riot in his match with Jim Londos.

Marshall and Londos were tugging away when Marshall suddenly tossed the Greek into the ropes, from which he fell to the apron of the ring. In falling, Jimmy was knocked unconscious when his head struck the iron rim of the ring. That was a signal for things to happen. Everette picked up the referee and tossed him out among the spectators, swung wildly in all directions, and, when the police entered the ring, he started to fight with them until he was finally subdued. He then apologized and seemed surprised when told what had happened. There is no doubt about Marshall's sanity, but it does seem a shame that such a thing should happen after the way the Colorado ace has downed all opposition to date. It was probably caused by his over-anxiety to conquer Londos.

* * *

HERE'S one for the book.

In a bout that was a mixture of boxing and wrestling, in Columbus, Ohio, "Gentle" John Kilonis and Chief Chewacki did the following:

In the first round each swung a metal stool, Kilonis suffering a deep gash in the head.

There was fierce fighting in the second period.

In the third round Kilonis took a pair of scissors from his trunks, snipped the Indian's hair, slipped a sack over his head and pummeled him unmercifully. Chewacki, unable to see, swung wildly and knocked out Referee Leo Alexander.

As Chewacki ripped off the sack, the "Gentle" Greek fled from the ring through the audience. He reached the street and escaped in a taxi.

The Indian was declared the victor.

And that, friends, is what they call "wrestling!"

* * *

It seems as though the referees suffer ever so much more than the burly bruisers, for there is another time when the "third" man in the ring got the bad end of a deal.

Harry S. Sharpe, a former fighter, was referee for a Tom Packs' show in St. Louis on the night of February 17, 1930, when he was severely beaten by frenzied fans who resented a decision. He, accordingly, sued Packs for $25,000. The jury comprised of twelve men, none of whom had ever seen a wrestling match, was dismissed by the judge, who called it a draw when they found it impossible to come to an agreement.

Jack Dempsey, who referees quite a number of mat bouts, never finds himself on the short end when the matches are over. Jack just lets go with his famous right whenever one of the burpers becomes abusive, and the latter enters the land of pleasant dreams. Of course, that is one of the reasons why Jack is paid so generously for his services. It's an act.

Fleischer Says:

(Continued from page 19)

to the center of the ring and bawled out:

"'Introducing Benny Leonard of this city, who will meet Joe Shugrue here in the main event next Saturday night.'

"The crowd laughed when one of the gallerites responded with: 'Good-night, Benny.'

"And good night it was! Shugrue handed Leonard a boxing lesson and severe punishment and knocked him out in the fourth round. The tough-looking lad from Jersey, with his terrific punching power, made a punching bag out of the future lightweight king. But Leonard, like many other determined youths who refused to be halted by a knock-out, continued in his field and, within a few years, won the world's lightweight championship."

* * *

IN that story of Benny Leonard, there is a sermon. How many of our young gladiators, on the threshold of success, have lost heart because of one reverse? Often ring history has proved that one or more setbacks have been necessary to awaken the fighting spirit within a good prospect, because success had gone to the head. . . .

A recent canvass of our correspondents and sports editors in many parts of the country shows that, in the mind of those fistic experts, there was little to choose between Kid Chocolate and Freddie Miller so far as ring prowess was concerned over the twelve-month period, ending December 31 of last year. As a matter of fact, Miller, the N.B.A. featherweight king, is recognized in thirty-one states as against only a third of that for Chocolate, yet the Keed, because he is recognized as world champion by New York, has steadfastly refused to give Miller a chance to settle the ownership of the crown unless Freddie is willing to accept the challenger's end of 12½ per cent. It seems to me that Miller, because of his good record for the year, is entitled to a better deal and that if Luis Guitteriez is anxious to get undisputed recognition for the Cuban Bonbon, he would concede a point or two to the N.B.A. king . . . .

But Luis, like a lot of other foreigners who have milked the boxing game for all they could get, is money-mad and prefers to have the Kid tackle any one but Miller. Of course we can't blame Luis for being a shrewd business man, but I do think that the American public has been mighty good to Luis and his Keed and that Guitteriez could well afford to do something for the uplift of boxing by granting a concession to enable a real championship bout to be staged. Luis and his ebony-skinned Cuban Wonder owe that much to boxing . . . .

* * *

WHILE the average boxing commissioner holds aloof from the "mob" and rules the sport with arrogance, New York's latest commissioner, Bill Brown, has shown the way for a proper understanding between the ruling powers and those who engage in the sport by frequently visiting the scene of the fighters' activities, their training quarters, to obtain first-hand information about the men within the sport, their condition, their reactions to the boxing rules, their methods of training, and other important points. And that is why Bill Brown has become the most popular commissioner New York has ever had.

The boys realize that he is a man of understanding so far as the fighters are concerned and that they can expect from him the sympathy that heretofore was lacking. Bill's keen interest in them has increased the boys' interest in boxing and has instilled a new life into the talent of New York. Other commissioners could well afford to follow the example set by Bill Brown . . . .

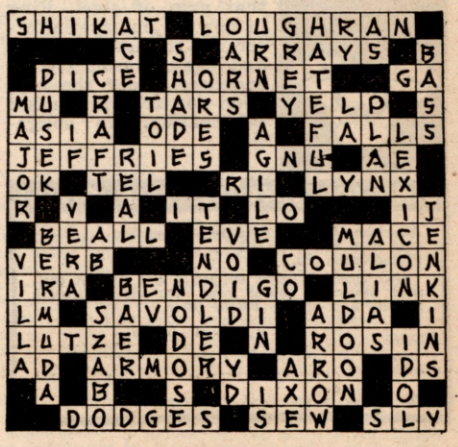
* * *

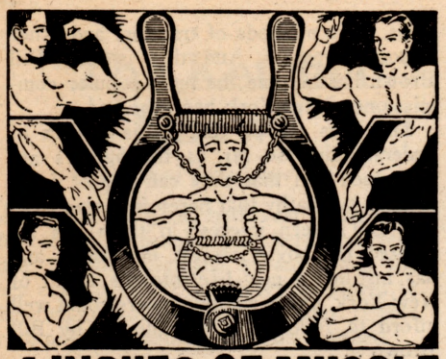
INCIDENTALLY, I feel it my duty to call attention to the fine work of Commissioner Foster of Rhode Island, president of the National Boxing Commission, who, like Brown, is Johnny-on-the-spot so far as his duties are concerned. If every other member of the N.B.A. were as keen about his work as is Commissioner Foster, the gigantic blunders so often pulled by the N.B.A. would not be recorded. Commissioner Foster is of the progressive school, a man who is making a study of the job over which he has such tremendous control . . . .

* * *

THE ace description of Primo Carnera is that by Joe Williams, sports columnist of the *New York World-Telegram* . . . . Joe says Primo is a large body of flesh entirely surrounded by creditors . . . . Now that he is champion, Carnera has a new headache every day . . . . It isn't such a good job . . . . Primo's orbit is gradually being restricted . . . . If he boxes here, creditors will take most of his dough . . . . He can't go into England because in London there is a $16,000 judgment against him for breach of promise . . . . He wrote too fervid letters to a Soho waitress, who saved them and showed them to a jury . . . . In France he is being sued for breach of contract for going to America to testify in his bankruptcy proceedings instead of fulfilling a vaudeville contract in Gay Paree . . . . Incidentally, Leon See predicts that Carnera will be killed in an automobile accident . . . . Primo, it seems, fancies himself a crack driver and is going to appear in speed races in Italy . . . . What is he going to drive, a Mack truck?

(Answers to Puzzle on page 42)





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The Ring's Annual Ranking of Boxers for 1933

(*Continued from page* 10)

chief claimant to the vacated flyweight throne. In Europe, Jackie Brown is recognized as the world's flyweight while the Midget shares that honor in this country.

Wolgast recently whipped Brown in an overweight match in England. He proved to the critics that he is the real flyweight champion. In spite of the dearth of flyweights, Wolgast went out of his class on several occasions and mingled with the bantams. He was beaten by Lew Farber and Bobby Leitham and had a technical knock-out scored against him in six rounds by Britt Gorman when he left the ring, but he turned in victories over Sanstol, Jackie Brown, Skippy Allen (twice), Freddy Lattanzio, Eddie Burl, Augie Ruggiere, Marty Gold, Nick Montano, and Billy Landers, kayoed Billy Passamento in seven rounds, and drew with Jackie Wilson, Valentin Anglemann, and Ernie Maurer.

Jackie Brown was busy in Europe. He lost bouts to Wolgast and Etienne Mura and lost on a foul to Dave Crowley in ten rounds, and Mickey McGuire in but seven rounds; he whipped Valentin Anglemann twice, Jimmy Knowles, Young Perez, and Billy Bryson.

Mickey McGuire, British flyweight, heads the list in the second group. Besides winning on a foul from Jackie Brown, he scored over Jim Maharg, Praxille Gyde, and Bert Kirby and kayoed Teddy Rollins in seven rounds.

Ginger Foran ranks right behind McGuire and might have had better recognition if he hadn't been beaten by Brown in a title match towards the close of the year. Besides winning from Mickey McGuire, Praxille Gyde, Fred Bebbington, and Jim Campbell, he kayoed Etienne Mura in eight rounds; Harry Edwards, fourteen rounds; Campbell, ten rounds, Jackie Ross, eleven rounds; and Willie Metzner, three rounds.

Valentin Anglemann is the finishing member of the second group. Besides his two losses to Jackie Brown, he drew with Maurice Huguenin, whipped Kid Martino and Degang, and kayoed Kid Oliva, five rounds; Giovannix Savo, five rounds; Herbie Hill, five rounds; Aubry, six rounds.

* * *

IN conjunction with our annual ranking we were going to announce in this issue the name of the fighter who won "THE RING'S Foremost Boxer Award for 1933," but at this writing, with thirty-four ballots still missing out of a total of 124, the vote is so close that we cannot do honor to the victor, as we would have liked to, until next month. However, we will throw a few bouquets.

To Tommy Loughran—for being the year's "comeback" king.

To Jimmy McLarnin—for proving that he is the hardest hitter, weight for weight, of any man in pugilism.

To Charley Massare, Walter Neusel, Patsy Perroni, Teddy Yarosz, John Henry Lewis, and Young Casanova—for developing into 1934's most promising fighters.

To Jack Dempsey—for having conceived and carried out the plans for the Baer-Schmeling fight that set the wheels of fisticuffs back into motion after many lean months.

To Max Baer—for having brought about a revival of interest in boxing.

To the New York State Boxing Commissioners, Messrs. Phelan, Wear, and Brown—for having placed in operation the most constructive rules for the benefit of boxing—the rules which require the referee to render a verdict in the event of a disagreement of the judges.

And, lest we forget—a wreath of thorns to the managers who are at loggerheads with the Madison Square Garden officials and the Garden executives who have been fighting managers and scribes, both to the detriment of the sport that enables them all to make their living.

And now, a belated New Year's greeting to our correspondents throughout the four corners of the universe, to the promoters who have tried desperately to make both ends meet, to the fighters who gave their best regardless of the size of the purse, and to our army of faithful, cherished readers, with the hopes that the new year will find all hands pulling together around the peace table, their differences settled—all working like one happy family for the good of the sport.

The "Midget" Wrestler

(*Continued from page* 25)

more than six or seven pounds," he says, "and I can do this by varying my diet slightly. I never have to resort to steaming or sweating off poundage and as a result am able to enter the ring at any weight required with my full strength."

Watching what he eats for several days, and taking brisk walks of fifteen to twenty miles daily, enables Fischer to cut off poundage to the required mark. Several months ago, Fischer signed up to meet a formidable opponent at the middleweight limit in Chicago. He had just been through a tough series of matches at catch-weights and took a lay-off, going to his farm near Butternut, Wis., for ten days. When he arrived finally in Chicago, to the consternation of his manager, Maxwell Baumann, Fischer tipped the beam at 172 pounds.

"Don't worry," Fischer told Baumann. "Give me three days' time and I'll make 160 pounds."

Fischer eased up on his eating and reeled off thirty miles in Sheridan Park the first day. He lost six pounds. He lost four the next and on the fifth—the day of the match—he entered the ring weighing 158½ pounds. Proving he had lost none of his strength, he won the match in straight falls in a total of fourteen minutes and six seconds!

To Ring Book Shop Patrons:

Owing to the high rate of exchange, all books published in England and sold by The Ring Book Shop, will advance in price 15 cents per book, starting with December 20.

BROADCAST FROM NEW YORK

By EDDIE BORDEN

IT looks like Madison Square Garden will have to depend upon Tony Canzoneri to see that its fistic house remains open to the public. Canzoneri's bout with Cleto Locatelli, European lightweight champion, was the only bout of the month held there. Canzoneri's previous appearance there was three weeks before with the Chocolate affair.

Locatelli proved to be a rugged, awkward individual with a deceptive manner of fighting which puzzled Canzoneri for several rounds. Apparently open for a right hand punch, he has a way of slipping and rolling with the blow and counters speedily with a flurry of punches and then proceeds to go into a shell.

Canzoneri tried his hardest to make the Keed open up and took chances in the usual Canzoneri manner to make his opponent come out. That style left Tony, at times, wide open for counter attacks. Locatelli had the sympathy of the crowd for some unknown reason and his sporadic efforts were lustily cheered by the gallery fans.

Without Canzoneri, there would have been no fight and, without Tony fighting an aggressive, combative style, the fight would have been horrible. Instead of boxing and making an easy fight for himself Tony waded in and traded blow for blow and got hit with punches which could have been easily avoided. Canzoneri's reward for his gallant showing was a wholesale booing by the spectators which was uncalled for. If the conditions were reversed and Canzoneri was making his first appearance in a foreign country against the same opponent, he would have been applauded to the skies for his plucky fighting, but apparently the adage of the "Prophet without honor in his own country" is truer than otherwise.

The preliminaries on the Canzoneri-Locatelli program were the best arranged on a Garden show for the entire year, and the principals in the supporting bouts gave the fans some action that they haven't seen in a long time. There was nothing exceptionally expensive in the preliminaries, but they provided the cream of the local crop and put together the best prospects in New York. In the six-round semi-final, Petey Hayes put over a real surprise when he whipped Lew Feldman. It was unexpected for everyone there, as Feldman was a big favorite.

Hayes floored Feldman in the first round, but Feldman arose before a count was started. Billy Hogan scored over Frankie Carlton in a scorching sixer. Carlton was dropped in the second round and survived a tempestuous last rally splurge by Hogan but gave Billy plenty of fight in the other four rounds. Mike Belloise gave another skillful exhibition of boxing against Frankie Covelli and gained the decision, but Covelli extended him every inch of the way.

Charley Bedami gained the verdict over Johnny Bonito in the hottest scrap of the night. It was mighty close and it could have gone either way, but Bedami's flashy attack caught the eye of two of the three officials. Leonard Del Genio disposed of Paul Schur in the opening round. Julie Katz, former amateur champion, looked impressive in winning from Vincent Renta in the opening four. The gate amounted to approximately fifteen thousand dollars.

Ed Bang, sporting editor of the Cleveland *News*, ran his annual Christmas show at the Auditorium and, with the assistance of Eddie Mead, staged a show that the people are still discussing. Tony Canzoneri, in the feature event, kayoed Cecil Payne in five rounds. Kid Chocolate made a great comeback when he whipped Frankie Wallace in first-class fashion. Teddy Yarosz whipped Paul Pirrone decisively, but Pirrone convinced Yarosz that he was in a fight at the finish. Lew Feldman, subbing for Jackie Kid Berg, scored over Jimmy Vaughn in impressive style. Alabama Kid outpointed Norman Conrad in the opening six. The other four bouts were listed for ten rounds each. The show turned in a profit of eight thousand dollars for this worth-while charity. Eddie Kid Wolfe showed that the effects of his fractured jaw were shaken off by taking on a strenuous program and coming through all right. After four months' lay-off, he lost a decision to Frankie Hughes in Galveston. He then defeated Eddie Flynn, reversed the decision by winning from Hughes in another bout, and then whipped the fellow who was responsible for his ailment. He whipped Ray Kiser in New Orleans.

Billy Petrolle played a return engagement at the Ridgewood Grove and was credited with a six-round knock-out over Stanislaus Loayza when the referee stopped the fight. Loayza took a terrific body beating and practically collapsed before they stopped the fight. Loayza gave Petrolle plenty of trouble in the second, third and fourth rounds, but the pace was too fast for him to maintain and the Fargo Express stepped on the gas to finish his work.

One of the biggest surprises of the waning year took place at the same club when Charley Massare, young Pittsburgh heavyweight, handed Maxey Rosenbloom, light-heavyweight champion, a thorough whipping and received the decision. Massare fought the right style to defeat Rosenbloom and that was through the body. He attacked Maxey around the mid-section for the entire route and, in the last round, switched his style and nailed Maxey a few corking right-handers on the chin. This was the first decision that Rosenbloom has lost in a New York ring since 1925 when he was fighting in the preliminary ranks.

Damon Runyan, some time ago, said that Rosenbloom was good enough to smack Carnera, Baer and Schmeling around the ring, so the victory for Massare certainly boosts Charley's stock. The betting was five and six to one on Rosenbloom.

Willie O'Connell, who ranked as one of the cleverest bantams in New York around eight years ago, is now stationed at West Point with the regular United States Army. Willie's talents are varied as he once ran for assemblyman on an independent ticket, but unfortunately did not have good fortune.

Tony Palazolo returned to New York with Johnny Pena after being on the Coast for several months. He reports that the Hollywood Stadium is the only club on the Coast doing any real business. Earl Everett, Memphis flyweight, is still around New York seeking competition, but unfortunately Manager Charley King cannot find any 112-pounders available to pair his charge with. Billy Wallace turned in a good win on the Coast when he kayoed Ah Wing Lee in eight rounds and expects to meet Young Peter Jackson for the Coast lightweight championship.

The Christmas and New Year holidays stilled the fistic action around the East and very little of importance occurred. Carnera and Loughran were in the spotlight for several days with their impending match at Miami and the possibilities are that these two will get together if a European engagement does not stop Carnera from going through. If ever a contender was entitled to a shot at the title, it is Tommy Loughran and, whether or not his chances are hopeless, nevertheless, he is entitled to it and there will be plenty of sentimental followers liking Loughran.

This story, although two years old, could stand being told, because it hurts no one and was never revealed in this country. Gorilla Jones was paired with Marcel Thil in Paris for the world's middleweight title, and Suey Welsh, Jones's manager, was getting a guarantee of $7500 for the fight, with transportation included. They arrived in Paris and started training for the fight, and everything went along smoothly until the day of the fight and Suey felt a premonition that all was not right. He went to Promoter Jeff Dickson and apologetically explained what was troubling him.

He was a stranger in a strange country and, while he trusted the promoter implicitly, he felt that, in justice to his fighter, he wanted half of the guarantee before he stepped into the ring. Dickson did not waste any time arguing technicalities but, instead of giving him half the amount, turned over the entire purse, $7500, to him the day of the fight. Suey felt rather sorry for his early suspicions and wanted to return the money but, as long as it was there in front of him, he figured the best thing to do was to put it away for safe keeping.

He jumped into a cab and left for the hotel. His mind was so absorbed in the thought of the money that he left the package containing it behind in the cab. About five minutes later, upon entering the lobby, he discovered his loss and fairly flew outside, but the cab was nowhere in sight. Suey was panic-stricken and sick at heart, but had presence of mind to notify police headquarters and report the loss. About an hour later, the taxi driver, escorted by a policeman on each arm, walked into the hotel with the missing package and Suey's joy knew no bounds.

Then came the bad news. It seems that the cabs in Paris are under police supervision and must report every missing package under penalty of imprisonment. Immediately upon finding the package in the cab, the driver drove straight to police headquarters and reported the loss. Ten per cent of the value is always deducted as a reward for the finder, and Suey had to pay over $750 just for the privilege of carrying the money around for fifteen minutes.

WISHES FOR THE NEW YEAR—Revival of interest in the sport of boxing; fighters who will fight; more harmony between boxing commissions and boxing managers; active champions who will defend their titles more frequently; good prospects who will continue to improve after they reach a certain stage; Jack Dempsey to continue his boxing promotions for the good of the sport; pipe of peace to be smoked by Dan Parker and Jimmy Johnston; sporting writers in New York to patch up their differences with Madison Square Garden; that several flyweights be developed in this country to stir up interest in that division, which is practically at a standstill in this country.

That Jimmy McLarnin either defend his title or give it up for active fighters; Max Baer makes another picture as good as "The Prize Fighter and the Lady;" discover why Mack Gray, George Raft's bodyguard, was nicknamed "The Killer;" if Harry Ritz, one of the Ritz Brothers, could only fight like he shadow boxes; Eddie Walker and Al Weill shaking hands and forgetting the past; a governing body to control boxing throughout the United States with a man like Bill Brown officiating as the sole arbiter; to see: Carnera *vs.* Baer, Vince Dundee *vs.* Marcel Thil, McLarnin *vs.* Petrolle, Ross *vs.* Canzoneri, Chocolate *vs.* Freddy Miller, Al Brown *vs.* Young Casanova, Midget Wolgast *vs.* Jackie Brown, which would not only help boxing but would probably result in a few new title-holders.

Ben Blue, well known in theatrical circles, is an ardent admirer of anything or anyone identified with boxing and is anxious to begin and develop a heavyweight prospect. He wants a raw beginner, one with a good physique and the power to absorb knowledge. The Four Marx Brothers handled a heavyweight on the Coast, Canvasback Cohen, more for laughs than the serious side of boxing, but Blue is really in earnest and that hobby has developed into a mania with him. He can be reached at the Victoria Hotel, New York City. The annual ratings in this issue will stir the boys who think they or their fighters should have been rated. Again we say, the ranking is made with care and discretion, and no bias or malice is shown in any particular group by those who help make up this rating. Here's for a better New Year.

Two major contests were staged in the wind-up days of the year, one in Chicago and the other in New York. In the Garden of New York, Ray Impellitiere, who made a good showing in his year's debut against Loughran, was putted against Walter Neusel of Germany in the European's biggest chance of 1933, and Walter made good. Although Impellitiere was an 8 to 5 favorite, Neusel won hands down. Instead of fighting as he is capable of, the Imp made only a defensive battle of it and back-pedalled so often that the crowd was unanimous in its applause when the verdict was rendered in Neusel's favor. As for Levinsky, he proved conclusively that the foreigners who come to our shores touted to the skies, are only equivalent to the second flight of the American boys, when he whipped Don McCorkindale of South Africa with ease. The Kingfish dropped Don seven times to hammer out a ten-round victory. Don was downed four times in the first round.

Whitey Ekwert, well-known trainer, expects to migrate to New York from Chicago to continue his fistic activities. Whitey has the reputation of being one of the greatest conditioners of fighters in the country and thinks that conditions will improve sufficiently for him to remain settled in the East.

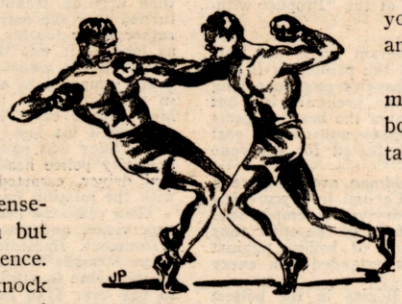
Letters from Our Readers

I AM an ardent RING fan and have read all of the copies of this magazine since the drug store nearby first started to sell them. This, if I recall correctly, was just about four years ago.

As I am also a deep admirer of Primo Carnera, not merely because he is my countryman, but also because of his prowess and imposing size which make a true champion, I have found your magazine an article of interest because of the fact that it has conveyed to me current news of his doings.

Lately I have noticed in your column that, between Carnera's start as a boxer and the present time, there has been a decided change as to the matter of your opinion toward him. While in Primo's pugilistic infancy you praised him and saw in him a future star, yet now it seems that you consider him a rather weak champion. This puzzles me greatly. In one part of your magazine I read a critic of the Baer-Carnera movie fight stating that, if the two ever met, Baer would finish the champion.

However, there is a point concerning such a fight that many people fail to consider. Baer depends a great deal on shoving and mauling. So far, on lighter and weaker opponents it has proved so successful that people now consider him a regular strong man, but, if the same Baer were to meet Carnera, the champion would tear him limb from limb due to the fact that he is so much the more powerful. It also seems, from the December, 1933, number, that you think that Primo made a fool of himself in his fight against Paulino in Rome. Why, the big man almost tore the little fellow apart with his ponderous if not snappy punches. He did not knock him out, that's true, but who has?



Indeed he didn't, but he had the fellow senseless at the finish. Paulino never went down but once during his twenty or more years of experience.

Who, in the old days, was ever able to knock out Joe Grimm? Not even the great fighters of old could do that. One must also take in consideration the champion's height and bulk. It has its handicap as well as asset. It is a handicap to be boxing a man whose head only reaches your thigh.

As for Baer, he has beaten only Schmeling. Why give a man so much credit on the victory of only one major fight? Baer was soundly trounced by Les Kennedy, who recently served as a poor substitute for one of Carnera's trainers in the Sharkey fight. One must not forget that Carnera knocked out Sharkey in the sixth round, and that Baer knocked Schmeling out in the tenth. However, it was not a real K.O.

If Sharkey and Schmeling were so evenly matched that it is a difficult thing to render a victory to either of the two, then it certainly shows that Primo is the better man for having scored a quicker K.O. over just as good a man as the one that Baer knocked out in four more rounds.

Kindly take a few of these matters into consideration before printing any more unjust criticism about the big Italian strong boy, who has probably worked harder than the majority of champions to get to the top, but they had a moral backing; Primo hasn't.

GUSTAVO CIMINI,
Los Angeles, Calif.

* * *

BEING a regular reader of THE RING and knowing the fairness of THE RING, I am tempted to write this letter.

In the issue of last September on page 44, your Burma contributor had reported "Kid D'Silve, the clever local featherweight champion, deprived Fali Billimoria of his Indian title by outpointing him in ten rounds." But this was not the case, as you will find from the cuttings of half a dozen daily papers enclosed herewith. Not a single daily paper has reported so, and particularly I will draw your attention to the cutting of the Rangoon *Times,* dated 21-2-33, which shows that quite the contrary had happened.

Another point is, the Burma lad cannot claim the India title, as the fight took place outside India. The English champion losing a fight in Uncle Sam's land does not lose his English title. Similarly this was the case.

This letter has been addressed to you just to draw your attention to the right thing going on in the East.

C. B. BESINA,
Calcutta, India.

* * *

BEING an old reader of your fine magazine, though only nineteen, I have followed boxing for a number of years and your book was the first I ever bought on the subject. I am offering my humble praise for the work you have done on behalf of the game and its followers for so many years.

Only recently I suffered an attack of pneumonia that almost laid me low, and for that reason I have been forced to take things easy. Incidentally, I have read and reread back issues of THE RING while ill, showing that the old "mag" must have had the stuff.

My long confinement and lack of strength have caused me to live as a hermit, and it would be swell of you if you answered this letter—that is, if your business and time permits.

The passing of Charles F. Mathison, who in my opinion was a fine man, was a great loss for boxing. As a judge of fights and fighters, he certainly ranked high.

JACK BOTTE,
Jersey City, N. J.

* * *

I HAVE been a reader of your magazine for several years and think it is a splendid book. I am especially fond of wrestling and find a great enjoyment in your wrestling section.

I thought "Tex" Austin's rating of the wrestlers in the December issue was excellent and feel that the wrestling public as a whole places a good deal of confidence in his selections, because of the seriousness with which he regards the situation.

There are many who, offhand, rate one wrestler above or below another without any apparent reason for doing so aside from personal preference, but I am sure that "Tex" Austin's rating was a result of carefree study and watching.

His "News of the Mat World" is frank and interesting. In fact, I think there could be only one improvement and that would be to print a photo of him and let his many fans see what their favorite sports writer looks like.

A FEMININE SPORTS FAN.

* * *

A FEW lines to tell you that the fight game down here is going over bigger than ever before. It is pleasing to know that we are fast winning back the confidence of your country—the confidence that was lost not so very long ago.

Tod Morgan took a risk and came out here and is a happy man today. Tod is really the first American to come this way since the crash. When he returns home, he will have a very different story to tell Americans about Australia and its treatment to oversea fighters. Dave Shade will do likewise.

When I wrote to you in the early days of the National Boxing Club taking over the Stadium, you were not so sure that all the nice things I told you were possible. I don't blame you. You certainly had a very good reason for being a doubter at the time. However, the proof of the pudding is in the eating and so it comes to pass that Australia is still advancing with the best of them, and much faster than most of the others.

Australia is just starting out in the fight game. It has not reached its top by a long, long way yet, but the day is not far off when she will be bidding with the rest of the world for the "Plums." It is claimed by many that we cannot hope to compete with the rest of the world for the reason that our population is too small to enable us to do such a thing . . . . that's BUNK.

Depression—have you heard about it? Well, it played hell with us for a time; we *have no depression here now.* Australia was the FIRST country to toss it aside; it had to, simply because it is the richest of all countries, and this is *not* "hot air."

Next summer will see Australia step in for the real big shots. We have an open-air arena in this city that will hold a crowd of over 100,000 people, a ground that is banked all around and ideal for big boxing. Sydney Stadium holds 20,000 people; Melbourne Stadium, 12,000, but these are not near big enough for the big shots any more than is Madison Square Garden in New York.

By this little account, you will realize fully that we are coming into the fight game to do things that will make you, in America, sit up and take notice.

We have Dave Shade, Tommy Paul, Al Trulmans, George Manly, Gorilla Jones, and several others here at the present time, the real proof that Australia is advancing to the front.

Yours sincerely,
CHARLIE LUCAS,
West Melbourne, Australia.

* * *

A STATEMENT printed in the October issue of THE RING for this year says that it was the first magazine in New York to join the NRA. I want to commend your publication for helping Uncle Sam in its recovery fight by taking this lead.

I have read every issue of THE RING for more than six years, and I have noticed that your magazine has always taken the lead in arguing and demanding that boxing and wrestling be conducted cleanly and honestly, and that all things that are a detriment to these sports should be eliminated. THE RING has done much toward elevating the boxing and wrestling sports. Without a doubt THE RING is the world's foremost boxing and wrestling magazine, and here is hoping that it will always continue to be.

CLYDE S. HEINTZ,
Kansas City, Mo.

* * *

YOUR decision to devote a section of THE RING to women in boxing must be commended. I agree with you when you state that women should confine their sporting activities to less gruesome sports than boxing and wrestling. I know that in conceding this section to the public you have contradicted your stand. Now, I can truly appreciate the broad-mindedness with which you have treated the subject.

Therefore, I salute you, editor of THE RING, for your square deal to the readers of your publication.

RALPH WEINSTEIN.

* * *

AT last you're going to give the girls a little attention! A bunch of us have a gym where we meet every day and have a few rounds with the gloves. Now we've got something to work for, all trying to get good enough to rate a picture in THE RING. More power to you.

MABELLE MAC GAHAN,
Hollywood, Calif.

* * *

JUST a few lines to say, "Hello," and also to congratulate you on your great paper. Well, Old Pal things in the boxing game here in Australia are not the brightest, but, in view of the economic position, the game is fair, and a good fighter still draws a good gate.

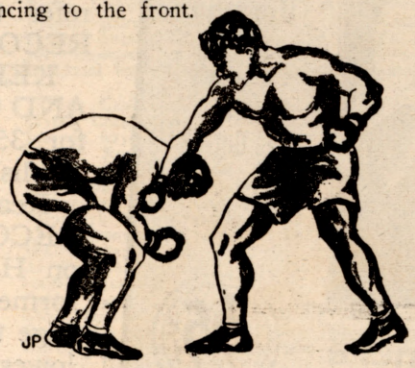
There are about thirty stadiums in and around Sydney, and the promoters are making every effort to unearth good talent, but, as the prize money offered is not too attractive, many of the good boys take it easy and are just content to win. We have an association here, of which I am a committeeman, to protect the preliminary boys and the rates are as follows:

4 rounds, 4 dollars; 6 rounds, 8 dollars; 8 rounds, 12 dollars; 10 rounds, 18 or 20 dollars.

So you see, the boys are underpaid. These are the lowest rates to be paid, but in the case of a good bout, the promoters may cough up a little more. Any fight over ten rounds is paid on a percentage.

The Sydney Stadium is importing quite a few American boxers, and I am hopeful of securing a few of them to train at my gymnasium. As a matter of fact, I have one of the biggest gyms in Sydney and well fitted up. I am managing several good boys at present—one is the leading contender for the bantamweight title. His name is Harold "Spider" Roach. If you hear of any good boys coming out to Australia I would like you to do me a personal favor and recommend me as their trainer and manager. Dave Shade is training here now.

If you need or want a representative at this end to send you all the latest doings of the boxers and wrestlers, let me know and I will get my publicity man to send you a budget of dope on affairs here by every mail boat.



Your paper (THE RING) is well-known here and has a pretty good circulation. The Sydney *Sporting Press* often prints your views and articles and you are looked upon in this country as a leading authority of the game, which is a big boost.

Getting back to boxing, I might say that the game would boom well if the right publicity methods were used, such as they do at home. The big fights at the stadium between the Australian Champs and the importations, such as Nel Tarleton, Johnny Peters of England, Tod Morgan of the Pacific Coast, and others here, have been drawing houses of eight to ten thousand dollars, which is good going.

"Suey" Welch is here with a bunch of good boys.

I am just making the grade at the present as things are very tough and everybody else is in the same boat, but, for all that, I am living in hopes of developing a few more champions. When that happens, I shall probably find my way back to the bright lights of Broadway and the "great fite way," a place I left years ago.

Well Nat, Old Pal, I guess this will be all the dope for the present and, just as soon as I have a few dollars to spare, I will send over for a couple of your latest record books as I want to keep in touch with what's doing in the American fight market. I hope you can give this letter some space in your RING as it might help me when the boys come over here.

By the time this letter reaches you, Charley Lucas, who is agent for leading boxing clubs here, will have arrived in New York. He is out to bring some of the best in the States here and anything you can do to assist him will be appreciated here, as an American invasion will help the game here a great deal. Conditions here have changed for the better and the boys need have no fear of making the journey under Lucas's auspices.

With kindest regards to yourself, and all my New York pals.

I am, yours faithfully,
HARRY STONE,
Sydney, Australia.

* * *

I TAKE great pleasure in writing to a man who possesses such high ideals as you have. I have been reading THE RING for two years, and, to me, it is the best magazine on the market.

I think that every school in the nation should have a copy of your magazine in its library. THE RING would, in my opinion, develop initiative, moral excellency, and all the necessary refinement in the intellectual faculties.

THOMAS S. ABELL,
Bowling Green, Ky.

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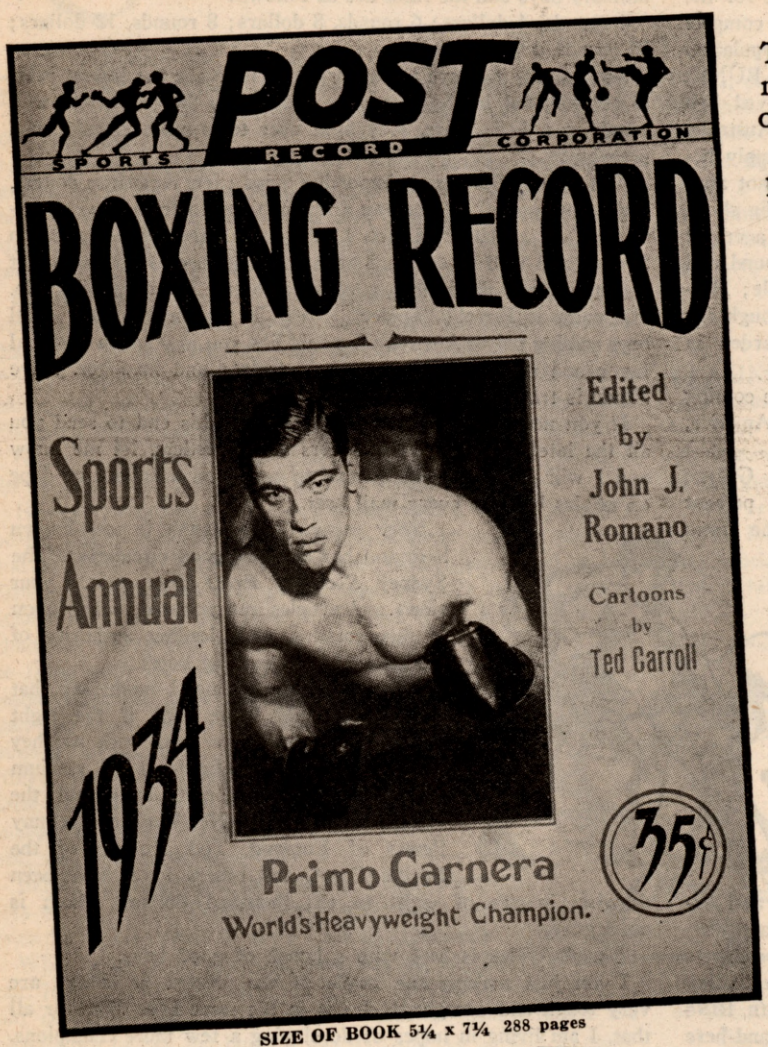

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What a Few of the Experts Say about Romano's book in the past

BILL CORUM, writing in the N. Y. Evening Journal anent Jack Dempsey's reported come-back.—"With what? Johnny Romano's boxing record book under his arm?"

MAJOR A. J. DREXEL BIDDLE, U. S. M. C. R. C.—"The finest record book of its kind ever written."

EDWARD C. FOSTER, President National Boxing Association.—"I would like very much indeed to have a copy of your record book, as I believe it should be in the hands of every Commission in the country."

ED DICKERSON, oldest active referee in the country.—"Sat up until two o'clock in the morning digesting every page of your wonderfully interesting book."

JAMES M. BROWN, former President, National Boxing Ass'n and Chairman, Michigan State Board of Athletic Control.—"John, you have a very complete, comprehensive book on boxing and we refer constantly to it in our work."

FRED W. GARDNER, Secretary, Illinois State Athletic Association—"Romano's book is our boxing bible."

JACK BURGESS, Sports Editor, Rochester, N. Y. Times-Union.—"I find it a worthwhile asset in any library."

DENMAN THOMPSON, Sports Editor, Washington, (D. C.) Evening Star—"As a matter of fact I would like to have three copies so that our sports staff will be better equipped to answer telephone inquiries."

DON ASHBAUGH, Sports Editor, Glendale, (Cal.,) News-Press—"Please rush one along. It's a great book and thanks for the former ones."

CHARLIE E. BAKER, Sports Editor, Jacksonville, (Fla.) Journal—"Floridians, especially Jaxons, depend on your record greatly for info about boxers. Last year's record books had hardly been placed on sale here before they were gobbled up and as a result I've been kept pretty busy answering questions about this battler and another."

HARRY B. SMITH, Sports Editor, San Francisco, (Cal.) Chronicle.—"It comes in mighty handy, as we get almost daily inquiries on fight records."

TREVOR C. WIGNALL, England's foremost boxing authority, London Daily Express—"Your book is so easily the best I know of, I would not willingly be without it, and I find it of the greatest assistance in my daily column."

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A Corner in the Fistic Market

By EDDIE BORDEN

ALTHOUGH the action in fisticuffs was limited somewhat during the holidays, nevertheless there was plenty of interest shown in the doings of the gladiators in the year's final matches. The action, strange as it might seem, was centered about the big shots. Tony Canzoneri kept up his winning stride by whipping Cleto Locatelli, recognized European lightweight champion. Vince Dundee, the American middleweight king, scored over Andy Callahan at the middleweight limit, though Andy is a legitimate welterweight. Maxey Rosenbloom, light-heavyweight champion, was unexpectedly beaten by Charley Massare, one of the younger and promising heavyweights, while Jimmy Smith turned in an upset when he whipped Young Terry, one of Jersey's ranking middleweights. Jackie Brown held the British flyweight title by beating Ginger Foran.

The fighting was mostly limited in the heavyweight class. Redy Barry heads the list of active ones for the month by beating Obie Walker and Salvatore Ruggirello. Jim Maloney, still vainly attempting a comeback, scored over Jack Van Noy. Unknown Winston whipped Hans Birkie. Larry Gains kayoed Jack London in two rounds. Charley Belanger kayoed Dick Daniels and scored over Buck Everett, while Everett trimmed Daniels. Art Lasky kayoed Fred Lenhart in three rounds and Andy Mitchell in four. Tiger Jack Fox flattened K. O. Christner in five rounds. Bob Moody disposed of Jack O'Dowd in four heats. Harold Anderson finished Ed Prante in the first, while Fred Feary won from Ed Mosebar.

Maxey Rosenbloom had plenty of work during the month. He defeated Wilson Dunn, drew with Clyde Chastain and Bob Godwin, and was beaten by Charley Massare. Chastain whipped Leroy Brown and Harold Murphy. Brown drew with Gordon Fortenberry. Godwin defeated Henry Firpo. Bob Olin scored over Al Gainer. Young Firpo defeated Wesley Ketchell. Mickey Walker kayoed Les Kennedy in two rounds. George Nichols drew with Harry English. Billy Donahue stopped Tom Patrick in seven rounds. Frank Rowsey whipped Tony Poloni, and Billy Ketchell defeated George Forrester.

Vince Dundee's only battle resulted in a victory over Andy Callahan in fifteen rounds. Teddy Yarosz scored over Paul Pirrone and Tony d'Allessandro. Gorilla Jones kayoed Frank Remus in six rounds. Jimmy Smith was awarded the verdict over Young Terry. Len Harvey, although a middleweight, won the British heavyweight title when he defeated Jack Petersen. Frank Battaglia kayoed Billy Edwards in two rounds. Henry Firpo finished Joe King in three rounds. Tommy Freeman whipped Jack King and kayoed Roy Bailey in five rounds. Ken Overlin scored over Rudy Marshall. Alabama Kid won over Norman Conrad. Rosy Kid Baker scored over K. O. Kelly. Al Rossi won from Tommy Rios. Vincent Sereci drew with Solly Krieger. Roy Frisco whipped Hans Mueller and Sid Cohen.

Billy Petrolle, ranking welterweight contender, stopped Stanislaus Loayza in six rounds. Cerefino Garcia whipped Baby Joe Gans and Mike Payan. Payan defeated Sammy O'Dell. Kid Azteca drew with Paulie Walker. Eddie Kid Wolfe whipped Eddie Flynn, Frankie Hughes and Ray Kiser. Tony Herrera won over Tracey Cox. Cox kayoed Tommy White in two rounds. Billy Hogan whipped Petey Gulotta and Frankie Carlton. Murray Brandt scored over Joe Rossi. Patsy Pasculli kayoed Angelo Zambardo in five rounds. Baby Joe Thompson whipped Frankie Petrolle. Sig Berglund kayoed Ralph Chong in four sessions.

Tony Canzoneri, besides the Locatelli victory, kayoed Cecil Payne in five rounds. Young Peter Jackson kayoed Battling Shaw in seven rounds. Wesley Ramey turned in two victories over Johnny Stroppa. Eddie Cool defeated Frankie Klick. Johnny Jadick outpointed Tony Falco. Lew Ambers whipped Cocoa Kid and kayoed Stanley Winneryk in two rounds. Toots Bashara defeated Lew Massey and was beaten by Pete Nebo. Billy Wallace kayoed Ah Wing Lee in eight rounds. Al Foreman disposed of Bobby Allen in five rounds. Jack Portney whipped Andy Di Vodi. Bobby Pacho kayoed Kid Moro in two rounds. Steve Haliako scored over Eddie Shapiro. Joey Ferrando whipped Charley Gomer. Roger Bernard scored over Jackie Sharkey, and Manuel Castro whipped Davey Abad.

Among the featherweights, Kid Chocolate whipped Frankie Wallace. Seaman Watson kayoed Dave Crowley in ten rounds. Freddy Miller won from Sammy Levine and Paul Dazzo. Baby Arizmendi whipped Eddie Shea. George Hansford scored over Tommy Paul. Lew Feldman whipped Jimmy Vaughn, drew with Frankie Covelli, and was beaten by Petey Hayes. Covelli lost to Mike Belloise. Jackie Wilson whipped Johnny Fitzpatrick, kayoed Dario Moreno in six rounds, and drew with Young Rightmeier. Petey Sarron won from Varias Milling and Bucky Burton. Milling scored over Charley Von Reeden. Pinto De Sa whipped Jack Tigre and kayoed Vincent Fricolli in three rounds. Abie Israel finished Mark Dias in six rounds. Johnny Pena whipped Johnny Yasui. Henry Armstrong kayoed Gene Espinoza in seven rounds, while Julie Katz defeated Vincent Renta.

Al Brown, head of the bantams, won from Luigi Quadrini. Speedy Dado was beaten by Young Casanova and Lew Farber. Young Tommy drew with Tsuneo Horiguchi. Little Pancho whipped Augie Curtis. Star Frisco scored over Billy McLeod and stopped Judy Zuniga in five rounds. Joe Tei Ken whipped Chato Laredo. Ernie Maurer won over Henry Hook. Babe Triscaro whipped George Goodman and Judy Zuniga. Petit Biquet scored over Young Perez.

Jackie Brown leads the flyweights with his victory over Ginger Foran. Foran scored over Luigi Magliozzi. Maurice Huguenin drew with Valentin Anglemann and defeated Pedrito Ruiz. Mickey McGuire kayoed Willie Smith in eight rounds and whipped Valentin Anglemann on a foul in eight rounds.

Tom Pardoe, former English amateur champion, started off well by defeating Bert Kirby and Etienne Mura. Kirby scored over Carlo Cavagnoli. Ellis Ashurst whipped Percy Dexter. Jim Maharg whipped Mickey Summers, won from Albert Lindley on a foul in three rounds, and was stopped by Tommy Steele in five rounds. Mariano Arilla drew with Kid Oliva.

The eight best prospects of the month are:
Flyweight—Earl Everett, Memphis, Tenn.
Bantamweight—Young Canada Lee, Erie, Pa.
Featherweight—Buzz Brown, Portland, Ore.
Lightweight—Mike Cusimano, New Orleans, La.
Welterweight—Johnny Rossi, Boston, Mass.
Middleweight—Jerry Delaney, Birmingham, England.
Light-heavyweight—George Forrester, Elizabeth, N. J.
Heavyweight—Alfred Lenglet, Paris, France.

RATINGS FOR THE MONTH OF DECEMBER

These are my ratings for the month ending December 23:

Heavyweights	Light-Heavyweights	Middleweights	Welterweights
World's Champion Primo Carnera	World's Champion Maxey Rosenbloom	World's Champion Marcel Thil	World's Champion Jimmy McLarnin
1—Max Baer	John Henry Lewis	Vince Dundee	Billy Petrolle
2—Tommy Loughran	Tony Shucco	Teddy Yarosz	Bep Van Klaveren
3—King Levinsky	Joe Knight	Gorilla Jones	Cerefino Garcia
4—Max Schmeling	Bob Olin	Jimmy Smith	Kid Azteca
5—Don McCorkindale	Bob Godwin	Young Terry	Eddie Kid Wolfe
6—Patsy Perroni	Clyde Chastain	Ben Jeby	Jimmy Leto
7—Walter Neusel	Young Firpo	Dave Shade	Tony Herrera
8—Charley Massare	Al Gainer	Len Harvey	Baby Joe Gans
9—Steve Hamas	Lou Brouillard	Kid Tunero	Andy Callahan
10—Lee Ramage	Mickey Walker	Frank Battaglia	Billy Hogan

Lightweights	Featherweights	Bantamweights	Flyweights
World's Champion Barney Ross	World's Champion Kid Chocolate	World's Champion Al Brown	Title Vacant
1—Tony Canzoneri	Seaman Watson	Young Casanova	Midget Wolgast
2—Young Peter Jackson	Freddy Miller	Pete Sanstol	Jackie Brown
3—Wesley Ramey	Frankie Wallace	Lew Farber	Valentin Anglemann
4—Sammy Fuller	Baby Arizmendi	Speedy Dado	Ginger Foran
5—Benny Bass	George Hansford	Young Tommy	Mickey McGuire
6—Eddie Cool	Tommy Paul	Little Pancho	Maurice Huguenin
7—Frankie Klick	Petey Hayes	Star Frisco	Praxille Gyde
8—Johnny Jadick	Lew Feldman	Joe Tei Ken	Tom Pardoe
9—Lew Ambers	Jackie Wilson	Bobby Leitham	Ellis Ashurst
10—Joe Ghnouly	Petey Sarron	Ernie Maurer	Tommy Steele.

TRENTON FISTIC FLASHES

By JOSEPH (SOX) PINTO

PAULIE WALKER, Trenton contender for welterweight honors, battled to a hard-fought ten-round draw with Kid Azteca, Mexican champion. According to reports from Mexico City, where the bout was held, Walker won three of the first five rounds, was slowed in the next four, partly because of Azteca's hard punching, and partly by the high altitude, then staged a fast rally to win the tenth.

Young Terry, Trenton middle, lost to Jimmy Smith of Philadelphia in a ten-round bout at Pittsburgh. Smith was too rough and tough for his Trenton opponent.

The only boxing shows held here in Trenton this season have been the Mercer County amateur tournament held under the auspices of the Knights of Columbus. The shining lights in the tournament were Joe Brennan, Bobby Carroll, Lou Sheppard, Joe Saxon, Larry Mangine, Stan Ivins, Richard Lane, Don Calu and Carman Gagliardi.

Johnny Oakey, Trenton middle, is staging his annual comeback. Oakey is training daily at the Pioneer Gym.

Don Calu, welter, who made a big hit in the amateurs, is now in training for his pro debut. Calu is under the watchful eye of Jimmy (Fats) Pinto.

Angelo Pelante hurled a challenge at Bill Wilfong for heavyweight honors of the Pioneer Gym. As yet Wilfong has not accepted.

The following are my selections for the leaders in their respective divisions:

The heavyweight and light-heavyweight divisions have no one worth mentioning.

MIDDLEWEIGHTS—Young Terry, Johnny Oakey and Jackie Reilly.

WELTERWEIGHTS—Paulie Walker, Ralph Fulton and Tommy (Kid) Murphy.

LIGHTWEIGHTS—Young Andy, Meyer Goss and Geo Levy.

FEATHERWEIGHTS — Johnny Brennan, Mooch Murphy and Mickey Harvey.

BANTAMWEIGHTS — Johnny Brennan, Bellino and Joey Phelan.

There are no flyweights.

Although Brennan is a legitimate bantam, there is no one in the higher division that stands a chance with him. That is the reason that he heads both.

PHILIPPINE TYPHOONS!
By CONRADO MATA

YOUNG SANTOS of Cavite put his town on the local fistic map when he decisively outpointed Tony Darcy, Manila, in a ten-round attraction at the Dreamland Stadium, Cavite, for the flyweight championship of the Orient. The bout was a humdinger.

Ventura Marquez, Mexico, was robbed of a well-earned decision over Joe Eagle in the semi-final of the elimination series conducted by the Club for the featherweight belt of the Orient.

Rush Binoy, Binan idol, made the grade when he nearly knocked off Baby Johnson, Pasay, to romp away with the duke at the end of six. Binoy is one of the best body punchers ever developed in the Islands, and many things are expected of this boy.

M. Spivakoff is the proprietor of the Metropole Hotel . . . . Dr. Roy Berry never misses his fight menu . . . . Les Hartman is now connected with a gold mining concern . . . . Arsenic Lacson is the football captain of the University Santo Tomas squad . . . . Pete Villanueva is the probable "press steward" of the Far Eastern Olympic Games . . . . Ralph Hawkins is the acting sports editor of the *Bulletin* . . . . Ralph Cuyugan has a new find in the person of Speed Cabanela . . . . Dr. Pablo Anido, piloted the U. S. T. box team to win the cup and, incidentally, Doc Anido used and is using Nat Fleischer's three books, *How to Box, How to Train,* and *How to Second,* and is recommending them to everybody. Isn't he great? . . . . Joachim Quintos, Jr., has a lifelong partner in Gloria Aspillera. . . .

Talking about Dr. Anido, Doc has been buying THE RING for the past twelve years and still thinks that the stuff is great. A week ago he underwent an operation. The doctor in charge forbade him from doing any physical or mental exertion—reading books included. Well, his favorite magazine arrived and he had to bribe his nurse to smuggle THE RING inside his room. He is still raving about H. Bright's "Notable Referees."

Young Frisco shaded Con Cordero in eight. Frisco is on his way now to the Coast. He is a good boy and packs a punch. Louie Colombo of the Marine Corps won from Young Leo, 31st Infantry, in the third via the T. K. O.

Naning Sangle is busy rounding his amateurs for the Far Eastern Games. Japan is expected as usual to furnish a stiff competition. Interest is at fever heat.

Who is Who in the Philippines for 1933:—

FLYWEIGHTS—Young Santos (champion), Little Abayan, Tony Darcy, Speed Cabanela, Speed Patro, Fighting Chualai.

BANTAMWEIGHTS—Cunning Nene (champion), Jose Villanueva, Tony Sacramento, Joe Grande, Rapid Mente, B. de Guzman.

FEATHERS—(Vacant), Young Tarley, Rush Binoy, Joe Eagle, Ventura Marquez, K. O. Caballero, Johnny Gabuco.

LIGHTWEIGHTS—Kid Vicente (champion), Kid Arca, Mariano Adriano, Mark Diaz, Fighting Abordo.

WELTERWEIGHTS — (Vacant), Young Frisco, Con Cordero, Max Santos, Kid Vicente, Mariano Adriano.

MIDDLEWEIGHTS—(None).

LIGHT-HEAVIES—Luis Logan (champion), Young Uzcudun, Big Martinez, Young Max Schmeling.

HEAVYWEIGHTS—Luis Logan (champion), Big Martinez, Eddie Jorge.

Macario Bayan Rivera, head of the Managers' and Boxers' Association, should be in California by the time this issue is out. Bayan will look around for a couple of the best talents cavorting around the Coast and bring 'em back to Manila.

Mariano Adriano, the ol' man of the local mart, gave Doc Ocampo's hard-hitting lightweight, Mark Diaz, a neat boxing course in six. Adriano has been in the game for more than ten years and is thirty-four years old.

Paquito Limjengco and Dr. Felix Tolentino are now managing the Manila Boxing Club.

The Magsalin Bill is now a law after G. G. Frank Murphy signed the thing. The new law permits the holding of two sessions of boxing in the Philippines. It will greatly put back the game to where it belongs.

OTHER FIGHT RESULTS: Young Dick drew with Batt Milario. B. de Guzman scored over Rush Perfecto and Joe Eagle. Clever Casio won from Star Cosio. Young Tarley held Johnny Custodio to an even go. Primo Vidal kayoed Star Sencio in three. K. O. Caballero shaded Rush Williams.

Nat Fleischer's UNIVERSAL BOXING COURSE is an honest-to-goodness correspondence course in nose-denting, and every one should avail himself of this rare opportunity.

Make this as one of your New Year's resolutions. Renew or subscribe to the largest, guaranteed, circulating boxing magazine in the world and be abreast with the times. THE RING is the only boxing publication which has not been affected by Ol' Man Depression.

STATE OF WASHINGTON
By JACK NEVILLE

TACOMA, now holding "new talent" boxing shows, with main events of six rounds, had Jimmy Britt of Tacoma pounding out an easy win over Miles Murphy in the welter class.

In Seattle, Henry Woods, colored Yakima lightweight, won a ten-round decision over Hubert "Kid" Dennis, Montana 135-pounder. Woods was unable to knock out the tough Dennis, failing to show his supposedly deadly right-hand punch.

Seattle, November 29, Little Pancho of Manila won the nod from Augie Curtis in a fast ten-round main event. Harry "Tarzan" Thomas lost the decision to Bert Kayo Paxton, Texas Negro, in the eight-round semi-final.

The White Center Club showed before a packed house, November 23, with Leon "Bombo" Chevelier, huge Oakland Negro, kayoing Del Wolfe, Bellingham giant, in four heats. Johnny Lorraine and Buddy Bitonti, lightweights, fought a sensational six-round draw.

Jack Dempsey, idol of boxing fans the world over, has been picking up some small change refereeing "rassling" bouts in the Northwest.

Before the Western Athletic Club, August Sepp, matchmaker, Ira Dern dumped Pat Reilly in two out of three falls at the Crystal Pool.

People prominent in the sporting life of the city and the Coast, when in Seattle, are always found at Bill Hingeley's Log Cabin Bar, one of the show places of the Northwest. A stop in Seattle isn't worth while unless you see this unique place. Seen there of late—Joe Benjamin, Jack Dempsey, Joe Guerrerro, Frankie Remus, Jim Parsons and more.

At Wenatchee, George Bearcat Baker, Riverton Negro, lost to Red Tingley in a six-round main event.

Gorilla Jones, N.B.A. middleweight champion, stopped over in Seattle long enough to meet Frankie Remus, all-Navy middleweight champion, and put him away in six rounds.

Corporal Ben Shaves of the Marines and Dick Gordon, Bellingham middle, went ten fast rounds at the White Center Arena. Buddy Bitonti, lightweight, won an eight-round decision from Johnny Lorraine in the semi-wind-up.

Ford Smith, Seattle heavy, kayoed Del Wolfe, Bellingham logger, in two rounds at Tacoma in an event held by the Eagles, George Shanklin, matchmaker.

My ratings of boxers in the state of Washington for the year are:

FLYWEIGHT—Chris Angel.
BANTAMWEIGHT—Augie Curtis.
FEATHERWEIGHT—Abie Israel.
LIGHTWEIGHTS—Henry Woods, Joe Ponce.
WELTERWEIGHT—Billy Gray.
MIDDLEWEIGHT—Freddie Steele.
LIGHT-HEAVYWEIGHT—Fred Lenhart.
HEAVYWEIGHT—Harry Tarzan Thomas.

Cal Linn, a youngster from Montana, recently made an appearance at the White Center Club and looked very promising.

Jimmy Slavin, Wilkes-Barre heavy, who has been boxing around the State, has left for California. Slavin looked very good in his few starts up here.

Let's make 1934 a real year—one to be proud of, and in the meantime the writer doffs his hat to the Washington State Athletic Commission, Mr. George Adams, Bill Mulligan and Mr. Grafton, for their excellent work so far done in their brief tenure of office.

THE RING IN PHILADELPHIA
By ROSS E. KAUFFMAN

LEW MASSEY, veteran South Philadelphia lightweight, and Philadelphia fight fans are still trying to figure out what happened to the Italian lad when Tootsie Bashara of Norfolk, Va., swung a wicked right-hand punch that fractured Massey's jawbone at the Broadway A. C. Bashara, 136 pounds, brother of Joe Bashara, was judged winner of the eight-round bout.

Going into the bout a 4 to 1 favorite, Massey came out of it with a broken lower left jaw, caused by two terrific knockdowns. He also fell to the floor twice through weakness. Massey wound up in the Hahnemann Hospital and now wants a return fight when he mends.

The unexpected result of the Bashara-Massey bout followed a near riot that cropped up after the decision given Ruby Budman, of Frankford, over Joe Maffei, South Philadelphia. Referee Knarsborough voted for a draw, but the verdict of the two judges overruled him and the crowd became so boisterous it took twenty minutes to get the windup started. Budman and Maffei are featherweights.

Anticipating a busy New Year, Tommy Loughran has been keeping in good shape at a Philadelphia gym. The South Philadelphia Adonis, since beating the high-towering Ray Impellitiere, figures he is due for a prosperous 1934 campaign and, after meeting Max Schmeling, will strike out for a clash with Max Baer.

With the return of Taylor and Gunnis to the boxing promotion field in Phillie, the ring outlook appears brighter. They staged a Christmas week benefit show for the Prison Welfare Fund, in which Benny Bass met Eddie Cool, and it looked like "Old Home Week" to see many of the regular customers around the ringside again. The show was put on at Convention Hall.

My ranking of Philly and nearby boxers:

FLYWEIGHTS—1, Midget Wolgast; 2, Billy Passamento; 3, Harry Little.

BANTAMWEIGHT—None.

JUNIOR LIGHTWEIGHTS—1, Benny Bass; 2, Johnny Craven; 3, Vincent Reed.

LIGHTWEIGHTS—1, Eddie Cool; 2, Johnny Jadick; 3, Lew Massey.

JUNIOR WELTERWEIGHTS—1, Tony Falco; 2, Young Firpo; 3, Bucky Jones.

WELTERWEIGHTS—1, Billy Hendrie; 2, Al Evans; 3, Frankie Caris.

MIDDLEWEIGHTS—1, Jimmy Smith; 2, Vincent Forgione; 3, Johnny Peppe.

LIGHT-HEAVYWEIGHTS—1, Billy Ketchell; 2, Dan Hassett; 3, Eddie Houghton.

HEAVYWEIGHTS—1, Tommy Loughran; 2, Obie Walker; 3, Al Ettore.

FLORIDA AND SOUTH GEORGIA
By HAL DAVIS

CHARLEY BELANGER, Canadian light-heavyweight, has invaded the South for the winter and promises dire things for the local boys. Belanger has a great record and should do well here.

Paul Steele, well known in Florida, is opening a fight club at Hot Springs, Ark., and plans to stage twenty-round bouts at the Auditorium theatre there.

Turner Scott, Orlando impresario, has been having good cards and big houses the past month and should do better after the holidays.

Bob Moore's new Dixie Highway Arena at West Palm Beach has been playing to a steadily increasing patronage. Lou Diamond, of New York, is in partnership with Moore.

Bobby Godwin, with Ma and Pa Godwin, has returned to Florida, and Pa has a busy winter planned for his offspring. Bob's first start was in West Palm Beach with Henry Firpo, Godwin winning the decision.

Simon Nebolsky, Cincinnati lightweight, is making the fans around Jacksonville sit up and take notice. Five straight knockouts in as many bouts have the promoters hard pressed to find a fighter in this section who is a match for the Ohio puncher.

Henry Firpo, the Bald Eagle from Louisville, has a nice winning percentage since his invasion of the South a couple of months ago. His only loss was to Bob Godwin, after which he went to Miami and stopped the winning streak of Joe King.

A reincarnation of Joe Wolcott is what sport writers are calling the South's new colored sensation, Jimmy Caldwell, of Leesburg. Jimmy, a welterweight, has had eighty-three fights in his two-year career, and only ten opponents have been able to finish.

PEELINGS FROM THE ORANGE COUNTRY—Wilbur Stokes won over Leo Bailey in St. Pete, and K. O.'d Jimmy Griffin in Orlando and Dan Buckley and Joe Miller at Leesburg. . . . Johnny Dean of Phila. is bowling them over in these parts . . . Billy Hood beat Young Embry and drew with Cliff Greenwood in Orlando and stopped Charlie "Kid" Baisden in five at Fort Benning . . . Jimmy Caldwell K. O.'d Big Ben, Scrap Iron Johnson and Bad Man Chaney at Fort Myers, Inky Williams at Orlando and Popper Stopper at Savannah . . . Rufus Miles K. O.'d Dan Buckley, Joe Rodriguea and Johnny Miller at Leesburg . . . Ceal Yancey won over Sammy Lucas at St. Pete . . . Johnny Dean stopped Tony Monin in two at St. Pete, Six Second Lynch in two at Orlando, and beat Harry Kersey and Kid Ingram at Orlando . . . Roy Bailey stopped Spike Webb at Miami and Red Scrogham in Orlando.

Jimmy Wade has a nice winning streak started at West Palm Beach . . . . Jimmy Fitzsimmons' jaw is now well and this speedy bantam is again ready for bouts . . . . Hotel and business men predict a banner season in Florida this winter. . . . . Harry Allen, Brockton light-heavy, stayed around here all summer, then left in late December for Mass. . . . . Why do so many northern fighters go like a house afire for a few weeks when they first arrive, then fade?

GOSSIP FROM EUROPEAN RINGS

By "SPARROW" ROBERTSON

JEFF DICKSON made a big success over his promotion of the Len Harvey-Jack Petersen British heavyweight championship bout which he staged at the Royal Albert Hall, London. Ten days prior to the contest, every reserved seat was sold. The hall was packed to capacity on the night of the entertainment, and thousands were turned away unable to obtain admission. As one of the leading English papers said, "It was a great tribute to Jeff Dickson and showed that he had the confidence of the British sportsmen."

Kid Tunero, who was recently defeated by the French champion, Marcel Thil, has gone back to Cuba. While in Europe, Tunero has been troubled with rheumatism and he was compelled to cancel several engagements on account of same. He thought that a long rest in the hot climate of Cuba would do him good.

In Italy there is a heavyweight named Francesco Costanso, a youngster of twenty years, standing 6 feet 5½ inches, and weighing 240 pounds. He is said to have shown considerable cleverness in the preliminary bouts he has engaged in.

In Oslo, Finland, an attempt was made to put through a light system at the end of boxing bouts which would indicate the findings of the officials to the customers. The federation decided to place colored lights before the judges. At the end of the bouts, the judges then were compelled to vote so all spectators could see. A white light meant a draw, a red light meant one of the boxers, a blue light the other. When the gallery did not agree with the decision, it knew whom to blame, and it never missed an opportunity. But, after a couple of judges received a messing up over the innovation, they began to balk. They had no desire for such publicity. The federation is trying to find judges who will defy the crowds and take chances of getting a licking thrown in.

Al Brown, the world's champion bantamweight, won a point decision over Luigi Quadrini of Italy in a ten-round bout held at Oran, North Africa.

Abel Argotte, leading contender for the French light-heavyweight championship, received a decision over Roger Royer in a ten-round bout held at the Central Sporting Club of Paris.

France has three very good flyweights in Anglemann, French champion, Gyde, European champion, and Huguenin, the challenger for the French title.

At a boxing entertainment held at Lille, France, the crack little French battler, Huguenin, defeated flyweight Pedrito Ruiz of Spain on points in a ten-round scheduled bout. At the same entertainment Petit Biquet of Belgium received a point decision over Young Perez of France in a twelve-round bout.

Gustave Roth of Belgium, the European champion middleweight, won a point decision over Roger Besneux in a bout held at Antwerp.

Petit Biquet, the clever little Belgian fighter, defeated Gilbert on points in a match held in Belgium.

Boxing is going very well in Brussels and Antwerp. Some excellent boxers are being developed throughout Belgium.

Following are the selections made by Jeff Dickson, the leading European promoter for France and Europe.

FLYWEIGHTS — Jackie Brown (England), world's champion, Anglemann (France), Ginger Foran (England), Micky McGuire (Ireland), Huguenin (France).

BANTAMWEIGHTS—Johnny King (England), Sangchili (Spain), Huat (France), Petit Biquet (Belgium), champion of Europe, Young Perez (France).

FEATHERWEIGHTS — Girones (Spain), champion of Europe, Tamagnini (Italy), Seaman Watson (England), Tommy Rogers (England), Nel Tarleton (England).

LIGHTWEIGHTS — Locatelli (Italy), Sybille (Belgium), Humery (France), Kid Berg (England), Orlandi (Italy).

WELTERWEIGHTS—Jack Hood (England), champion of Europe, Eder (Germany), Anneet (Belgium), Tenet (France), Besselmann (Germany).

MIDDLEWEIGHTS—Marcel Thil (France), world's champion, Seelig (Germany), McAvoy (England), Roth (Belgium), champion of Europe, Ara (Spain).

LIGHT-HEAVYWEIGHTS — Len Harvey (England), Andersson (Sweden), Eddie Phillipps (England), Ceccarelli (Italy), Heuser (Germany).

HEAVYWEIGHTS—Carnera (Italy) world's champion, Len Harvey (England) and Max Schmeling (Germany), Jack Petersen (England), McCorkindale (Great Britain), Neusel (Germany), Jack Doyle (England), Paolino (Spain).

AUSTRALIAN BOXING AND BOXERS

By JAMES J. MANNION

TO Nel Tarleton of England and Tod Morgan of the U. S. A. we gladly hand the palm for staging one of the most brilliant exhibitions of boxing ever seen at old Roughcutters Bay. And that's saying a mouthful . . . . For half the fight Morgan had too many guns, and even had Tarleton on the floor for three long counts. But he never lessened the opposition's courage, and Nel came to life with a burst of brilliance that fairly dazzled the crowd and earned him a draw. His superb boxing blended with Morgan's tireless aggressiveness to produce a near-perfect battle.

Tarleton is a great boxer, though he lost no prestige by the draw with Morgan. But when he invaded Melbourne he ran into one of those things that drive pugs to drink—a home-town decision. Or so it was called. He fought Young Lew Edwards over the fifteen-round route, and Bill Lang crowned the local boy. Press and public passed the berry with bells on. But Lang knows his fistic p's and q's, and as referee he was in the best position to see what was and what wasn't. Anyway, what he says goes. So Edwards won the day.

Tod Morgan has made himself a most popular young man with the local fancy. They like his work and the way he does it . . . . In his Australian *debut* Tod came out an easy winner after fifteen torrid rounds with Bobby Blay. And that was Blay's last fight. Which is to be regretted, for boxing can never have too many of his kind. Blay is as game as they make 'em, and he was a trier from first gong to last. Let that be his fistic epitaph.

After months of idleness, Jack Carroll returned to the ring to face the official middleweight champ, Fred Henneberry, in a return match. It was their third meeting. In the first, Henneberry won by a K. O.; the second was a boxing lesson for him, with Carroll as teacher; and the latest chapter found Carroll in anything but good shape, yet he again had a cakewalk. Henneberry is a great scrapper on his day, with the right sort of opposition, but put him in with a brilliant scientist of the Carroll type, and hey presto!

Both of these lads would be well advised to sing their glove songs with much more regularity than they have been doing. If they ever hope to get any place, they ought to know that a fight and a long holiday till the next one is not the vicious circle of successful boxing. And it's farcical for Henneberry to claim the 160-pound title while persistently forcing a better man to come in overweight. If Jack Carroll is not the title-holder, he is at all events the best middleweight in the land.

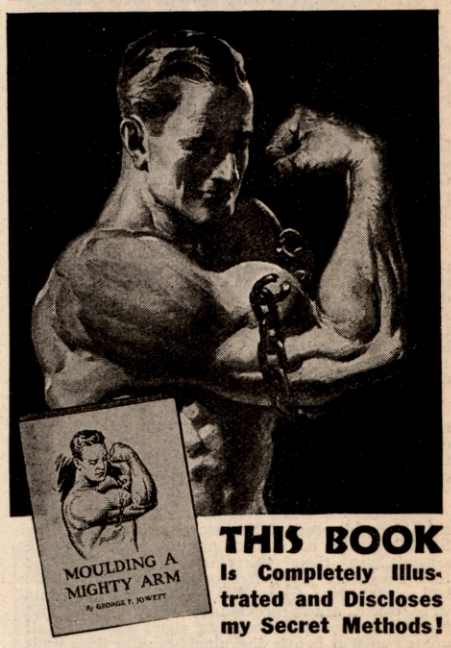
Charlie Lucas is to be heartily congratulated for his stout efforts to revive the leather-pushing business in this neck of the woods. Local freight-payers are being constantly fed with jabbages and swings of the highest order. Apart from classy importations, the home-grown product is being exhibited at every opportunity, and the result is keen public interest, especially in Roughcutters Bay, and also, though to a lesser extent, in other zones of war.

Before returning to his home town (Perth), Cyril Pluto spent a peaceful evening with the once ferocious Alby Roberts. The Lismore also was out of condition by at least a mile, and that's also about the margin of points in Pluto's favor when it was all over. Bill Pluto, a brother, is staying in the East for a few more contests.

Mention of easy wins reminds me that Ron Richards (11.5), middle and heavyweight champion of Queensland, handled Harry Lister as though he were just a punchbag. But maybe Harry was resting on the laurels he gained by defeating Johnny Condon in a swell fight two weeks previous . . . . Anyway, it's not a bit of good feeding suckers to Richards. He's a great prospect, but he's raw. And he'll stay raw just so long as he continues to play with the set-ups, when he should be mixing it with good scrappers. He's a wee bit unlucky in that he's inclined to be isolated. He's far too good for the general run, yet he's not quite equal to climbing in with the top flight.

SCRAPS OF SCRAPS — Ambrose Palmer seems to be dead keen on giving England the once over. Charley Lucas is having the devil's own job to keep him here for a few more fights. He should be a sensation in the Old Country. . . . Broken Hill fans saw their local boy, Pat Craig, win his first bout as Aussie bantam champion, his opponent being Les Ferris . . . . Billy Martin is beginning to do things among the welters. His two latest starts brought him the scalps of Jack Garcia and Ron Negus . . . . Aussie boxing enthusiasts were deeply moved by the tragic finale of Young Stribling . . . . Darkie Blandon was too good for Billy Carr. He's one of our best bantams . . . . American Kid Como hasn't enjoyed brilliant success in these parts, but he was too much for Red Moloney to handle . . . . And when it comes to that, the same applies to Pietro Spagnola and Jim Richardson, who slugged away for fifteen rounds with Spagnola coming out on top . . . . And that's that, as someone said before me.

MOULDING A MIGHTY ARM



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IN AND NEAR CHICAGO
By FRANK MAESTRO

THE only major boxing show in December was held at the Chicago Stadium. King Levinsky met Don McCorkindale in the ten-round windup. It had an international heavyweight championship aspect in that Levinsky laid claim to the American title and Don claimed that he was titleholder of Great Britain.

McCorkindale arrived in plenty of time to get into the best possible condition for Levinsky. He was accompanied by his wife, the former Miss Chrissie Broadribb; Babe Culnan, his American representative; Dick O'Connor, trainer; and Willie Gilsenberg.

Plenty of statistics on McCorkindale were available while he was in Chicago. Here is a thumb-nail sketch: Born Donald Dinnie McCorkindale of Scotch-Irish parents at Pretoria, South Africa, on August 16, 1904. Started boxing when twelve years old. As an amateur, won the British heavyweight title in 1926. Went to semi-finals of 1928 Olympics at Amsterdam. The Levinsky match was his thirty-eighth as a pro.

A four-page tabloid called Chicago *Sports* has made its *debut*. Fifty thousand copies of it were distributed without charge, most of them with the *Daily Times*. Joe Foley headed a list of noted contributors.

Jim Londos, heavyweight wrestling championship claimant, evened the score by throwing Ray Steele in one hour, six minutes, and forty-six seconds, in their thirty-first meeting at the Stadium before 7,596. Receipts were $9,555. Steele had won thirteen times, Jim twelve, and five bouts were called draws previously. First Londos and then Ray appeared about to score the one fall needed to win before the ninety-minute time limit expired, but this didn't happen until Jim threw Steele with a body slam shortly after one hour.

Nick Scalba, featherweight, has been appointed boxing instructor at Northwest Gymnasium, 2025 North Avenue, by Chuck Logan . . . . Pal Moore, former Memphis, Tenn., bantamweight, is boxing instructor at the North Side Boys' Club, 208 Siegal Street . . . . Jacquotte Elverrillo gave Dick Sisk a scare and almost knocked him out in the third round of their six-round meeting at Cicero Stadium, but Sisk pulled himself together in the fourth and piled up the winning points in the fifth and sixth rounds.

Freddy Miller, featherweight champion, outboxed Paul Dazzo most of the way to win a ten-round decision at Arcadia Gardens. There were four rounds in which Dazzo gave the crowd a chance to cheer for him—the third, fifth, seventh and tenth. In these rounds Dazzo landed on the champion's chin with rights which rocked him, and it appeared Paul might win by a knock-out. But the opportunities passed and there was hardly a dissenting vote in the audience when Miller was awarded the decision.

The California Athletic Commission has signed a working agreement with the Illinois and New York Commissions. The code is the same as that signed by this state and New York last October. Under the agreement, California, New York and Illinois will recognize each other's dictums, if they believe they are reasonable.

Johnny Phagan, welterweight, scored an upset when he knocked out Pee Wee Jarrell of Fort Wayne, Ind., on the South Side . . . . Eddie Koppy, Detroit, Mich., 140-pound fighter, was awarded a disputed ten-round decision over Danny Delmont, Chicago, in the opening indoor boxing show at South Bend, Ind., sponsored by the Studebaker Athletic Association . . . . Mickey Joy, lightweight, scored ten consecutive triumphs here in recent weeks . . . . Jimmy Murphy, middleweight, and Les Darcy, welterweight, have resumed fighting after being idle four months. They are managed by Nick Marx.

Charlie Cutler, former heavyweight wrestling champion, patronizes Hans Steele's beer tavern . . . . Les Marriner, who has retired from the ring indefinitely, walked by Kid Howard's gymnasium, puffing away at a pipe, with nary a look at the place where he did most of his training for bouts . . . . Sam Buxbaum, Denver, Colo., trainer who made good in the big city, has opened a tap room at 119 North Wells Street . . . . The new Belle Plaine Gymnasium is at 4217 Lincoln Avenue. Jabber Young is chairman of the athletic committee.

Jack Moran, middleweight, was employed by the West Town Watch and Protective Association . . . . Maurice Barrymore, late father of Lionel, John and Ethel Barrymore, was an amateur boxing champion of England . . . . Fred Stone, stage and screen actor, served as sparring partner for Jim Corbett for his unsuccessful comeback against Jim Jeffries.

Gus Rock says Joey Kleko will box the second; the second he gets a match . . . . The Arcadia Garden, 4444 Broadway, where Mique Malloy presents boxing shows, is an ideal arena. It is reported that the Uptown Amusement Corporation spent thirty-five thousand dollars to remodel the Garden . . . . Tony Herrera, junior welterweight, and Whitey Ekwert, trainer, said they had a lot of fun but didn't make much money while visiting at El Paso, Texas . . . . Battling Williams is a boxing instructor at Phoenix, Ariz.

Frank J. McAdams, Catholic Youth Organization referee, spends his time in between rounds of refereeing composing poems . . . . Eddie Gill, St. Charles, Ill., middleweight, was in Florida for bouts . . . . Karl Ogren, claimant of the Swedish middleweight title, accepted an offer of two thousand dollars from Ed Stevenson to sign a three-year management contract when he is twenty-one years old on January 28, 1934 . . . . King Levinsky thinks Nick Florio of New York is the best trainer in the world.

DO YOU REMEMBER WHEN—Mae West's father, Jack West, was a featherweight boxer? . . . . Jack Sanders was interested in the late Pancho Villa and Clever Sencio, and Pete Sarmiento and Johnny Hill, four of the greatest fighters ever developed in the Philippine Islands? Sanders now is tending bar at Kid Howard's Patent Leather Kid Club.

The South Side Athletic Club, 5657 Shields Avenue, headed by Steve Meyers, made arrangements to make Christmas for Red Quinn and Mrs. Quinn and their nine children a happy one. Red, a flyweight boxer twenty years ago, has been ill and unable to work for some time. He lives with his family at 5743 Shields Avenue.

George Eagel, former boxer, is living at The Angelus Hotel at Los Angeles, Calif.

Dear Frank: Since we arrived in Los Angeles my brother, Art Laskey, has not been boxing as well as usual, though he has won most of his bouts. This has earned us promises of considerable work, but would like to come home as we do not like the weather in California.—Maurice Laskey.

Sir: Champion Primo Carnera received $45,000, Max Baer got $25,000, and Jack Dempsey was awarded $10,000 for taking part in the talkie picture, *The Prize Fighter and the Lady*.—T. P.

Tuffy Griffith has been appointed an Illinois Athletic Commission inspector . . . . A night club hostess is suing Mickey O'Shea, North Side welterweight, for $1,500 for breach of promise.

Ratings of boxers in the Chicago section follow:
HEAVYWEIGHTS—King Levinsky, Buck Everett, Adolph Wiater, Bob Stone, Johnny Morris, Tony Cancela, Seal Harris.
LIGHT-HEAVYWEIGHTS—Roy Williams, Ed Wills.
MIDDLEWEIGHTS—Kid Leonard, Karl Ogren, Young Stuhley, Johnny Liston, Jimmy Cummings, George Williams, Bob Groshek, Bill Connell, Walter Jerz.
WELTERWEIGHTS—Johnny Phagan, Young Joe Walker, Sammy Mandell, Henry Rothier, Laddie Tonelli, Puggy Weinert, Billy Celebron, Eddie Ward, Dick Sisk, Danny Delmont.
LIGHTWEIGHTS—Barney Ross, Mickey Joy, Paul Dazzo, Davey Day, Joey Kleko, George Engel.
FEATHERWEIGHTS—Eddie Shea, Nick Scalba, Kid Irish, Jackie Sharkey, Sammy Levine, Leo Rodak, Young Geno, Johnny Fitzpatrick, Joey Bozak, Hugh Allen, George Haberski.
BANTAMWEIGHTS—Jimmy Eliopoulos, Lenny Cohen, Oscar O'Hanion, Frank Mirabal, Vince Perino, Frank Almarez.

IN SYRACUSE RINGS
By BILLY SHAW

MIKE BELLOISE, crack New York featherweight, scored a sensational two-round knock-out over Joey Brown, strong local slugger, at the Arena. Mike's sharpshooting style and masterful manner in which he scored the *coup de grace*, made a tremendous hit with the fans. It was the first time in Brown's career that he had ever been knocked out.

Since joining the pro ranks, Eddie Dempsey has been coming along at a fast pace. His first bout showed the hard-punching local lightweight scoring over Joe Peninno of New York in a spectacular battle that had the fans in an uproar. In his next start, Dempsey decisively outpointed Norm Cordaro, promising Batavia youngster.

Dempsey's next fight was one of the best the former amateur champion ever fought here. Eddie held the rugged Mickey Serrian to a draw before three thousand cheering fans. The match was a natural and replete with action from start to finish. Dempsey scored three knockdowns, but Serrian came back strong in the last three frames to even matters and gain an even break.

Al Trainor, Philadelphia middleweight, who is now living here, defeated Frank Lo Bianco of New York in a six-round engagement at the Arena, and journeyed to Rochester five days later and whipped Billy Nitchy of Buffalo in a torrid six-rounder on the Jack Portney-Andy DiVodi card.

Marty Postal's final show at Binghamton was a humdinger for action, but a financial flop. Jack O'Dowd, former Toledo heavyweight, now fighting out of Syracuse, knocked out Ike McFowler in three rounds, while Harry Fuller, veteran Buffalo crowd pleaser, won from Frankie Wotanski of Utica in the feature bouts. Following the show, Postal announced in the Bingo papers that he was through, and offered the club to the highest bidder.

Baby Joe Thompson, California Negro, beat Frankie Petrolle in a ten-round scrap at Albany. The colored ape-man of the ring is reported to have made quite a hit with Capital City fans.

Local boxing cards have been switched to Monday nights, while the grunters and groaners are working here on Friday nights. Both sports are drawing good crowds.

Another Batavia youngster is rapidly coming to the front and may soon be boxing windups. The lad is Mickey Devine, a clever, hard-punching southpaw bantamweight. Mickey has a baby face and lots of ring personality. He stopped Johnny Cashman in his first pro start, and defeated Pedro Lorenzo in his second.

Eugene (Bad Boy) Emanuel, colored "wild man," will be out of the game for several weeks due to a broken eardrum received in a slashing battle with Tony Lombardo, Toledo welterweight, at the Arena.

Panama Fred Jenkins stopped Kid Sullivan, Watertown caveman, here, and outpointed Bucky Lawless at Auburn a few days later.

Steve Halaiko handed Eddie Shapiro, rugged New York welterweight, a lacing at Auburn.

Bob Moody knocked out Jack O'Dowd in the fourth round of a scheduled six-round main bout at the Arena. The Irishman gave Moody a hard fight up until Bob put over a haymaker. Benny Odell and Johnny Nelson drew in a hard-fought six-round bout. Joey Brown knocked out Eddie Judge in the second round of a scrap slated to go six, while Harry Fuller hung a slumber punch on Kid Dyke in the third.

The eight best fighters in this section are:
FLYWEIGHT—Mickey McDonald.
BANTAMWEIGHT—Mickey Devine.
FEATHERWEIGHT—Joey Brown.
LIGHTWEIGHT—Eddie Dempsey.
WELTERWEIGHT—Mickey Serrian.
MIDDLEWEIGHT—Joe Moran.
LIGHT-HEAVYWEIGHT—Johnny Nelson.
HEAVYWEIGHT—Bob Moody.

PITTSBURGH GOSSIP
By WILLIAM PIKOR

JIMMY SMITH provided a bang-up action battle—and a pleasant surprise—when he and Young Terry came together at the Arena. Smith, underdog in the betting, took nine rounds of the ten and had his antagonist fairly dizzy at the close of the battle. If Terry is the fighter we have been led to believe, he certainly showed none of it that night in the North Side.

Marty Gornick draped a knockout on Young Bordell. Red Bruce subbed for Curly Klaas and disposed of Tony De Piero. General Burrows won the gravy over Ray Windbush and Johnny Durso won from Johnny Birek.

IT'S A FACT THAT—Frank Novak, North Side heavyweight, got his punching power from the constant use of a six-pound sledge hammer, pounding rims on barrels in the Heinz pickle factory . . . . Nat Litfin of Bill Simendinger's stable, is a vest-pocket edition of Baer. (In looks, that is) . . . . Lew Raymond wouldn't be himself without a big fat see-gar betwixt his lips. . . . . This mag is hot favorite in the Steel City.

Here it is. Just what you've been waiting for—the annual ratings! In this stretch of the game, they stack up like we have them here:
HEAVYWEIGHTS — Sunny Jim McVey, George Panka, Lloyd Clements, Emmett Rocco, Frank Novak.
LIGHT-HEAVYWEIGHTS—Bruno Sala, Red Bruce, Tony De Piero, Curly Klaas.
MIDDLEWEIGHTS—Teddy Yarosz, Franky Goosby, Lee Sala, Anson Green, Billy Holt, Tiger Joe Randall, Carl Montebano, General Burrows.
WELTERWEIGHTS—Jimmy Belmont, Joey Spiegal, Joe Bazzone, Max Elling.
JUNIOR WELTERWEIGHTS—Marty Gornick, Fritzie Zivic, Charley Baxter, Johnny Durso, Johnny Birek.
LIGHTWEIGHTS — Eddie Zivic, Battling Gizzy, Dom Mancini, Don Asto, Elmer Wilson.
JUNIOR LIGHTS — George Smith, Sammy Paris, Steve Senich, Al Farone.
FEATHERWEIGHTS—Jackie Wilson, Mose Butch, Charley Burns, Nat Litfin, Jimmy Thomas.
BANTAMWEIGHTS — Mose Butch, Willie Davies, Tony Marino, Franky Washko, Johnny Woods, Sammy Asto, Scotty Graham.

Adios! Be with you next month!

NEWS AND GOSSIP FROM BOSTON
By DOC ALMY

THE Boston Garden staged its second world's championship fight within a few weeks, sending Andy Callahan of Lawrence, holder of the N. E. lightweight, welter and middle titles, against Vince Dundee of Baltimore, the world's champion, in the latter division. It was the latter's first defense of the honor he had won but a short time before from Lou Brouillard.

Dundee, by a great rally in the last few rounds, so impressed the judges as to win their votes and the decision, though the referee gave Callahan his ballot. As a fight, it was a good one, with Callahan, a southpaw, giving the champion plenty of trouble in all but one of the first nine chapters. Andy did practically all of the forcing in these chapters, also the bulk of the landing, his speed and stance having the Italian frequently bewildered.

Though the verdict displeased many of the fans, particularly those of Irish blood or affiliations, the real trouble started after the bout when Johnny Buckley, manager of Callahan, declared to the members of the press and others that his man weighed but 141 to 142 pounds, to Dundee's 160, all contrary to the rules of the State Athletic Commission. Under this code, a difference of but seven pounds is allowed between principals in a middleweight contest. Callahan's weight had been announced from the ring, prior to the bout, as 152½ pounds. It further came out at the time that though the Boston Garden has filed contracts with the commission, wherein it appeared that Dundee was to receive 37½ per cent of the gate, and Callahan 15 per cent, contracts had been drawn up between Buckley and Max Waxman, manager of Dundee, wherein Buckley was to receive 52½ per cent, he in turn giving Dundee a guarantee of $7500.

Whatever Callahan's weight may have been on the night of the contest, next morning, after a night's sleep and at least two meals, he was put on the scales of the Boston official sealer of weights and measures. He then weighed 145½ pounds, and no dispute about it at all. Because of Buckley's various charges, the fact that Callahan not only fought fifteen rounds for "No," but, when it was all over, owed the Garden money because the fight drew a net of only about $13,725, and the publicity given the entire matter, Manager Buckley was ordered to appear before Daniel J. Kelly, a state commissioner. Buckley did so on December 11, and what was to have been a private session became public. Later, before a full meeting, Buckley was suspended for six months.

While the Bay State can now boast but one club conducting regular weekly tournaments — that of the Valley Arena in Holyoke, Mass.—with occasional fights here in Boston and up at Fitchburg, Mass., other events have had their place besides the affair of Dundee and Callahan. One of these was the essay of Lou Brouillard to fight in the light-heavy class, and his defeat by Tony Shucco of Boston in a ten-rounder staged in the Boston Garden ring. For this fray Brouillard weighed 167½ pounds to Shucco's 175. The former world's welter and middleweight champion, though he forced the fighting and was as game and tough as ever, could not get past the left-hand jabs and drives of the master boxer in front of him. Though Shucco seldom used his right, he having injured that hand while training, he registered a clean win over Brouillard and received the unanimous decision of the officials.

In the semi-final, Al McCoy of Waterville, Me., who, following his recovery from an operation, has been coming along like a paintshop afire, defeated Joe Kamanski of Scranton, Pa., who came to Boston with a very good "rep." However, he let McCoy do most of the work and make the bout a fight. This McCoy boy, now managed by Barney Fox, seems destined to go places and will bear watching.

With the beginning of the New Year, now close at hand, the Burke Sporting Club of Boston is likely to be revamped into the Tom Goodwin A. C. in memory of the famous Hub promoter, now deceased, one-time head of the very successful Suffolk A. C. Dan Carroll and a syndicate will take over the club and establish it in new quarters—the Fenway Riding School in Hemenway street, Back Bay, which is being made over into an arena. The place will seat about six thousand, and it is the plan to hold boxing tourneys weekly. Wrestling promoters will have the place on other nights.

The fight of several years for a reduction of the state license fee for boxing clubs, particularly in Boston, is likely to come to naught. The commission feels that were it to lower its present fee of $850, and base the same on seating capacity, as has been urged, fly-by-nighters might take advantage of the fact. So the present fee will be maintained and Boston will continue its boxing starvation.

Joe Savoldi's hitch kick, which has been barred in several states, but goes in this section of the country, proved a bit of a boomerang for him when he tried it on Ed Don George, the champion here, at the Boston Garden. Savoldi kicked his way for a win in the first fall in 21:15, but, on trying it in the second stanza, reached his man, but plunged backward himself, landing on his head and doing himself some damage. George pinned him for the fall in 15:30, while Savoldi, who was still dizzy, lost the third fall and match in 1 min. 35 sec. A fierce sleet storm held the attendance down to about six thousand.

Cowboy Hughes, a light-heavy in the Charley Gordon troupe of matmen, has been raising ructions here with a new hold to Bostonians known as the "Jap footlock." As Hughes has yet to meet a defeat, also has crippled most of his opponents, the lock is attracting as much attention as Sonnenberg's flying tackle, Browning's turnover scissors and other similar new ones which have won fame for their exponents. Hughes' hold, which he claims to have been taught by a Jap in France, is of the jiu-jitsu variety, and is yet to be successfully countered against on a New England mat.

A last-round rally, consisting of charges rather than effective work with the gloves, saved the bacon of Edward "Unknown" Winston, also his New England heavyweight title, from Dick Madden, a Roxbury Irish heavy, who is coming to the front. The fight, staged in the Mechanics Building, went twelve rounds, Madden surprising both Winston and everybody else by whipping his man two-thirds of the way. The award, which was not unanimous, also unpopular, went to Winston. Because of the guarantee given Winston, Madden fought for nothing, and, as in the case of Callahan, owed the club money for ever having had anything to do with the affair. Madden is now being talked for a bout here with Jim Maloney, provided the latter continues his comeback.

While Boston has seen several world's champicnship ring battles during the year, the sport, as a whole, has not proved a tremendous success either from the attendance angle, that of the box office, or in the development of real talent. What boxing has occurred has been so closely confined to the heavier classes, with practically no action in the divisions below 135 pounds, that to name half-a-dozen youngsters of any real boxing ability in the feather, bantam or flyweight departments is practically impossible. They hardly exist.

In the other classes, the outstanding Boston and New England ringsters rate in public esteem about as follows:

HEAVYWEIGHTS—Jack Sharkey, Edward "Unknown" Winston, Dick Madden, Jack McCarthy, Big Boy Rawson, Elmer Chase, Johnny Dixon, Joe Uzdavinis.

LIGHT-HEAVIES—Tony Shucco, Al Gainor, Victorio Livan, Norman Conrad, Mickey Bishop, Al Roderigues, Bud Mignault, Buck Tracey.

MIDDLEWEIGHTS—Johnny Indrisano, Lou Brouillard, Johnny Rossi, Al Rossi, Al McCoy, Al DeAlessandro, Tony Celli, Elmer Bizani, Johnny Renda, Hookey Jackson, Joey Kemp, Joe Glasgow.

WELTERS—Andy Callahan, Werther Arcelli, Harry Devine, Tommy Romano, George Salvatore, Pancho Villa, Henry Edmonds, Charley Longo, Frankie Britt, Joe Ricciotti, Hunter Welsh.

LIGHTWEIGHTS—Sammy Fuller, Paris Apiece, Tommy Leto, Honey Mellody, Cocoa Kid, Paul Junior.

FEATHERS—Andy Martin, Vernon Cormier, Ted Lawrence, Sparky Larkin, Joe Dowd.

BANTAMS—Gene Bianci, Dark Cloud Bradley.

FLYWEIGHT—None.

HOLYOKE NEWS
By GEORGE KID ROSS

HANS BIRKIE of Germany and Unknown Winston of Hartford fought an uninteresting bout, with Winston winning on a K.O. that was far from satisfactory to the fans. In the semi-final, Henry Le Page, who looked and acted as a wrestler, lost a decision to Tiger Henderson of Hartford.

Henderson, who is a tall, rangy Negro with wide shoulders like Bob Fitzsimmons, is a clever boxer who can hit, but he did not let go on Le Page. Angelo Manna of Worcester won a six-round decision over Jimmy Riche of Hartford. Manna put up a very nice fight against his taller opponent. Frankie Paul of Worcester, with Maurice Lemoine and Lou Brouillard in his corner, took Roland Lecuyer of Holyoke, who is trying to make a comeback.

I like the game when it's square, and make a good critic when it is not.

Dave Duval of Springfield, the best-looking prospect out of Springfield in a long time, defeated Larry Carson of Chicopee, out of the Rainault stable.

Frankie Carlton of Jersey City proved a better infighter than Jackie Davis of Cleveland, but Davis was the better boxer; that made it even, but they gave Carlton the decision.

Tony D'Allesandro, now of Holyoke, was to be handed something soft with Charlie Weise, substituting for Joe Kaminski, but was handed a surprise. Weise, who took the fight on a day's notice, tired a little in the end to lose the decision, but, during the first part of the fight, gave Tony a nice licking that will do him no good.

Art Chapdelaine lost a decision to Tony Leto of Hartford.

Teddy Yarosz, Pittsburgh panther, carried too much class for Tony D'Allesandro. When Yarosz got warmed up, it was just too bad for Tony

Steve Carr gave Charlie Weise of New York a beating, the second in succession in Holyoke. Billy O'Brien of Springfield lost to Joey Izzo of Hartford. O'Brien is too intelligent to train for his fights. He should retire.

BUFFALO, N. Y.
By HUGH SHANNON

BOXING in Buffalo is still at a standstill but wrestling has been perking up a bit. The best house of the year attended the Don George vs. Jack Washburn contest, staged by the Buffalo Sporting club. George won in thirteen minutes.

George Nichols got a draw at Toledo with Harry English, schoolboy Negro, in ten rounds. Red Carr, new pilot of Nichols, came back to Buffalo reporting that Nichols should have received the decision.

Playfair Brown, well-known Toronto promoter, writes me that he has organized the Pioneer A. C. and will stage boxing shows regularly at the Arena.

Sammy Mandell, former world's lightweight champion, who is under the writer's management, has been going good of late. Boxing at 145 pounds finds the former title-holder strong and full of pep. Billy Celebron of Rockford, former national amateur welterweight champion, is also with Mandell.

Joe Doctor, heavyweight, and Sam Bruce, crack Negro welterweight, are being booked by the writer. Both boys are in good shape and ready for all comers.

One of the best-looking young fighters around here is Eddie Smith, a twenty-year-old Negro, who certainly looks as though he will get somewhere as a fighter. He weighs 155 pounds. If boxing picks up here this youngster is a likely drawing card.

Harry McCoy, former fight manager, is an applicant for the vacant referee's job here. Jimmy Goodrich, the old-time lightweight, is the only referee here.

Red Carr has also closed up his gym. This leaves Buffalo with only one place for boxers to train. That is the Mimeo-Mueller gym on Jefferson Avenue, corner of East Eagle.

Boxing should pick up here from now on, and boxers of all weights, who have had some experience, should write to Hugh Shannon, 95 Saranac Avenue, Buffalo, N. Y.

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CLEVELAND CHATTER
By "PARSON" TOM McGINTY

FRANKIE WALLACE was the real hero of this year's Christmas Fund show staged by Ed Bang. The fight he gave Kid Chocolate won him thousands of admirers and Cleveland is Wallace mad on the strength of his wonderful showing.

Tony Canzoneri showed the Forest City fans why he is such a great card throughout the country. He toyed with Cecil Payne and finally knocked him out with a punch that sent the Louisville slasher down on the lower ropes where he was counted out in the fifth round.

Teddy Yarosz was too fast and clever for Paul Pirrone. He gave him a good boxing lesson but Paul made a rally in the eighth round and went on to the finish fighting desperately but not enough to catch the early lead of Yarosz.

Lou Feldman was too smart and clever for Jimmy Vaughn. Although he spotted Vaughn about eight pounds, he gave him a boxing lesson all the way.

Norman Conrad ran second to the Alabama kid in the opener of six rounds. Conrad showed very good in the first two rounds—but after that the Dover boy won all by himself.

Pete Reilly was here for the six-day bike races —and was in conference with Tommy McGinty regarding a title fight between Freddy Miller and Frankie Wallace.

Walter Davis, former manager of the National Ticket Company, who has been appointed director of Public Hall, has done plenty of good for the short time in office. He is helping promoters all he can by cutting all overhead and seeing that they get an even break. Walter knows what it is all about and is going to make good.

Babe Triscaro has returned from the Pacific Coast to spend the holidays here but is anxious to return to the sunny climate of California.

Frankie Wallace is planning to make a trip west after his fights with Chocolate and Miller here in Cleveland.

Ad Thacher, who was defeated for mayor, will start back at his first love—promoting fights at Toledo.

Shang Walsh is promoting wrestling and boxing shows at the Armory at Akron.

Paul Shieks is doing the promoting at the Firestone—and going good.

Mr. McPherson is still selling out the Auditorium with his "rassling" shows, and Walter Taylor is playing to capacity houses at the Equestrium. Cleveland is a great town for the grapplers—with Savoldi being the biggest card in the Middle West.

Jack Pallat is anxious to box any of the local heavyweights. Lakewood wants big Jack, where he has plenty of friends.

Manny Robins is still on the Coast with his Cleveland crew of boxers.

Johnny Farr isn't going to quit the ring. He is still angling for another shot—at Kid Chocolate.

Tommy Freeman is still at Miami, Fla.

Through an error, it was stated that James Doyle was assisting Bert McPherson in bringing back wrestling. What was meant was that Doyle and the other Cleveland writers, through their fine stories on the mat sport, have aided in bringing the game back to where it was. Doyle is in no way associated with the wrestling game or with any promoters.

SOUTHERN OHIO JABS
By J. JIMMIE AMANN

RESPONDING to the request of my boss, Nat Fleischer, here are my ratings for Southern Ohio district, based on the work done in 1933. It is upon action that I base my selections, which follow:

HEAVYWEIGHTS—Joe Sekyra, Dayton; Harry Williams, Cincinnati; Ted Graham, New Richmond; Ivan Joering, Newport; Johnny Mack, Cincinnati.

LIGHT-HEAVYWEIGHTS—Franky Palmo, Cincinnati; Paul Eviston, Newport; Joe Muchrowski, Cincinnati; Joe McCarthy, Dayton; Coleman Johns, Dayton.

MIDDLEWEIGHTS—Rough House Glover, Cincinnati; Vince Hambright, Cincinnati; Alabama Kid, Columbus; Jimmy Brown, Cincinnati; Tony Usas, Dayton.

WELTERWEIGHTS—Ernie Kirschner, Dayton; Elmer Bezenah, Cincinnati; Simon Nebloski, Cincinnati; Lee Cox, Cincinnati; Paul Thobe, Covington.

LIGHTWEIGHTS—Franky Saznone, Cincinnati; Tiger Walker, Zanesville; Ace Lightning, Springfield; Max Koshover, Cincinnati; Art Schultz, Covington.

FEATHERWEIGHTS—Jess Calhoun, Cincinnati; Red Harding, Cincinnati; Cliff McWhirter, Cincinnati; Jack Bundy, Dayton; Skeets Weems, Covington.

BANTAMWEIGHT—Georgie Annarino, Newark.

FLYWEIGHT—Johnny Edwards, Columbus.

There is little or no competition in the bantamweight and flyweight classes around here. Activity at this time is centering upon the middle, light and featherweight divisions.

Cincinnati is scheduled to be the scene of plenty of activity in the boxing game ere this goes to press, and after. To date, Frank Rappold has Kid Chocolate, the Cuban Bon-Bon, slated to tangle hooks with Davey Abad of Panama at the Armory. Another new club is dickering for a Harry Williams-Larry Johnson fuss at the same arena, Herman Katz is all set to stage a title shindy between Freddie Miller and Jackie Sharkey at the Music Hall on New Year's afternoon, as well as having signed bouts with King Levinsky in the principal role.

Simon Nebloski, the Russian-Jewish welter, who hails from the Avondale section of this city, is following the successful course set by Cox this summer in Florida. Simon, who is located at Jacksonville, knocked out Ernie Parker in one heat and then beat Chester Mullens, a good Texas battler, to the decision in ten rounds of his second start in the South.

AROUND FOUNTAIN SQUARE WITH THE PUNCHERS AND THEIR PILOTS—The mix-up of local gyms recently took place, Altman moving to Griffin's, and the Bonner-Curley stable renovating Altman's old club into nice training quarters for the boys . . . . visiting fighters are welcome, Bob and Don aver . . . . Danny Davis is now operating at his new Central Avenue gym . . . . Elmer Bezenah, the former Cincinnati welter, is beating a steady tattoo of victories at the expense of Northeastern class . . . . Elmer recently checked up his twenty-third straight win . . . . somewhere around Portland, Me. . . . . reports have it that a Bezenah-Andy Callahan mix is about due around those parts . . . . every sport around here who really knows what class is when it comes to night clubs, should take a jaunt over to Joe Anderson's recently opened Mayfair Club at Fifth and Madison in Covington . . . . some swell layout . . . . Mrs. Anderson is hostess and believe me, Al, she's a fine one . . . . very few of the female sex can outpoint Mrs. Joe when it comes to class on the dance floor . . . . now don't forget, drop over, and you'll be given some of that real southern hospitality by Joe and the Mrs. . . . . Doc Rakestraw, member of the Cincinnati Boxing Commission, tendered his official resignation during the past month from that body . . . .

Paul "Moon" Mullens, promoter of lager and ale, is one of the most regular attendants at the wrestling matches at Rappold's Arena on Vine Street . . . . as is Joe McElmore, his side kick . . . . there you are, boys . . . . THE RING always tries to satisfy all you readers . . . . speaking of THE RING, all the boys connected with the fist or mat sport are continually asking yours sincerely when the next issue is out . . . . some even say it ought to come out weekly . . . .

Frankie Palmo, southern Ohio light-heavy champion, is head bouncer at Kelly's on Central Avenue . . . . and this place is a regular spot for the fight and mat fraternity . . . . some seen around when I dropped in were Jimmy Harris, Frankie Boehm, light-heavyweight wrestling champion; Clyde McMann, referee; Kayo Mars, the old featherweight flash; Frank Detleff, Ray Taylor, Lee Cox, Red Roberts, Fighting Lee Ferraris, Jimmie Brown, Wildcat McLean, the welter wrestler; Buddy Bezenah, and oh, too many others to mention . . . . a word for Henry "Shorty" Faul, head usher and reservation agent at Rappold's Arena . . . . Shorty is A-1 when it comes to seating his customers . . . . Don't forget, any information around here, by just enclosing a stamped envelope with your question to the writer at 2810 Sidney Avenue, Cincinnati, O.

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NEWS OF TEXAS RINGS
By BILL DAVEE

FLASHING brilliant form, Ralph Sikes, sensational San Antonio welterweight, took every round of a ten-round scrap from Frankie Karr of Breckenridge.

Maxie Rosenbloom made another swing through Texas, meeting Clyde Chastian at Houston. After a great bout, in which both battlers were on the deck, the judges called it a draw. Other bouts on the card were: Frankie Hughes beat Don LaRue in six; Ed Dunaway stopped Ox Cowan in two, Frank Willis beat George Brown in four.

Other results at Houston: Manuel Castro beat Davey Abad in ten, Don LaRue won from Al Salbano in eight, Ed Dunaway kayoed Jack Webb in five.

Duke Tramel, hard punching Fort Worth middleweight, won the first round of promoter Jimmy Guest's middleweight tournament by handing Houston's pride, Ace Devoe, a shellacking in ten rounds. Sargis Prevost flattened Michey Hazuda in seven; Walter Ketchell beat Jack O'Brien in six.

On a Goodfellows' charity show featuring eleven six-rounders, Manuel Castro won from Sailor Berrera, Wildcat Ewing beat Jack Kay, Bobby Garcia drew with Benny Lindsey, Ed Dunaway beat George Rickard, Jack Griffin won over Lou Jallos, Mickey McGuire beat Wise Prevost, Ad Meave decisioned Jack O'Brien, Johnny Lindsey kayoed Hans Gripne, Jimmy Piersol stopped Jimmy Murphy, Del Hawkins beat Bobby Cox, and Sargis Prevost won from Bat Wimberly.

At Dallas: Tracey Cox, dynamic 140-pounder now making Dallas his home, put the cagy old veteran, Tommy White, on his K. O. list with a two-round T. K. O.; Richie Mack beat Chief Paris in ten; Babe Calima decisioned Frankie Garcia in ten. Hy Liter chilled Jack Kirkland in two.

Rosy Rosales gave Tuffy Dial a pasting, but the best the judges gave him was a draw; Pat Murphy defeated Chief Paris in ten; Frankie Graham won from Joe Lucero in ten; Chico Ortega beat George Williams in six.

Tracey Cox flattened Roy Calamira in two sessions; Tommy Herman stopped Lawton Smith in six; Frankie Garcia beat Kid Granite in ten; Kid Leve won from Bill Johnson in six.

Jimmy Maloney, the Boston strong boy, managed to get the judges' decision over Jack Von Noy, but most of the crowd thought Jack had won. Pat Murphy beat Tommy Herman in ten; Jack Kirkland stopped Chili Sagues in four; Owen Duvernay drew with Chico Ortega in six.

Clyde Chastian beat Harold Murphy in ten; Cullen Williams beat Augie Camaratta in six; Frankie Karr kayoed Bill McDowell in six; Nickie Camaratta won from Johnny Cruz in six.

Pat Murphy, left hook artist from Terre Haute, gave Tommy Herman the worst beating any fighter has received in a Dallas ring since boxing became legalized; Harry Devine took a close decision from Frankie Graham in another ten-rounder; Vernon Cormier beat Roy Calamira in ten.

Willard Brown, the third member of that Indiana trio who have adopted Dallas as their hatrack, beat Jimmie Reed of Pittsburgh in ten rounds of scientific milling; Babe Colima won from Jimmie Lacoune in ten; Joe Lucero beat Cullen Williams in six.

Tommy Freeman, former welter champ, won a ten-rounder from Duke Tramel; Mike Stankovitch beat Bill Miller in eight; Jodie Cason beat Bobby Williamson in four.

Promoter Dick Griffin finally landed the long-sought match between Tony Herrera and Tracey Cox. Cox was presented a belt emblematic of the "junior-welterweight championship of Texas" some time back by Com. Jack Flynn. Herrera, who was in the East at the time, let out a yelp. He returned to his native state and has been hounding Cox's trail since. To say that he got sweet vengeance is putting it mildly. The shellacking he gave said Mr. Cox was just about perfect.

HERE AND THERE—Tommy White beat Battling Shaw at Harlingen; Duke Tramel kayoed Art Dula at Brownwood; Willard Brown beat Kid Brunet at Beaumont and Midget Mexico at San Antonio; Frankie Graham won over Carlos Garcia at San Antonio; Duke Tramel shaded Wildcat Monte at San Angelo; Lou Beard beat Bunch Martin at Breckenridge.

Dick Griffin, a believer in shorter and faster fights, has been putting on a ten-round main go and the rest of his card four-rounders. It seems to be working well.

Send your news to the writer at *Fort Worth Press*, Fort Worth.

Local fans believe Joe Rice has a good chance to beat most of the leading heavies.

Ralph Sikes looks like about the best of the Texas native boys.

Harry Raskin, formerly a good boy out of Detroit, is a referee here.

LOUISIANA AND VICINITY
By H. J. "MATTY" MATHEWS

BACK at the scene of his first glory, Eddie Kid Wolfe, the Memphis Hebrew, regained his following in New Orleans by whipping the highly touted Eddie Flynn to a standstill in ten rounds.

The stand-out preliminaries brought out Santos Hugo, Filipino, as an easy winner over Angelo Musso, 108 pounds; Joe White beat Adam Cook, featherweight; Oswald Schullingkamp easily defeated Francis Doyle, 150 pounds, while Fred Root, 140 pounds, shaded Al Dutch Kearney.

After taking Flynn over the hurdles, Wolfe clamored for a return battle with Frankie Hughes, Indianapolis, Ind., welterweight, who had previously defeated him in Galveston, Texas, in Wolfe's first match since he received a fractured jaw several months before. The return tilt turned out to be a duplicate of the Flynn contest, the Memphis battler taking down an easy decision in ten rounds.

More determined than ever to make himself the outstanding boxing favorite in New Orleans, Wolfe continued his clean-up of the welterweights by completely outclassing the veteran Ray Kiser, Tulsa, Okla., in ten rounds. Kiser lost every round and on several occasions appeared to be on the verge of a knock-out.

Jimmy Perrin, the South's latest bantamweight star, again demonstrated that he is a serious threat to his division leaders, when he crushed the hopes of Jackie Simpson, hard-hitting youngster from Jacksonville, Fla.

What was supposed to have unearthed a "natural" foe for Perrin turned into a disappointment for Promoter Martin Burke as he witnessed the severe trouncing of Dewey Cannon, Mobile, Ala., at the hands of the veteran Patsy Flanagan, New Orleans, in ten rounds.

Each having found a tartar in the other, Coliseum Arena fans have witnessed some tempestuous bouts between Boomer Brooker, formerly Billy Petrolle's stablemate, and Benny Picataci, New Orleans lightweight. Brooker was a shade winner in the first meeting, the second encounter ended in a draw, while the third was obtained by Brooker through a close decision.

Chuck Woods, colorful lightweight, picked up some boxing lore while fighting around Detroit, Mich., the past year, for on his return to the Crescent City he immediately began to storm through the semi-finals, winning four bouts in four weeks. His victims were Boomer Brooker, Fargo, N. D., youngster; George Clausen, Mobile, Ala., and Paul Quartararo, New Orleans, twice.

The feud which began in their amateur days was definitely finished when August Camaratta, clever Italian featherweight, showed vast improvement to completely outclass Jimmy McNamara in a ten-round feature at the New Orleans Garden A. C. The semi-final ended in a surprising upset when Pete Boscareno was given a technical knock-out over John Chone in the first. Joe Saille, 114, defeated Santos Hugo, Filipino, in a whirlwind four-rounder.

Al Donnelly, New Orleans veteran lightweight, was sent back to retirement by the stiff punching of Gene Tillman, Mobile, at the Alabama city. Irvin Schaffer, 135-pound Mobile messenger boy, had an easy enemy in Dave Cassebone, New Orleans.

In complying with the policy of THE RING to justly rate all boxers, this correspondent, through the suggestion of officials of the "world's foremost boxing magazine," submits the following ratings in groups of five where there are that number or more in the respective divisions. This group is made up of fighters performing most regularly in Louisiana and southern Alabama, and they are rated in accordance with ability, consistency and performance.

FLYWEIGHTS—Santos Hugo (Filipino), Angelo Musso.

BANTAMWEIGHTS—Jimmy Perrin, Patsy Flanagan, Dewey Cannon, Tony Cangiamilla, Clever Moro (Filipino).

FEATHERWEIGHTS—August Camaratta, Jimmy McNamara, Al Jerome, Russell Gonzales (Filipino), Benny Nastasi.

LIGHTWEIGHTS—Ervin Berlier, Roy Calamari, Gene Tillman, Chuck Woods, Johnny Cook.

WELTERWEIGHTS—Eddie Kid Wolfe, Ray Kiser, Curtis Mullen, Johnny Chong (Chinese), Peter Boscoreno.

MIDDLEWEIGHTS—Eddie Flynn, Ralph Chong (Chinese), Sergis Prevost, Horace Burkel, Baby Kiser.

There are no light-heavyweights or heavyweights worthy of recognition.

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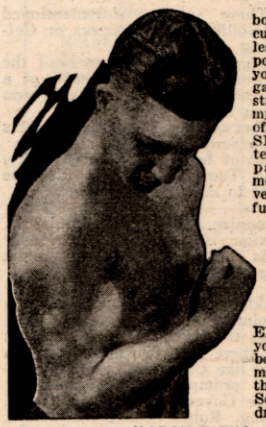

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IN SUNNY CALIFORNIA

By SKIPPY JOYCE

CALIFORNIA promoters have been talking up a Kid Chocolate match for quite a spell. "The winner to meet Kid Chocolate," has become a veritable cry of "wolf!" It can not actually be the case but it seems that every time a pair of middlin' featherweights or junior lightweights have fought out here it has been for the right to meet Chocolate.

Since Tony Canzoneri hung that sleeping sock on the Ebony one's lug and dimmed his gate appeal in the East to a certain extent, it may be that the long-talked-of match will be staged.

But the burning question is, against whom? Baby Arizmendi, right now, is being boomed as candidate number one. The Baby was a whale of a fighter some time ago. It is no secret that he has suffered from an overdose of adulation administered by his fellow-countrymen—and women.

"He is the same old Baby," claim his backers, but they are being careful about proving it. He is winning again. And, as long as he has his hand raised, his Mexican following will come out. But from the promoter's point of view that leaves the downstairs section sparsely populated. A certain number would turn out just to see Chocolate. Add it up and have you house enough to make the go profitable?

Arizmendi's chief claim to front ranking ability lies in his bull-like strength. He is capable of outswarming most battlers. But you and I and the rest of the freight-paying fight public will have to see him against some tough oppostiion before we cheer Arizmendi in a championship match.

Other possibilities for the shot are Georgie Hansford and Tommy Paul. Hansford might knock Chocolate out. I know how tough the Keed is and what a task that is, but Mr. Hansford stands a chance of knocking out any one he can hit. Should he fail to connect, Chocolate would outpoint him from here to there. Then, too, Hansford has a habit of letting his man get away.

Tommy Paul's ring generalship and boxing ability make him a dangerous opponent for any one. He has plenty of moxie and would put on an interesting go with the champion.

Paul won and lost in two fights with Hansford, with difference of opinion after each.

The sensible thing to do would be a round robin between the three, but things are not done that way. Or perhaps, they could use the Freddie Miller system and have Chocolate take on every one, including the Scandinavian.

"Dearth of material for good matches," has been the promoters lament on the Coast for so long a time that all and sundry join in on the chorus. Just for the sake of contrast let us run through the list of Coast contenders in every division. Well in 'most every division then.

To get off to a flying start, there is Max Adelbert Baer, the fighting actor-Lothario. There have been no rumors belittling his chances with Carnera. Mr. John Henry Lewis is a worthy representative in anybody's light-heavy division. He has, in fact, scored a time or two over the present ruler, Maxie Rosenbloom.

What about middleweights? Why, Young Corbett, 3d, would carry a lot of dough with him into the ring against the current king. Despite what you have been told to the contrary, Corbett has not hung them up. He held his welter title for so short a time that he did not properly get the feel of a crown. He would like another—or the old one back. Tab him as a double threat. He has kept in trim, boxing with members of the highway coppers. And in the division, Jackie Fields is still around waiting for the proper spot for a comeback. Young Jack Thompson is definitely in the swim but will have to prove his worth all over again. Wesley Ketchell and Young Firpo are fair country middles.

Welterweights: There is the aforementioned Corbett. With a possibility of Kid Azteca or Ceferino Garcia becoming dangerous.

And there is Young Peter Jackson to head the lightweights. Peter would give Ross a whale of a fight. Might win. And Frankie Klick has been doing well away from home.

As for the featherweights, three candidates have been discussed elsewhere in this section.

The woods are full of bantams. At least three, Casanova, Dado and Tommy would go into the ring better than even to defeat Al Brown.

You wouldn't recognize the boxing commission. The whole complexion is changed. Dr. Harry Martin, chairman, is the only member serving a couple of months ago to be held over.

John F. Hassler resigned to accept the city managership of Oakland. Harry Sperb, of San Francisco, was appointed to fill the vacancy left by Hassler, That was the tip-off on other changes to come. Never have there been two members from one city. So it looked like Chaplain Leslie C. Kelley was out. Kelley promptly resigned, making some reference to the Governor's attitude toward the San Jose lynching. Rolph came back with a statement hinting the chaplain was motivated by other reasons. The third member of the board is yet to be named.

John Clute was replaced by Willie Ritchie, former lightweight champion, as chief inspector for the northern district.

The annual card staged to raise funds for the L. A. newsboys' dinner, drew the customary capacity. Jack Dempsey, Jess Willard, James J. Jeffries, Jack Root, Jackie Fields, Mushy Callahan, and Billy Papke refereed the bouts. Carlo Curtis of the Main Street Club promoted. Hollywood was the scene.

The wrestling boys turned out for charity in Oakland. Led by George Wilson, Joe Savoldi, Sammy Stein, and Cy Williams, the Matdonia Varsity played a regulation football game against the Alameda Elks. Hank Schaldach, former California great, led the Elks. Wilson coached the wrestlers.

The best looking prospect this month is Bobby Olivas. Bobby is fast, uses his feet to put him into position, and feints better than any beginner I have seen in a long time. He won a six-round decision over Babe Triscaro in his eleventh fight, and drew with Chris Pineda the next time out. Not bad for an even dozen scraps!

Press services lately are carrying stories about "the restoration of the Barbary Coast." New legal jernts have sprung up bearing the name of Spider Kelley and other characters that bring the story into the province of this page. Also the district was more or less of a hang-out for John L. Sullivan whenever he was out here.

The Barbary Coast—say the stories—was dead during the prohibition years. It languished, lost color. It was—they insist—a ghost district. They say this. We are forced to utter a gently inquiring "So?"

Could it be these correspondents never took a turn down Pacific Street, after dark, during the good old days before repeal. We wonder. Pacific Street was a street. Especially between Grant and Kearny.

There were restaurants and pool halls, so called, frequented by a class of Orientals and blacks of an extremely low caste and cross-caste. And brother, there was a well-populated sidewalk in front of these jernts.

Coppers seldom ventured through the district except in two's, three's, and more often in four's. Slummers were almost unknown. And if you wandered into the street, and a burly mug planted his feet in front of you and breathed, "Give us a dime," he didn't mean, "Brother, can you spare it!"

And the oily individual who asked, "Whatcha want?"—meant exactly that. He could, and would, deliver at a moment's notice, and at the market price, whatever you named—lush, women, or narcotics.

Those press reports stating that color has been restored are accurate if by color they mean paint.

There is the guy that goes to fights week after week and year after year, just in hopes of sometime seeing THE fight. The Baby Face Casanova-Speedy Dado bout was that fight. It went ten rounds but the watchers could scarcely believe it. So fast was the action that the thirty minutes seemed but a few rounds. Casanova won by a shade. His strength in the stretch overcame Speedy's early foot. Dado was faster and circled the Mexican throwing everything in your book and mine. Casanova advanced steadily and relentlessly.

The Mexican is a natural left-hander. He fights with the left out for the most part, hooking his strong weapon to the head and body. He shifts occasionally to throw the left from behind.

Georgie Hansford was outboxed by Tommy Paul but jolted and shook Paul often enough to cop. Paul was down two or three times. The first time he was out and jumped up without taking a count. Hansford could not finish him. It was their second meeting.

Hansford seems to have a future. He is the hardest puncher per pound on the Coast. And the shock is in either hand. If, within the next year, he learns ring generalship with the same dispatch he learned to hit during the last twelve months, he will furnish plenty of talk for the hot stovers. Right now, he is a pretty tough boy to beat at 127 pounds.

In a prelim, on the Hansford-Paul card, Duke McCook and Midget Martinez put on the type of battle that calls for more work. McCook won. Martinez enjoys fighting.

Joe Tei Ken lost to Star Frisco. The Korean then won a thriller from Lew Farber. Tei Ken looked better in this bout than at any time since his American *debut* against Tuffy Pierpont.

Peter Jackson had little trouble with Bobby Pacho in their rematch. Jackson held the Mexican off with a left hook and threw in an overhand right to pile up the points. He managed to tie Bobby up at close quarters.

Fred Feary, the Olympic games heavy, still has a long road ahead of him. He knocked out Ed Prante in five. Both lumbered and puffed. Feary was the least weary when the bout halted. Ed Mosebar knocked Feary out in a round.

Tommy Paul had an easy time with Abe Isreal. An uninterrupted body attack caused the referee to stop the bout in the eighth. Chris Pineda and Bobby Olivas drew in the semi. A fast bout with plenty of two-fisted fighting.

Baby Joe Gans staged a "home coming." He took an uninteresting decision from Tommy King in San Francisco. He lost to Ceferino Garcia in L. A. two weeks later. Baby Joe started in L. A.

Bobby Pacho halted what looked like the beginning of something when he K. O.'d Kid Moro in two rounds. Moro had a wide margin in the opening heat, scoring with his left whenever the notion struck him. In the second Pacho closed the Filipino's eye with a punch, then chopped a right over to end the festivities.

Billy Donahue had it all the way over Tom Patrick. Donahue was out in front in every round. Patrick suffered a cut eye in the seventh that necessitated the termination.

Frankie Battaglia continued his comeback efforts by disposing of Earl Wise in five rounds. . . . . Joe Tei Ken beat Chato Laredo in ten. . . . Johnny Pena scored an easy win over Johnny Yasui . . . . Art Lasky stopped Fred Lenhardt in three. Fred did not look like the Lenhardt of a year ago.

Carmen Barth won over Art Taylor and King Darcy . . . . Billy Papke had Del Smith on the floor twice to cop . . . . Star Frisco and Chato Laredo drew in a six-rounder . . . . Don Conn stopped Stanly Willardson in three . . . . Johnny La Marr bested Roy Johnson.

Gene Espinosa, after running up a string of twenty-three straight wins, gave in to the body punching of Henry Armstrong. They fought on fairly even terms through six rounds. In the seventh, Armstrong's body attack began to tell. Espinosa went down three times. The bout was stopped.

Arizmendi received the decision over Eddie Shea in a return bout . . . . Young Peter Jackson and Battling Shaw closed the year with Jackson hanging up a kayo in seven rounds.

The amateurs had a big month. Two hundred and six determined boxers showed up for the Golden Gloves in San Francisco. There was a lot of talent on display. These events are providing an invaluable stimulus for young men in the Bay district.

The winners: Heavyweight, Frank Connelly, Olympic club; light-heavy, Frank Hammer, Oakland; middleweight, Fred Aupostoli, Olympic club; welterweight, Andy Bozzano, Olympic club; lightweight, Eddie Hayden, King City; featherweight, Earl Brooks, San Jose; bantamweight, Silver Biocelli, Oakland; flyweight, Tommy Cobb, San Jose.

Connelly is a repeater. And Andy Bozzano has been winning amateur titles for four or five years. He is every inch a scrapper.

In the South, the sailors furnished the action. The scouting force from San Diego took the team title from the outfit at Pedro and Long Beach. Elimination bouts were staged during the past two or three months.

After the Hollywood-Broadway Manner:

Jack Dempsey is enacting the unique rôle of challenger! This time Jack is out for Maxie Baer's title as heavyweight champ of the films. He has ordered a make-up kit delivered to the R. K. O. lot where he will make feature-length comedies. Hannah Williams (the Mrs.), who is there on the blue notes, will play opposite.

A yarn laid between San Francisco's Embarcadero and Sausalito, and embracing the waters between, is slated as Baer's next vehicle. Those waters include the famous Alcatraz (that may be the title, incidentally) Prison Island. That is the prison, you will remember, lately compared to Devil's Island. No hardened criminal can make the swim to the main land. One must be comely and seventeen to accomplish the feat, so it seems.

Well, anyhow, there will be Max (Kadiak) Baer as a dock hand who works up to a ferry-boat captaincy. Bay and island lend themselves to the thrills. The piece is by Robert James, with M. G. M. producing, of course.

The Livermore boy who made good in Hollywood is to be paid by the week in upper four figure checks. And if my sources are reliable, he can name his end for a third film under the same banner.

The line of speculators-on-how-will-this-affect-his-fighting-future are forming on the left—and RIGHT.

Jay Whidden, conductor of one of the better dance bands patronized by movie-folk, was a fighter. Although Whidden comes from Montana, he did his fighting in the East and organized his band in Merry London!

Another cinema success from the ranks of fighters is Director B. Barnett. He studied direction in Moscow. *The Patriots*, his second job, and circulated in the United States, rates him among the best. He fought in the Middle West.

Why is Al McCoy overlooked by producers parading former ring champs before the lens for atmosphere purposes? And while we are on the subject, we might suggest the movie men give Al the o. o. He is about as good screen timber as we see on the fringe of Hollywood. With the proper coaching his histrionic potentialities should pay dividends. He can act, has a sense of the theater, expressive pantomime, and can out-ad. lib. most of our glib masters of ceremony.

BOXING IN CUBA
By MILT BARON

ARENA CRISTAL has been the most active stadium during the month, and several good cards were witnessed at exceptionally low prices.

Joe Coego, sturdy southpaw welterweight, squeezed out a ten-round decision over Baby La Paz, the colored flash. Coego appeared in improved style and used a continuous left hook to his opponent's midsection.

Kid Calixto, local junior welterweight, technically knocked out Criso Perez in seven rounds. The contest was furious until Calixto's lethal wallop ended hostilities.

Santiago Alvarez, just back from Panama, proved that he is one of the best featherweights here. He easily outpointed Young Charolito in six rounds, and may meet Conrado Conde.

Buddy "Jesus" Fernandez, the Asturian featherweight, shaded Young Iglesias in four rounds of a furious contest.

Manolo Garcia, the big boy from the fish market, is hard training for a bout with Young Velez. The heavyweight division will soon have an outstanding contender in Garcia. He has all the signs of a coming star.

Alex Cordo is one of the classiest featherweights in town. Plenty will be heard of this lad if he continues to progress.

Jess Losada, popular man in boxing circles, has been appointed president of the Cuban Boxing Commission.

Alex Cordo, fast rising youngster, and one of the classiest featherweights in Havana, lost a hairline decision to Santiago Alvarez of Spain in six rounds at the Cristal Arena. Jesus Alvarez knocked out Panama Kid in three, and Kid Aldama was technically kayoed by Reinaldo Buides in six rounds, while Tom Smith was kayoed by Juan Morales in three. Kid Vallespin lost a six-rounder to Julio Recio, but the decision was justly booed by the crowd, as Vallespin deserved at least a draw.

My ranking for this year of local boxers is as follows:

HEAVYWEIGHTS—John Herrera (champion), Goyo Rico, Manuel Garcia.

LIGHT-HEAVYS—Pedro Proenza, Angel Sanchez, Benito Malpica.

MIDDLEWEIGHTS—Kid Tunero, Phil Scott, Humberto Casal.

WELTERWEIGHTS — Relampago Saguero (champion), Joe Coego, Kid Calixto.

LIGHTWEIGHTS — Joaquin Torresgorsa (champion), Henry Santos, Sixto Morales.

FEATHERWEIGHTS—Kid Chocolate, Conrado Conde, Santiago Alvarez.

BANTAMWEIGHTS — Mario Kid Sanchez (champion), Guillermo Gonzalez, Kid Vallespin.

FLYWEIGHTS—Rafael Valdes (champion), Antonio Santana, Merino Diaz.

William Baeza, unbeaten flyweight, is one of the outstanding boxers of the year. He won the flyweight amateur championship and looks like a real comer.

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NEW YORK CITY

CANADIAN TOPICS
By LAWSON BAMPTON

AL FOREMAN served notice that he is as ever when he added Bobby Allen, rugged Maritime lightweight king, to his list of knock-out victims. Foreman opposed the fiery Nova Scotian in a scheduled ten-round top-liner at Glace Bay, N. S., and amazed the crowd by ripping into Allen to beat him at his own game. The dynamic British Empire and Canadian titlist smashed Allen to the canvas seven times before the referee finally tolled the doleful decimal in the fifth round.

Montreal has yet to experience any shows this winter but Alec Moore, Forum matchmaker, announces that he plans to present one of his cards shortly.

Bobby Leitham, Verdun's Canadian bantam king, has been inactive of late, consequent to the temporary dearth of ring action locally. Sam Gibbs, his shrewd pilot, is negotiating with Maritime promoters and it is possible that he will take Leitham, Frankie Martin, his other flashy bantam *protege*, and Ray Cook, Toronto's sensational new Canadian featherweight champ, on a tour of Maritime rings.

Billy Townsend, Vancouver's blond welterweight walloper, intends to resume his career Down Under.

Johnny Nemis, eastern Canada middleweight champion, is heading for his home in New Waterford, N. S., after a lengthy absence. Nemis campaigned in Newfoundland last winter and, upon returning to Canada last summer, went to New Brunswick, where he chalked up a few more knock-outs.

With pro boxers inactive in Montreal rings, there is little news in that regard. Harold Stewart, Johnny Keller, and other local favorites are taking a lay-off now whether they need it or not, which is a pity.

Harry Gerson, local bantam star and pride of the Hebrew faction, is at Gus Wilson's camp in Orangeburg, N. Y. Wilson has bought half of the interests in Harry, and the youngster will have his chance to make good. . . . . Battling Sig. Tracey still in Winnipeg . . . . battles every now and then . . . . Will Phil Lightheart please let me know his whereabouts as I have letters for him . . . . Garneau Seaman of Liverpool, N. S., is anxious to show his heavy, Tiger Warrington, in Montreal rings . . . . Happy New Year.

My ratings of boxers in Canada are as follows, with Foreman and Leitham the only ones worthy of high places in the world's ratings:

HEAVYWEIGHTS—Larry Gains, Toronto (titleholder); Steve Trojack, Winnipeg; Tiger Warrington, Nova Scotia.

LIGHT-HEAVIES—Charlie Belanger, Winnipeg (champion); Phil Lightheart, Montreal; Jack Dane, Toronto.

MIDDLEWEIGHTS—Frankie Battaglia, Winnipeg; Laurie Peppin, Winnipeg; Johnny Nemis, Nova Scotia.

WELTERWEIGHTS—Tommy Bland, Toronto; Ronnie Headley, Ottawa (should meet in bout for vacant title).

LIGHTWEIGHTS—Al Foreman, Montreal (champion); Harold Stewart, Montreal; Bobby Laurence, Toronto.

FEATHERWEIGHTS—Ray Cook, Toronto (champion); Johnny Keller, Montreal; Alan Foston, Vancouver.

BANTAMWEIGHTS—Bobby Leitham, Montreal (champion); Lefty Gwynne, Toronto; Frankie Martin, Montreal.

FLYWEIGHTS—None worth mentioning.

IN HAWAII
By FRANK S. FUJIMOTO

WITH the depression of professional boxing in the Territory, amateur boxing is now coming to the front, with the Hawaiian Association A. A. U. boxing committee in charge.

Here's the list of the Hawaiian amateur boxing champions for 1933—Y. Ishimoto, Nuuanu Y. M. C. A., flyweight; Olympio Siarot, unattached, bantamweight; Joseph Oliveira, Citywide A. C., featherweight; Clarence Gomes, Citywide A. C., lightweight; Lawrence Rego, Uss Itasca, welterweight; Raymond Quintal, Advertiser A. C., middleweight; Johnny Haena, unattached, light-heavyweight, and Vilai Sua, Kewalo A. C., heavyweight.

Waseda University, of Japan, is dickering for a couple of bouts against our best local talent.

Heading the American Legion boxing show at Wailuku, Maui, Battling Bulahan, of Honolulu, took an eight-round decision from Banzai Kawahara . . . . Speedy Garcia, unable to trade blows in the fourth after being socked all over the squared ring for three full rounds, lost to Freedy Buck by a technical knockout . . . . Hisashi Tanaka beat Alfonso.

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Johnny Dundee
Dave Shade

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Johnny Risko
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Joe Gans
Jack Johnson
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Tuffy Griffiths
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GROUP No. 8—
George Dixon
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Jim Jeffries
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Jimmy Wilde
Jack Delaney
Bat Battalino

GROUP No. 9—
Jim Londos
Ray Steele
Rudy Dusek
John Pesek
Tiny Roebuck
Steve Znosky
Leo Pinetzki

GROUP No. 10—
Joe Savoldi
Jim Browning
Abe Coleman
Gino Garibaldi
George Calza
Strangler Lewis
Dr. Wilson

GROUP No. 11—
Jack Sherry
Don George
Herb Freeman
Sammy Stein
Henri De Glane
Joe Stecher
Toots Mondt

GROUP No. 12—
Dick Daviscourt
Dick Shikat
Floyd Marshall
Jack Reynolds
Sandor Szabo
Paul Jones
Fritz Kley

GROUP No. 13—
Hans Steinke
Gus Sonnenberg
Benny Ginsberg
Jim McMillen
Babe Caddock
Joe Malcewicz
Ernie Dusek

GROUP No. 14—
Freddy Welsh
Young Corbett
Lou Brouillard
Ad Wolgast
Kid McCoy
Teddy Yarosz
Jack Kid Berg

TIMELY CHATTER FROM GREAT BRITAIN

By JOHN S. SHARPE

LEN HARVEY, the light-heavyweight champion of Great Britain, scored one of the most surprising victories of the British ring, when he outpointed Jack Petersen, holder of the heavyweight championship, at the Royal Albert Hall before a record crowd that rivaled all promotions since the war.

After the verdict, judges of boxing were equally split in their opinion as to who won the fight. The fight is over, and Harvey is the winner and heavyweight champion of Great Britain.

The bout was one of the greatest heavyweight championships in England since the days of Tom Sayers. Petersen started off in his usual fiery Celtic manner and battered Harvey round the ring for the first six rounds, and Harvey was so badly punished that he was forced to hold. Petersen had his eye badly cut in this round, and the Welshman was warned for butting in this session. Harvey, from the tenth session, took most of the closing rounds and he was a popular winner. The fight was the topic of England for weeks after.

Before a packed house at The Ring, London, Dave Crowley, the popular Clerkenwell featherweight, scored an easy victory over Dick Corbett of Bethnal Green. This was a return affair, Corbett winning the first by decision.

Jimmy Vaughan of Becontree was considered very unlucky when the referee declared that he had lost on points to Charlie Jordan of Kingston, after twelve rounds.

At The Ring, London, Eddie Pierce won easily over Del Fontaine of Canada in fifteen rounds.

An exciting twelve-round contest was between Bob Firman of Lowestoft and Fred Blocksedge of Canada. After a great bout Referee Johnny Summers held up the hand of Firman.

Arthur Novell, the ex-amateur, scored a three-round K.O. over Seaman Shreeve of Chatham.

Ginger Sadd, promising Norwich lad, scored an easy victory over a southpaw, Teddy Higgins of Newcastle, on points over twelve rounds.

Pat Butler, the Leicester lightweight, went a step higher when he scored a T.K.O. over Jim Learoyd, the northern area lightweight champion, in the second round.

Len "Tiger" Smith lived up to his name when he pasted Tommy Kenney of Burnley all over the ring for the first two rounds and then knocked him out in the third at the Palais de Danse, West Bromwich. Ellis Ashurst of Connisboro gained a close victory over Percy Dexter of Sheffield.

Albert Lindley of Sheffield will soon be knocking at championship's door if he keeps his winning end. At the Tower Circus, Blackpool, he stopped Teddy Higgins of Manchester in the fourteenth round of a fifteen-round contest.

Benny Caplan, the ex-amateur champion, made a comeback, after a year's enforced rest due to to a broken jaw, when he outpointed Sam Haines of Egham over twelve rounds at the Stadium Club, London.

Reggie Meen, the ex-heavyweight champion of Great Britain, beat Maurice Griselle, the former French heavyweight champion, in the second round of a ten-round contest. The referee stopped the contest when Griselle's eye was badly cut.

Mickey McGuire of Newcastle gained an easy victory over Willy Smith of Margate in the eighth round.

George Kelly of Dublin scored a good win over Bill Hugman of Fleetwood in the feature fifteen-round bout at the Winter Gardens, Morecombe.

Jack Forster of Norwich surprised when he fought Jock McAvoy, the British middleweight champion, at Royton. The Norwich man took plenty of punishment but went the full distance.

Ex-Seaman Harvey of Chatham scored a points victory over Randy Jones of Ammanford in fifteen rounds of hard fighting at Swansea.

Boyo Rees of Abercymber beat Billy Granelli of Pontypridd in five rounds of a fifteen-round contest, due to a bad eye suffered by Granelli.

George Morris of Battersea scored a clean-cut victory over Tommy Fox of Bermondsey in twelve rounds of hard fighting at Margate. In the supporting bout, Billy Reynolds of Newcastle and Tommy Lee of Canning Town fought a draw.

George Odwell of Camden Town scored a two-round K.O. over Len Wickwar of Leicester, repeating the medicine he handed out at The Ring some time ago.

Seaman Wakeling of Chatham gave Jack Ellis of Battersea a gruelling time during their fifteen-round bout at East Ham Baths, and the sailor received the decision.

Ginger Foran of Liverpool had to fight hard the whole way to beat Luigi Magliozzi of Italy on points over fifteen rounds at the Liverpool Stadium.

At West Bromwich, Leo Phillips of Birmingham defeated Jim Hunter of Glasgow over twelve rounds. It was a slow affair.

Jack Flynn of Ireland, after defeating Ted Hinton of Dudley on points in a twelve-round contest at Smethwick, whipped Alby Kestrell of Cardiff at Walsall in another twelve-rounder.

At Keighley, Benny Thackeray of Leeds received a disputed decision over John Barrett of Keighley.

At the Brunswick Stadium, Leeds, Norman Dale of Newcastle scored a creditable win over Aldo Spoldi of Italy on points over twelve rounds.

At the Leeds N.S.C., Joe Lowther of Leeds defeated Bill Hudson of South Elmsall over twelve rounds on points.

Leo Phillips of Birmingham fought a strenuous draw over twelve rounds with Herbert Jacques of Sheffield at the Coventry Baths, Coventry.

Bill Barnham of Fulham was awarded the decision over Bert Taylor at the Woodcock Street Baths, Birmingham. The margin of victory was close.

At Edinburgh, Jim Cowie of Dundee became the 126-pound champion of Scotland when he was awarded the decision over Frank Markey of Blantyre.

In the City Hall, Glasgow, Jim Maharg of Glasgow avenged a previous setback when he defeated Percy Dexter of Sheffield over a twelve-round bout on points.

In the supporting bout, the new Scottish featherweight champion, Jim Cowie, could get only a draw with Tommy Dexter of Sheffield in a bout of twelve rounds.

Len Beynon of Swansea returned to winning form when he beat Tucker Winch of Dagenham over fifteen rounds at Swansea.

At Merthyr, Danny Evans, the Welsh welterweight champion, gave a masterful display when he outpointed Southpaw Jack Ellis of Battersea over fifteen rounds.

Laurie Raiteri, the Stratford light-heavyweight, came in as a deputy, when his stablemate, Archie Sexton, had an attack of influenza, and scored a meritorious victory over George Brown, the ex-policeman of Stepney. In the supporting bouts, George Lowe, East Ham, scored a five-second K.O. over Harry Barber. In another ten-round contest, Jackie Bishop whipped Charlie Thomas of Marylebone.

At the Stadium Club, London, Herbie Fraser and Harry Lane of Old Ford engaged in a twelve-round slugfest, with Lane the winner.

At the Gem Stadium, Bristol, Reggie Hall of Bristol and Jimmy Jones of Pontypridd fought a great twelve-round draw.

Johnny McMillan of Glasgow suffered a severe setback when the referee stopped the contest in favor of Jimmy Walsh of Chester, at the end of the twelfth round. McMillan's eye was badly cut. In the supporting bout of twelve rounds, Glen Moody of Wales defeated Cock Moffit of Liverpool.

Johnny Peters of Battersea, after an unsuccessful trip to Australia, in his first bout in England, opposed Johnny King, Manchester's Empire bantam champion, at Belle Vue, Manchester. Peters was outclassed by King and was stopped in the second round.

Len Beynon, Swansea bantam, proved much too clever for Albert Lindley of Sheffield and proved a good winner at the end of the twelfth round. Another good bout on the program was between Francois Machtens, Belgian featherweight champion, and Tommy Hyams of Camden Town over twelve rounds, which was called a draw.

Willie Hamilton made a successful comeback at Glasgow, when he scored a K.O. over Billy Maharg of Belfast.

I must thank a reader of THE RING in far-off Bulawayo, Southern Rhodesia, for his fine letter expressing his delight at reading my "Timely Chatter From Great Britain" and I have just sent him the book, *How to Referee and Judge a Fight* at his request, as he is a qualified referee by B.B.B.C. It shows how interesting the book is and I have had many complimentary remarks paid to Mr. Nat Fleischer, our editor, on his remarkable book, and no fight fan, promoter, referee, manager or boxer, in fact, no one interested in the fight game, should miss reading this book.

Jim Maharg, ex-flyweight champion of Scotland, added a feather to his cap when he trounced Mickey Summers, Scotch bantam king.

Jack London, young West Hartlepool heavyweight, trimmed Seaman Rowles of the Royal Navy over twelve rounds at the Crystal Palace.

Charlie Baxter, the southern area welter champion, scored an eleven-round win over Jack Davies of Ashton at West Bromwich.

Johnny Cuthbert, the lightweight champion of Britain, boxed well below his form when he met Ettore Nortaleover, the Italian lightweight, at Liverpool. Four days before, Cuthbert experienced a K.O. in Paris by Gustave Humery and this had its effect on the attendance, which was very thin. The Italian was disqualified in the eighth round for continuous holding and, up to the disqualification, he was in front on points.

Jack Forster of Norwich and Steve Goldring of Portsmouth slugged away to a draw at the Corn Hall, Norwich.

At the opening of the Adelphi Club, Glasgow, Jim Maharg of Glasgow beat Albert Lindley of Sheffield on disqualification in the third round. In the other bout, Willie Hamilton, the Scottish welterweight champion, scored a T.K.O. over Herbert Jacques of Sheffield in the sixth round, when Jacques retired, after taking four counts during the six rounds fought. In the other bout over ten rounds, Tommy Larkin of Sheffield defeated Kid Johnstone of Greenock on points.

At Premierland, Frank Markey of Blantyre defeated Tommy Dexter of Sheffield on points over twelve rounds of hard fighting.

Dave Crowley of Clerkenwell and Bill Lewis of Bethnal Green met at Hoxton Baths over twelve rounds and, after one of the most gruelling contests, Crowley was awarded the decision by Referee Jim Kenrick.

Teddy Lewis, brother of Billy, scored an easy victory over Stanley Cook in twelve rounds. Throughout the bout, Lewis was the master of the situation and won by a good margin.

Gene Stanley, the Michigan schoolboy boxer, scored his first win on English soil when he K.O.'d Alf Noble of Bermondsey in the third of a six-round bout. In a ten-round bout, Arthur Crane, the former Battersea lightweight amateur, showed improvement by winning in his return bout with Nick Lucas of Armenia.

Harry Mizler, the undefeated St. George's lightweight, fought a great fight to outpoint Evan Lane, the Welsh lightweight, at The Ring. Mizler nearly had Lane out in the second round, but the latter recovered well and made a great fight of it. On the same card, Norman Snow was beaten on a foul in the fifth round by Harry Brooks (St. George's).

Dave Finn, the St. George's featherweight, was surprisingly held to a draw by the clever Stratford feather, Billy (Kid) Brooks. The latter was the cleverer boxer and knew a bit too much for Finn at long distance, but as soon as Finn got close, he landed six punches to one on Brooks' body. Finn is a great two-handed fighter, while Brooks is a clever boy.

Johnny Cuthbert, the lightweight champion, had a tough time of it when he outpointed Joe Kerr at Scotland. No title was involved.

Jackie Brown defended his flyweight title successfully against Ginger Foran in fifteen rounds. It was a corking scrap.

My ratings for 1934 for England follow:

FLYWEIGHTS—Jackie Brown, Ginger Foran, Mickey McGuire, Bert Kirby, Tom Pardoe, Jim Campbell.

BANTAMWEIGHTS—Johnny King, Dick Corbett, Len Beynon, Jim Maharg, Albert Lindley, Boy Edge.

FEATHERWEIGHTS—Tom Watson, Nel Tarleton, Jimmy Walsh, Johnny McMillan, Tommy Rogers, Dave Crowley.

LIGHTWEIGHTS—Johnny Cuthbert, Douglas Parker, Jake Kilrain, Harry Mizler, Tommy Spiers, Norman Snow.

WELTERWEIGHTS—Jack Hood, Charlie Baxter, Moe Moss, Harry Mason, Fred Webster, Stoker Reynolds.

MIDDLEWEIGHTS—Jock McAvoy, Archie Sexton, Jack Casey, Jack Hyams, Glen Moody, Reg Perkins.

CRUISERWEIGHTS—Len Harvey, Eddie Phillips, Seaman Rowles, Jim Winters, Tommy Farr, Laurie Raiteri, Ernie Simmonds.

HEAVYWEIGHTS—Len Harvey, Jack Petersen, Jack Doyle, Harry Crossley, Charlie Smith, Jack Pettifer, Jack London.

British Empire champions are:

HEAVYWEIGHT—Larry Gains.

BANTAMWEIGHT—Johnny King.

IN THE SOUTH AFRICAN RING
By TERENCE P. O'DONOGHUE

BEFORE a capacity house in the Johannesburg City Hall, Laurie Stevens, lightweight champ of South Africa, secured a points decision over Saverio Turiello of Italy in a hard-fought ten-round contest. It was in the second half of the duel that the South African rained a heavy battery on his opponent and piled up the points. Both judges endorsed the referee's verdict, but it was the closest thing Stevens has experienced to date. Irish Eddie Brink, of Scranton, challenged the winner before the fight commenced as he is anxious to reverse the decision Stevens gained over him recently.

It should be remembered that the city of Johannesburg, built upon the richest gold-bearing reef in the world, is situated some six thousand feet above sea level, and the altitude is one of the chief disabilities with which visiting boxers have to contend. It has an adverse effect on the wind and tends to tire a man very quickly when he is yet unacclimatized. The long succession of visitors from Europe and America have all experienced the uncanny sensation of groping for breath sometimes as early as the fourth and fifth session.

News from England indicates that South African fighters are acquitting themselves with credit, and it is pleasing to watch the steady rise of the popular middle, Eddie Peirce, an ex-Olympic finalist. A good win over Len Johnson of London opened his program and he was not long in following up with a convincing victory over Jack Hyams, of Stepney, in a gruelling fifteen-round contest at the Blackfriars ring, losing two teeth in the bargain. The latest messages announce his defeat of the Canadian middle, Del Fontaine, at the Ring, gaining an unquestionable points verdict after fifteen rounds. Peirce has lots of boxing in him with an awkward style and a useful punch. His wonderful stamina and grit should also help to carry him far, and I fully expect to see him in the first ten ere long.

Big Ben Foord, who hails from Durban, Natal, is another South African who is pleasing the English critics. After thrashing Jack London at the Crystal Palace, in a fight full of incident, he has decided to return to South Africa to engage in a bout for the heavyweight crown of South Africa, vacated by Don McCorkindale through the action of the Board of Control.

Foord outpunched Charlie Smith on arrival in England, and defeated the Argentine heavy, Vincent Parille. He secured a second-round knock-out over Tom Tucker of Preston and gained the decision over Max Schoenrath of Germany after a ten-round bout in the Albert Hall. His latest win over Jack London stamps him as a heavy with promise of bigger things.

It will be remembered that Clyde Chastain, who recently drew with Maxie Rosenbloom, light-heavy champ, met Foord three times when the former was in South Africa with the late Young Stribling. They finished up all square.

Louis Botes, also of Durban, at present in the British Isles, where he has been doing extremely well, found Phineas John of Wales too hard a nut to crack and was well beaten on points on two different occasions. John was in South Africa some two years ago, but did not then cover himself with glory and is obviously a much improved boxer. Botes has beaten some of the top-liners and has lost to several moderate men and his form seems inexplicable.

Writing from Pittston, Pennsylvania, Mickey Doyle, who was in South Africa some years ago during the time Ernie Eustice and Willie Smith were in the limelight, states that he is anxious to return to fight Laurie Stevens. Well, Mickey would be well advised to stay where he is, as Stevens is too busy meeting men coming up like himself to be at all interested in men that have passed their best. Doyle mentions a heavyweight, Frank Cawley; Barney Rose, a middle; Charlie Rosso, who holds two decisions over Irish Eddie Brink; Johnnie Artardo, welter; himself as feather, and P. de Rigio, a fly, who are anxious to invade these shores. Doyle states that he is not the manager of the boys mentioned but feels certain that something could be arranged with them for an early visit. There is then a possibility that some of these Americans will visit us shortly as there are several enterprising promoters who are on the lookout for fighters who fight.

TOPICS FROM JAPAN
By JOHNNY MASUDA

YOUNG TOMMY, rated as one of the world's outstanding fighters in the bantamweight division, stopped over in Tokyo at the invitation of Yujiro Watanabe, Japan's premier boxing promoter, to fight Piston Horiguchi, and was held to a draw before a crowd of over fifteen thousand fans at the Denen Chofu baseball grounds. It was a great affair with both boys going for all their worth. The Japanese lowered his head and just ran into Tommy and had the Filipino in a corner for nearly a full round. The Filipino weakened in the fifth, but the Japanese youngster failed to put over the finishing punch. Horiguchi outweighed Tommy by over five pounds.

Billy Boggs, former Pacific Coast welterweight scrapper, is going like a house afire out here. Boggs started out by administering the sleeping potion to Frank Malinao, husky Olympic fighter from Manila, in the sixth of a slated eight-round go. In a return bout, The Fighting Irishman defeated Malinao on decision, but not before he floored the Filipino scrapper for a nine count in the sixth canto.

Young Alde, formerly of San Francisco, lost to Billy Boggs on decision. It seems that Alde's right hand is badly injured and he may not be able to use it freely.

Anson Rego, classy lightweight scrapper from Hawaii, technically knocked out Sueo Hirakawa, one-time aspirant to the lightweight title of the Mikado kingdom, in the sixth of an eight-round affair. Their first argument also ended in favor of the Portuguese pugilist via the short route. Rego has also victories over Young Sato and Nattori.

Walter Cho trounced Fighting Yaba of Manila after eight rounds of hard fighting. Cho had Yaba on the verge of a knockout, but the Korean lad could not land the deciding punch.

Tiny Murota lost to Young Shinohara on a foul in the first round, but the following week came back nicely to hand a terrific plastering to Little Ito. Murota sent his opponent to the canvas on no less than five occasions. Ito weathered the storm and attempted to stage a rally in the closing rounds, but it was too late.

Tokichi Kawata, after a long layoff, came back to the ring to administer a beating to Fighting Nelson, of Manila.

Don Stewart, of Seattle, is in Korea for a series of fights. Jimmy Hart, Negro welterweight scrapper, handed a beating to Jiro Kumagai. Bobby Wills lost to Young Koike on decision.

Ernie Hood and some other fighters of pugilistic fame are slated to invade The Capital City for a number of bouts. Vincente Venturillo and Joe Velasco are also slated to come over to Japan.

Japanese amateur fighters are busy keeping in trim for the coming Far Eastern Olympic Games. Elimination bouts are now under way to select the best talent available to represent Japan. It is understood that the Mikado kingdom will send five boys.

Any boxers not hitched with managers desirous of invading Japan should communicate with the writer, whose address is: c|o The Imperial Boxing Association, 5 Minami Teramachi, Yotsuya, Tokyo. Will also appreciate very much if fighters will send down records, photos.

BURMA BOXING NEWS
By EDWARD TIN THEIN

LAST month saw professional boxing regain its lost popularity due to the clever match-making on the part of Mr. Sheppard, the proprietor of the Palm Garden stadium. As the warship *H. M. S. Enterprise* was in port, the navy champs were matched with our local stars, and the fights turned out to be real humdingers.

The main event on the program was between George Goudie, the lightweight champion, and Seaman Youngman, the welter champ of the Atlantic fleet. Though behind the sailor on points, Goudie managed to connect one of his vicious rights to the heart, which put the game battler out for the full count in the sixth round.

Kid D'Silva, in spite of his sickness, put up a great fight against Seaman Joyce and nearly put the sailor out, but the salior won the verdict.

Although conceding a lot of weight, Al Hutt, the speedy flyweight, gave a neat exhibition of boxing by outpointing Seaman Carter, the navy bantam champion in eight rounds.

The much-talked-of final of the Naigamwala Belt contest which carries with it the bantamweight title, was fought out at the Palm Garden Stadium. A record crowd saw George Sulzdorf clearly outpoint Young Goudie, only to have the referee give the decision to the latter. The decision came as a surprise to all, and the local papers and the leading sportsmen of the city denounced it. There was a riot and the referee was assaulted.

With the rains coming to an end, steps are being taken to start outdoor boxing. Two clever Filipinos, Johnny Alba and Clever Mauro, are coming over here. Motee Kid Singh, who is said to have been trained and managed by Harry Wills and fought Midget Wolgast, is also coming here. Boxers living near Burma, with real skill and punch, should come over to our Land of Golden Pagodas.

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4. The National Sporting Club Rules.
5. The Australian Rules of Boxing.
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SIOUX CITY, IOWA, SPARKS
By BILL HAWKINS

HEREWITH are my annual ratings of boxers from this section:

SIOUX CITY—Flyweight—None. Bantamweights—Young Rightmeier, Bobby O'Dowd. Featherweights—Tommy Ryan, Babe Barnes, Ray Vaughn, Mickey Slater, Bobby Rogers. Lightweights—Speedy Clayton, Whitie Dale, Terry Griffith, Roy Newman. Welterweights—Al Pahl, Ray Mann. Middleweights—Kid Miller, Buzz Griffiths, Buddy Short (colored). Light-heavies—Don Rhymer, Keith Weaver. Heavyweights—Tuffy Griffiths, Tuffy Dial.

NEBRASKA—Flyweight—Harold Matthews. Featherweights—Sammy Musco, Hymie Speigal, Freddie Penn. Lightweights—Tommy Corbett, Floyd Morey, Buzz Smith. Welterweights—Sommy Sofio, Jimmy Wooten, Chuck Patterson, Bat Nelson. Middleweights—Duane Maddox, Don Baer, George Kennard (colored). Light-heavies—Tiger Jack Payne, Kenny Austin. Heavyweight—Bearcat Wright.

SOUTH DAKOTA—Flyweight—None. Bantamweights—Jackie Bickett. Featherweight—Danny Daily. Lightweights—Blackie Burshiem, Jimmy Reilly. Middleweights—Wild Bill Borbon, Tag Jensen. Light-heavies—Larry Udell, Sorrel Top Seamon, Howard Leidke. Heavyweight—Big Boy Stemmerman.

MINNESOTA — Flyweight—Britt Gorman. Bantamweight—Jackie Sharkey. Featherweights—Wayne Short, Jimmy Murray. Lightweights—Johnny Stanton, Babe Daniels, Jack Lipgott. Welterweights—Jackie Neitz, Red Haggerty, Caddy Casey. Middleweights—Jack Gibbons, Ace of Spades, Young Harry Greb. Light-heavies—Rene Barrett, Bernie McLaughlin, Lee Savoldie. Heavyweights—Art Lasky, Charley Ratziaff, Dick Daniels, Earl Sather.

NO. DAKOTA—Flyweight—None. Bantamweights—Bud Welling, Georgie Feist. Featherweight — Marty Bond. Lightweights — Clayton Ness, Juddy Ruddy. Welterweights—Billy Petrolle, Sherald Kennard, Howard Shriek, Don Atchison. Middleweights—Al Watson, K. O. Larson, Johnny Sikies. Light-heavies—Ace Fettig, Ernie Putter. Heavyweight—Joe Larson.

I wish to thank the following: Danny Desmond, sports editor, Sioux City *Journal;* Tommy O'Loughlin, boxing promoter of Minneapolis, and Dr. A. R. Sofio, of Omaha, Nebr., for the assistance given me in compiling these ratings.

A few good-looking prospects around the state of Iowa are: Louie Mays, middleweight, of Des Moines, Ia.; Freddie Tompkins, lightweight, of Mason City; Young Terry, a lightweight, from Davenport, Ia., and Ray Calvert, a middleweight, from Mason City.

In the six-round main event of a card at Leeds, Babe Barnes lost to Speedy Clayton. It was a slam-bang go with both boys on the floor from time to time. The results of the preliminary frays were as follows: Dick Holt beat Ed Downing, Buddy O'Day beat Bobby Moore, Lefty Tiger drew with Tex Renere, and Bob Morris earned the nod over Kid Carmon.

Fargo, No. Dak.—Sherald Kennard stopped Red Haggerty in two, Johnny Stanton knocked out Jimmy Murray in two, Ray Cossette beat Al Christie in six, Johnny Simpson won by a K. O. over Tag Jensen in three.

St. Cloud, Minn.—Wayne Short and Everett Vinson drew in six, Terry McGovern beat Lou Gans in four, Warnie Luke knocked out Kid Wood in the first round.

Sioux Falls, So. Dak.—Sammy Mandell, former lightweight king, and Johnny Stanton, sensational Minneapolis lightweight, fought eight fast rounds to a draw. Stanton twice had the veteran Sammy in bad spots. Sherald Kennard beat Tag Jensen in six, Billy Celebron beat Ray Cossette in six.

Des Moines, Ia.—In two two-round exhibitions, King Levinsky, of Chicago, showed his wares against Seal Harris and Ed Wills. The kingfish almost knocked out Harris. In the feature bout, Bobby O'Dowd, Sioux City bantam, beat Sammy Musco in eight rounds.

Burlington, Ia.—Hack Colbert beat Phil Pernice in eight, Luther Regan beat Jack Robinson in eight, Chuck Skelly knocked out Speedy Bedburn in two, Chuck Wilhelmy knocked out Eddie Callahan in four, Glen Farris and Roy Kimmell drew in eight.

Eagle Grove, Ia.—Young Kid Horton knocked out Battling Frankie Fisher in three rounds; "Soupbone" Lewson defeated Dickie Fisher.

Fargo, No. Dak.—Mel Coleman outpointed Johnny Simson in six fast rounds of a main event here.

Des Moines, Ia.—Louie Mays beat Earl Mason in ten, Sammy Musco and Bobby O'Dowd drew in six, Young Terry beat Billy Love in six, Dave Nemo and Jay Conlon drew in four, Ray Schneck beat Joie Slater in four, Jimmy Legrone beat Joie Harris in four.

Winona, Miss.—Babe Daniels stopped Eddie Black in three rounds, Henry Schaft beat Herbie Schultz in six.

Rochester, Minn.—Ray Smaglick beat Walter Cobb of San Francisco in eight rounds. Kid Ridley shaded Young Rawson in six.

Des Moines, Ia.—Young Terry beat Jimmy Legrone in six, Louie Mays beat Harry Hobbs in six, Steve Croni beat Jackie Dugan in four, Eddie Spencer beat Bobby McLaughlin in four.

Johnny Neumann, the fighting cop of Knoxville, Ia., has tendered his resignation to the city council of Knoxville, and has decided to take up professional boxing at Kansas City in the near future.

Readers, don't forget to get my new list of boxing promoters, list of best spots, list of leading newspapers, and list of best boxers from this section. The list is an active one, and will be a help to any manager. There is a small charge of 10 cents to cover costs. Address Bill Hawkins, 2206 N. Lafayette Pl., Sioux City, Ia.

Marty Harrington, of Utica, New York, and a regular reader of THE RING, informs us he will make a trip to Sioux City soon, with his Polish lightweight Stan "Tiger" Ketchell. Ketchell has a very good record and should make it mighty hot for the lightweights in this section.

LAST-MINUTE SPARKS—Jack Lofthouse, of Peoria, Ill., has a good-looking prospect in Mervin McLean, a welterweight . . . . His record is a good one, and promoters looking for a good tough comer and a lad that will do his best, win or lose, can get in touch with his manager at 1208 N. Madison Street, Peoria, Ill. . . . . Sonny Sofio, welterweight champion of Nebraska, scored his forty-first consecutive victory when he knocked out Roy Stevens at St. Joe, Mo. . . . . Floyd Morey, of Lincoln, Nebr., beat Bobby Taylor on the same card . . . . Ray "Kid" Blum, a tough featherweight from Janesville, Wis., is on hand with a challenge to Bobby O'Dowd and Young Rightmeier . . . . Blum has a very good record . . . . According to press clippings we have from Frankie Wolfram, Winnipeg bantam, he handed Ernie Maurer, of Detroit, a few socks that were not considered in the decision handed down . . . . Kenny Austin of Omaha knocked out Frankie Kelley at Manhattan, Kan. . . . . Tommy Corbett, of Omaha, is now in Chicago . . . . Benny Floyd, of Clarinda, Ia., a featherweight, looks like a comer . . . . Roy Warfield and Glenn Milligan, matchmakers for the local American Legion, have decided to stand by for a while . . . . Harry Jones, Sioux City's leading boxing promoter, has decided to stage a few indoor shows . . . . Floyd V. Mettlin is holding some very good boxing cards at Oelwein, Ia. . . . .

KANSAS AND VICINITY
By L. R. FORD

ATCHINSON, Kans.—Amateur boxing results. Dick Roles beat Jerry O'Donnell. Francis Galvin beat Joe Hayes. Larry Donahue beat George K. Kenefick. Fred Gamold beat Vincent Schweiger. Mike O'Rourke beat Joe Thompson. Joe Ferry beat Paul O'Donnell. Chief Garcia beat Alva Dreiling. Joe O'Connor beat Harold Deveny.

Kansas City, Mo.—Roy Stevens won from Ted Charno on a foul in the third round. Steve Ketchell beat Buddy Whitlock in six. Paul Estrada knocked out Buck Martin in three. Speedy Ricco beat Jerry Jenkins in six rounds.

Wichita, Kans.—Amateur boxing results, sponsored by Elks Club. Young Gideon knocked out Kid Focke in three. Biggie Parker beat Clarence Jordon. Bud McDonald beat Kid Jackson. Jack Shipley knocked out Buddie Logan in two. Kid Lawson knocked out Kid McCabe in two. John Holmes knocked out Bud Turner in two. Young West knocked out Kid Meyers in one.

Kansas City, Mo.—Dick Daniels beat Al Fay in a ten-round feature bout. Jack Charvez outpointed Roy Jacks in six. Ted Charno shaded Roy Stevens in four. Roy Donohue beat Dick Moore in four rounds.

Kansas City, Mo.—Tommy Corbett won from Steve Ketchell in an eight-round main event. Mel Ward knocked out Eddie Ostrander in one. Ray Shulty beat Jimmie Farnel in six. Lucky Riley beat Dick Moore in four rounds.

Florence, Kans.—Baxter Calmes won from Al Fay in a ten-round main go. Brooks Robison beat Buck Easterling in eight. Jack Charvez beat Jack Rivers in eight. Max Evans knocked out Charles Mersereau in two rounds.

Kansas City, Mo.—Ted Charno knocked out Roy Stevens in the second of a scheduled ten-round main event. Charley Patrick knocked out Mel Ward in three. Steve Ketchell beat Buddy Whitlock in four. Bucky Martin knocked out Jerry Jenkins in two rounds.

Brooks Robinson, one of the best light-heavies in the Southwest, has returned to his home in Florence, Kansas, after a successful tour on the west coast, where he is credited with fifty wins. Since his return here he has had fourteen fights and won them all. He is under the management of his brother, Kent Robison, manager of a large stable of boxers at Florence, Kansas.

Kansas City, Mo.—Heart of America amateur boxing team defeated the Chilocco Indian team. Johnny Uzeal lost to Junior Munsell. Herb Knecht beat Troy Quinton. Harry Tressler knocked out Frank Johnson in four. Petey Alcanter beat D. V. Lidell. Gene Driskell beat Louis McMillan. Elmer Selby lost to Marvin Lidell. Bobby Ames lost to Benny McIntosh. Spud Malone beat Jeffy Vann.

Kansas City, Mo.—Steve Ketchell knocked out Jess Freeman in eight rounds. Roy Stevens knocked out Art Husky in two. Eddie Ostrander knocked out Jimmie Fowler in three rounds.

Kansas City, Mo. — Amateur boxing results. Harry Knecht beat Earl Hallahan. Elmer Selby beat Bobby Ames. Herb Knecht beat Tinker Vaughn. Bill Robatzek beat Frankie Lee. Johnny Aldridge beat Buck Hayes. Jack Bradfield knocked out Bob Livingood in two. Petey Alcanter beat Gib Ferris. Duke Burns knocked out Bing Anderson in two. Charles Barry knocked out Joe England in one. Jimmy Messick beat Ray Meyers.

LOOSE AND DRIFTING—Jack Slattery keeps his boxers fairly busy. Kenny Hill, one of the best welters in the southwest, is his ace. Ira Krueger is undecided as to when and what to do about starting the fistic game at Neodesha. Jackie Fell is matchmaker at the C. C. C. Co., No. 1709, near Pittsburgh.

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HEARD AND SEEN IN MICHIGAN

By MICKEY McINTIRE

MY annual rating of boxers from this section follows:

HEAVYWEIGHTS—Johnny Miler, Alex Borshuck, Paul Ambers, Johnny Whiters, Len Darcy.

LIGHT-HEAVYWEIGHTS—Johnny Vorce, Harold Anderson, Martin Levandowski, Jack Horton, Ace Martin.

MIDDLEWEIGHTS—Marty Simmons, Freddy Heinz, Max O'Conner, Frankie Misko, Pete Petroskey.

WELTERWEIGHTS—Joe Rivers, Jack December, Reuben Edmans, Stanley Krannenberg, Freddy Bernard.

LIGHTWEIGHTS—Wesley Ramey, Chuck Woods, Orrie Mosher, Eddie Koppy, Johnny Stroppa.

FEATHERWEIGHTS—Roger Bernard, Johnny Mitchell, Tony Tassi, Orville Drouillard, Manuel Cantera.

BANTAMWEIGHTS—Ernie Maurer, Ken Offet, Bobby Thomas, Pee Wee Gale, Cecil King.

FLYWEIGHTS—Frankie Donnelly, Sammy Goldman, Bobby Gignac, Red Casson, Baby George Dixon.

The Michigan fighter who made the most headway is Wesley Ramey of Grand Rapids, who beat, among others, Tony Canzoneri, Tony Herrera, Cocoa Kid and Harry Dublinsky.

Ernie Maurer shows the most promise for 1934. Ernie is undefeated in something like fifty fights and he has boxed, among others, Midget Wolgast, Frankie Genaro, Johnny Edwards, Jackie Stewart, Frankie Wolfram, Henry Hook, Tony Marino and Frankie Jarr.

Scotty Montieth continued to run shows at the Detroit Arena Gardens during December with varying success. Monteith brought in two well-known heavyweights in his last show, but the card was a failure, both financially and pugilistically. Charley Belanger and Dick Daniels were the participants and they drew only six hundred dollars. Daniels was knocked out in the fourth round after being on the floor five times.

Alex Borshuck, who is one of the best heavyweight prospects in the country, stiffened Paul North, Pontiac Negro, in the second round, after dropping him three times. Borshuck is only nineteen, and, if he keeps up at the rate he has been going, it won't be long till he'll be fighting the topnotchers.

Reuben Edmans, Muskegon welter, banged out a decision over Dick Sisk, promising Chicago star, in a headliner at Muskegon. Andy Esposito (Kayo Morgan) defeated Young Geno of Chicago in the eight-round semi-final. Pete Petroskey, slugging Muskegonite, will fight as a middleweight in the future. Pete weighed 153 when he flattened Mel Tipton of Flint in the fifth round. Johnny Sikkenga, lightweight, and Eddie Gortat, middleweight, were other winners on the card.

Ernie Maurer repeated his victory over Frankie Wolfram of Winnipeg in their main go at Arena Gardens. Maurer won decisively.

Alex Borshuck floored Paul Ambers four times to win handily in their four-rounder. Tony Tassi took Tiger Greer, Akron, in six rounds; Johnny Reggi beat Coca Cola Kid, four rounds, and Thurston McKinney finished Louie Genet, Akron, in one round.

Archie Sillman has closed his gym and moved his things to Inkster, where his star heavyweight, Harry Nelson, lives. The two outstanding gyms in the city now are the West Side A. C., Michigan near Vinewood, and the Arena Gardens, Woodward at Hendrie. Eddie Anderson, a Detroit lightweight, is the proprietor of the West Side A. C. Some of the boys training there are Alex Borshuck, U. S. Chocolate, Johnny Miler, Coca Cola Kid and Baby George Dixon.

Johnny Stroppa, lightweight youth, who came to Detroit from Winnipeg and has been making his home in the Auto City for the last few months, surprised the followers of the fight game by flooring Ramey for a two-count in the sixth round. Johnny caught the Grand Rapids boy with a left hook to the chin when the latter was off balance. Ramey took every round except that in which he was floored. Ramey dropped Stroppa in the seventh, but Johnny bounced up without a count.

Alex Borshuck repeated his victory over Paul Ambers in a six-rounder. K. O. Morgan of Toledo, who always gives the fans a treat, beat Mike Kolnick in a six-rounder, and Ken Offet shaded Bobby Thomas in another six.

Mt. Clemens is still on the map. At the Arena A. C., Teddy DeFrancis, Detroit, whipped Mel Tipton in the eight-round main event. Ray Johnson, Flint feather, beat Jimmy Rankin, Detroit, and Otto Worth, Detroit, beat Joe Schlaigi, Delray lightie, in six-rounders, and Paul North beat Norm Sterkel, Mt. Clemens, and Billy Bulley, Mt. Clemens, beat Jack Willard of Detroit in four-rounders.

The fans got a big kick out of the semi-final in which K. O. Morgan, combination clown and fighter from Toledo, plastered Tony Tassi, Detroit Italian feather. Morgan is a southpaw and he can fight. Other Michigan boys he has beaten are Mike Kolnick, Ken Offet, Franklin Young, Bobby Thomas, Henry Gowatch, Teddy Maranda and Johnny Mitchell.

Sammy Goldman, classy Grand Rapids youngster, spotted Franklin Young, Detroit bantam, six pounds and handed him a lacing in a six-rounder. Young substituted for Red Casson.

Stanley Krannenberg, Grand Rapids welter, handed Thurston McKinney, Detroit's former amateur star, his first beating in six rounds. Frank Kapanowski, another former amateur, continued his winning ways in outscoring George Sutka, Detroit, in the four-round curtain raiser. Kapanowski is a middleweight.

Referee Jack Asperry called the six-rounder between Eddie Dorian of Jackson and Tiger McClendon of Detroit, staged at Hazel Park, a draw. Asperry came to the rescue of Frankie Pallo, Detroit featherweight, stopping Pallo's fight with Holmon Williams after Williams had floored him several times. Coca Cola Kid was stopped by Joe Schlagyi in the third round in the main preliminary. The count ended just one second before the bell was to have rung. Chuck Murchison beat Eddie Sawyer, and Lew Vincent beat Young Ritchie in other bouts.

A combination boxing and wrestling show was staged at Mt. Pleasant, drawing a crowd of nine hundred. Ace Martin stopped John Thomas of Detroit in the third round of the main bout.

The Peninsular Club, an organization of Grand Rapids millionaires, recently honored Ramey by appointing him "physical director" of their club. Wesley spotted Harry Dublinsky seven and one-half pounds at Milwaukee, but held him to a draw in their ten-rounder.

Joe Rivers, who came to Detroit from Cedar Rapids, Iowa, is cutting a wide swath in the ranks of Michigan welters. His last victim was Stanley Krannenberg, from whom he took an eight-round decision at Mt. Clemens. Louis Handler, Detroit heavyweight, won by a technical knock-out over Ed Jarvis of Toledo in the third round of the semi-final. Red Casson, Detroit mite, won from Jackie Light, veteran Detroiter, in a sixer. Jack Revak, Dearborn middleweight, who was kayoed by Frank Rickert in the Golden Gloves tournament last winter, lost to Oscar Cook, Detroit, in four, and Young Ritchie, Delray, drew with Rony O'Cello in the opener.

Anyone wishing lists of Michigan promoters from me may get same for a quarter or a back number of The Ring before 1931. Anyone who has any back numbers, get in touch with me as I am in the market for them, as well as any Andrews records and Everlast Records before 1932.

Jack (Bano) Rosenbaum is singing the praises of Foster Young, Lansing featherweight. Young beat Billy Cooper in the main event of the last show there.

Ralph Barnett, Lansing, spotted Archie Maynard, a fellow townsman, six pounds, but held him to a draw in a six-rounder. Joe Milkey, Jackson, made short work of Lionel Davis of Lansing, stopping him in the first round. Ford McGinley, Lansing's "Smiling Slugger," was neatly outboxed by Mickey Hians of Detroit, and Cecil King, Lansing bantam, defeated Jackie Light, Detroit, in six-rounders.

Milton Albrecht stopped Mel Shirkey of Flint after one minute and fifteen seconds of milling in the second half of a double wind-up at Mt. Clemens. In the first half, Ray Johnson, Flint feather, drew with Jimmy Rankin in six. Mickey Misko, Saginaw welter, beat Lou Hendler in the six-round main prelim. Norm Storkel beat Albert North, and Chuck Murchison drew with George Scrozza in four-rounders.

Roger Bernard, veteran Flint feather, outpunched Jackie Sharkey of Minneapolis in Art Butterfield's feature match at the Industrial Mutual Association Auditorium in Flint. Billy Cooper, Detroit feather, licked Harvey Tyler, Toronto, in the eight-round semi-final. Harry Fine, Detroit welterweight, shaded Vinc Albrecht in six rounds, and Harry Robertson, colored Port Huron welter, flattened Mel Shirkey in a bout that was scheduled to go six cantos. In the four-rounders Ivan Harburn beat Little Eddie Anderson of Detroit, and Glen Duel of Flint beat Frankie Pallo.

Jack Rosenbaum goes on record in *The State Journal* that he thinks his featherweight, Foster Young, can beat anyone near his weight in the State. Among others are Ernie Maurer and Wes Ramey. Jack thinks his charge will be able to beat either of them with a little more seasoning. Other boys fighting under the Rosenbaum banner are Bobby Gignac, sensational flyweight; Cecil King, bantam, and Len Darcy, heavy.

Ivan Harburn, Flint featherweight, floored Ray Johnson, also of Flint, twice in the fourth round, and received the decision after six rounds at Mt. Clemens. Now, with wins over Anderson and Johnson to his credit, he bids fair to make some of the leading Michigan feathers step lively.

Milton Albrecht beat Billy Moore of Flint in the semi-final to Harburn and Johnson.

Sarnia, Ontario, returned to the boxing promotional field with the Harry Robertson-Harry Fine fight. The Port Huron Negro stopped his Detroit rival in the fourth round. This makes the fourth knock-out suffered by the rugged Greek. Others to perform this feat were Benny McArthur, Morey Bowman, and Charley Crocker.

Some of the most promising boys around the state at this writing are Alex Borshuck, Frank Kapanowski, Thurston McKinney, U. S. Chocolate, and Bobby Gignac. Gignac has been on the shelf with bad hands, but will start taking the boys down the line soon.

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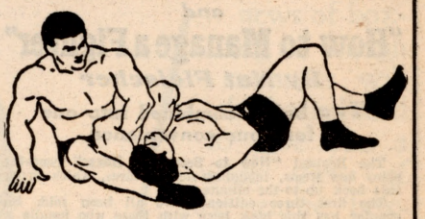

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Revised "How to Second"

FIGHT FLASHES FROM THE SOUTH

By PINKIE LOU MASTERS

BOB GODWIN, Joe Knight, Jake Denning, Carl Knowles, Corn Griffin—five of them and all Georgia Peaches. They are the most outstanding pugilists in the Peach state today and where Young Stribling left off they are carrying on.

Corn Griffin, heavyweight champion of the U. S. Army, Navy, Marines, Coast Guard and the National Guards, has fought and defeated such well known boys as Buck Everett, Charley Belanger, Frank Edgreen, Jerry Pavelic, Eddie McCarthy, Battling Bozo, Muggs Kerr, Cracker Jack Webb and a flock of others.

Placing himself under your scribe, Jake Denning, light-heavyweight champion of both Carolinas, has forged ahead in leaps and bounds. He was the first one to confront Clyde Chastain on his return from South Africa. The bout took place at Asheville, N. C., and after ten rounds of toe-to-toe slugging, it was called a draw. Denning has fought four times in the Madison Square Garden in New York. Jake has met Joe Knight, Bob Godwin, George Pavlick, Walter Kirkwood, Eric Lawson, Carl Knowles, Russ Rowsey, Corn Griffin and a number of others. Denning is open to meet any one and promoters please communicate with me.

THEY TOOK PLACE LAST MONTH — Rough House Glover, 155, Savannah, outpointed Stonewall Jackson, 157, at Cincinnati, O. . . . . At Jacksonville, Fla., Billy Shell, Miami, defeated Tommy Beck, Lawtey, Fla. . . . . At West Palm Beach, Joe Temes touched Mickey Genaro, while in the semi-final, Louis Trowbridge outpointed Sammy Tisch . . . . At Orlando, Wilbur Stokes knocked out Jimmy Griffin . . . . At New Orleans, Jimmy Perrin stopped Jackie Simpson. And Patsy Flanagan bested Dewey Cannon. . . . At San Jose, Calif., Baby Manuel, Miami, sent Charles Mannina to the cleaners in the sixth.

At Jacksonville, Simon Neblolsky, welterweight champion of Cincinnati, O., shellacked Curtiss (Moon) Mullins, while Tommy Ponce K. O.'d Johnny Art. . . . . At Dallas, Pat Murphy outpointed Tommy Herman; Harry Devine defeated Frankie Graham . . . . At West Palm Beach, Clyde Chastain won from LeRoy Brown and Sammy Tisch won from Red Walsh . . . . At St. Petersburg, Bobby Wilson, 144, Orlando, stopped Charlie Webber, 145, and Lee Davis K. O.'d Tony LaGore . . . . At Miami, Pete Sarron bested Bucky Burton, Tony Lopez dusted off Russell Gonzales and Carl Guggino bested Clever Moro . . . . At Beaumont, Tommy DiGiovanni outpointed Jack Griffin.

Rough House Glover defeated Vincent Hambright at Cincinnati . . . . At Alexander, Petey Sarron defeated Varias Milling . . . . At Cincinnati, Ernie Kirsner, Macon, Ga., outpointed Kid Wright . . . . At Dallas, Jimmy Maloney won from Jack Van Noy . . . . At West Palm Beach, Bob Godwin defeated Henry Firpo. . . . At Dallas, Tracy Cox stopped Tommy White . . . . At Houston, Clyde Chastain held Maxie Rosenbloom to a draw . . . . At Dallas, Clyde Chastain defeated Harold Murphy . . . . At Savannah, Patsey Haley, sensational schoolboy, held the unbeatable Bobby Vogel to a draw . . . . At St. Petersburg, Bobby Vogel T. K. O.'d Tusky Haslet . . . . At Savannah, Tootsie Bashara held the ever-fading Chino Alvarez to a draw which was unpopular, many thinking that Bashara should have won.

At Fort Benning, Harry Allen and Cyclone Smith fought to a draw. Charlie Baisden lost to Billy Hood, Bobby Vogel whipped Chick Lydell, Al Jackson, K. O.'d Tiger Thompson, and Heavy Hess K. O.'d Buddy Heath . . . . At Jacksonville, Jimmy Maloney T K. O.'d Cracker Smith. . . . . At West Palm Beach, Henry Firpo decisioned Clyde Chastain . . . . At Burlington, Hardrock Harden T K. O.'d Al Massey . . . . At Beaumont, Manuel Quintero outpointed Tommy White . . . . Walter Ketchell stopped Romeo LeMon . . . . At Fort Worth, Tommy Freeman defeated Duke Trammell . . . . At St. Louis, Cecil Payne of Louisville shaded Allen Whitlow.

Will Cowboy Owen Phelps and George Noron get in touch with the writer at once.

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Your scribe will enter the game as a promoter by the time this reaches you, and any manager that would like to make connections down this way would do well to get in touch with me. Also any boxers that have no strings tied to them and would like me to do their business should send photos, news clippings and other facts along with first letter.

Your writer's address is 1911 Waters Avenue, Savannah, Ga.

MARYLAND, VIRGINIA AND DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

By PATSY DONOVAN

CHARLIE GOMER, Baltimore lightweight, and Joe Ferrando fought a close ten-rounder at the 104th Armory in Baltimore. Gomer lost his chance of taking the duke by not opening up until the sixth round. Jimmy Smith, Baltimore's latest sensation, knocked out Pete Bevens in four rounds, while Marty Bond, another promising Baltimore lad, took a hair-line decision over the veteran Jimmy Tramberia.

Lew Raymond of Baltimore licked Phil Furr, Army champion, at the Portner Arena in Alexandria only to have the verdict rendered a draw. Raymond clearly won six of the eight rounds. Carey Wright also got a break in the eight-round semi-final when he received a draw with Charlie Gomer. Henry "Popeye" Irving won over Walter Kirkwood in the opening eight-rounder.

Charlie "Stumpie" Jacobs beat Bucky Taylor of Baltimore in eight rounds at Norfolk, Va. Stumpie put Bucky down for a nine count in round one and was a leader most of the way thereafter. Billy Landers won over Doug Swetman in the eight-round semi-final. Henry Irving boxed an eight-round draw with Sailor Cross in another eight-rounder.

Ken Overlin, Norfolk middleweight, is going great guns these days. He won his last eighteen starts. During the month, Ken went to New York City and handed Rudy Marshall, the Armory champion, a pasting.

Reds Barry, Washington heavyweight, is death on colored boxers. During the month he flattened Sunny Jim McVey at Pittsburgh, Pa., and laced Obie Deh Walker in ten heats at Philadelphia, Pa. About six months ago Reds also licked Unknown Winston.

Washington, D. C., has fine prospects of professional boxing in the city limits within the near future. Many of the Senators and Congressmen are in favor of passing a bill to allow such sport in the District of Columbia. A bill will be introduced this session and possibly will pass if it gets before the houses. Washington is positively a big league boxing town and it sure would be a break for the game if the sport is legalized here.

My yearly ratings for this section are as follows:

HEAVYWEIGHT — Donald "Reds" Barry, Marty Gallagher, Les Kennedy.
LIGHTHEAVY—Bob Godwin, Billy Strickler.
MIDDLEWEIGHT — Ken Overlin, Sylvan Bass, K. O. Burns.
WELTERWEIGHT—Joey Goodman, Jackie Portney, Ray Bowen.
LIGHTWEIGHT—Tootsie Bashara, Charlie Gomer, Charlie Jacobs.
FEATHERWEIGHT—Pete Sarron, Charlie Von Reedon, Frankie McKenna.
BANTAMWEIGHT—Eddie Burl, Billy Landers, Leroy Dougan.
Most outstanding boxer for the last year—Pete Sarron, who has rated in first ten featherweights of the country the entire year.

PICKUPS—Jimmy Smith looks like the best prospect to come out of Baltimore in many a day. Smith has had considerable experience in the amateurs and is now boxing the semi-finals in the Monumental City. Harry Kid Groves, Washington handler of boxers, has a very good prospect in Joe Green. Green has also had plenty time in the Simon pure ranks and has won all his professional fights to date.

Chris Dundee and Toney Barbaria are promoting a new boxing enterprise in Norfolk and thus far things look good. Benny Franklin, Baltimore's leading promoter of all times, has been a ringside spectator at the shows there for the past month and there are rumors about that Benny will reopen his Olympia Club in the near future. Franklin brought all the top-notchers and many of the champs to Baltimore a few years back. Freddie Barth, who looks after K. O. Burns, promising Baltimore middleweight, complains that local promoters will not give his protege a shot unless he meets either Jebey or Terry, which is quite an assignment for a nineteen-year-old youngster. Why not put Burns in with Ken Overlin or possibly the veteran Sylvan Bass, who also makes Baltimore his home town?

The decisions at Portner's Arena in Alexandria have been going screwey for the past month and Matchmaker Frankie Mann has done everything to rectify matters. Frankie has changed judges, but they still come up with phoney opinions and many of the fans are staying away on this account, too. Goldie Ahearn, former A. E. F featherweight champion, now a prosperous business man of the nation's capital, has an offer to run boxing shows for the Veterans of Foreign Wars in the vicinity of Washington, and in all probability will take the offer. Washington fans still talk of Goldie's fights with Honey Boy Finnegan some years ago.